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From the collection
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No.

A SUMMER FLIGHT





THE WARTBURG
FROM THE THURINGIAN FOREST.

A SUMMER FLIGHT

BY
FREDERICK A. BISBEE

ILLUSTRATED



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1911

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DEDICATION
To My Best Friend



PREFACE

THE meeting of the World Congress of Free Christianity and Religious Progress in Berlin during the summer of 1910 drew together more than two thousand delegates from nearly every part of the world. More than sixty different religious sects and thirty different nationalities were represented. Add to these great numbers nearly as many more attendants from Berlin and vicinity, and the magnitude and dignity of the occasion will be appreciated.

This great multitude assembled in the interests of human freedom and religious progress; some of the most eminent teachers and religious leaders of the world participated, and a new era of the fellowship of the spirit in universal brotherhood was inaugurated. The story of the Congress has already been rehearsed by the press, and the proceedings in detail are published in several large volumes, in both German and English.

To attend this Congress, a party of nearly two hundred Americans sailed from Boston

on the *Devonian*, and other steamers early in July, and in addition to the visit to Berlin, made an extended tour of Europe, covering England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, France and Italy, enjoying unique social and literary privileges.

This was a rather exceptional group of tourists; there were twelve different religious denominations represented in the *Devonian* party; there were ministers, college professors, teachers, authors, artists, students, lawyers, physicians, merchants and farmers. This book is the story of some of their experiences along the way.

To such a journey there is, of course, a serious purpose, which deserves and has received appropriate consideration. But there is also another side, the "human side," which is not less important than the "proceedings of the meeting." In these sketches will be found the "human side," touched with light and shade, just as it always is, at home or abroad, — but a little more of light than of shade.

The only reason for giving to these informal records this permanent form is the assurance of some who have read them, that while the journey was over well-trodden paths, familiar to all through experience or reading, the pur-

pose of the writer to see things from a new point of view, and to tell in a new way what he saw, has been measurably accomplished, and it is thought the book will have a reminiscent value to all who have been over the route, and an inspirational value to some who have not.

The author disclaims any purpose to instruct in geography, history, art or literature, but while never allowing his imagination to be hampered by facts, he has kept as near the truth as was convenient. He has tried to tell as simply and pleasantly as possible the story of a delightful flight, with delightful companions, through a delightful summer.

F. A. B.

BOSTON, MASS., 1911.

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A SUMMER FLIGHT

CHAPTER I

THE FLIGHT OF THE ANGELS

WHICH CARRIES THEM ACROSS THE OCEAN

O one would have taken them for Angels as they came on board of the *Devonian* at the East Boston dock, on the thirteenth of July, just before the hour of sailing for the World's Congress of Religious Liberals to be held in Berlin, and incidentally to "do" more or less of Europe. Angels according to all authorities, ancient and modern, do not travel with suit cases, steamer rugs, flowers, chocolates, fruits and other impedimenta, and still farther, Angels are popularly supposed to voyage aerially rather than aqueously; but in spite of appearances, I am disposed to contend that the one hundred and forty passengers on the *Devonian* were Angels, in that they were messengers of light and good will among men;

and if it were true that the wings and crowns and palm branches were so elemental as to be invisible at the start, and if as they developed some of them got a bit bedraggled with the dust and soil of earth and things earthy, yet I doubt if any ship ever carried a passenger list any more worthy, on the whole, to be recorded in the Book of Life.



GOOD-BY TO THE ANGELS.

And that was a reason for no little apprehension on my part as to what we were to do for ten days shut up with such a deadly monotony of goodness! Sailors are a superstitious lot; they fear nothing so much as a cargo of ministers, and here they could not throw a marlinspike without hitting at least one, and those who were not ordained might be classed as "near-ministers," so it is not surprising that there was more or less of gloom on the faces of the

crew, and shadowy portent in the hearts of some of the less regenerate among the passengers.

But the ship got away in good shape, and before the voyage was two days old it was manifest that there was sufficient savor of common everyday human nature to keep the *Devonian* on a horizontal rather than a perpendicular course. In fact we presently discovered that there is a great deal of human nature even among the best class of angels!

As one of the angelic host I found the very human quality of laziness developing to an abnormal degree. I had started out with a very beautiful book, — a loose-leaf book, so I could add to its size if occasion required, — to hold the daily journal I was to keep for the benefit of my friends and possible readers, and with a conscientious determination to keep up with the procession of events; and now, on a steamer going home, two months later, as I look upon that book as it lies before me, I see its pure white pages unsullied by a word from my pen. It is a good book, bound in real russia leather, and I fancy it will last me all my life! But it has revealed something to me, which I have long suspected, that recordable events in this modern life which the newspaper

dominates, are limited to those which contain at least a suggestion of evil, so what was one to do for "copy" when traveling with Angels? It was a poor outlook for a lazy man. Then there was another reason why my beautiful book is still untarnished by my observations;



ON THE DECK OF THE "DEVONIAN."

I stilled my conscience on the way over by the thought that I needed a real rest for a few days, and the promise that when we got on the other side I would catch up with my work, only to discover that while on the ship I had time but no disposition; over there, I had the disposition but no time! The powers that arranged our program from the moment we landed in Liverpool, seemed to think that they were entering the whole group in a gigantic Marathon race through the British Islands and Europe, and I learned that though under

favorable circumstances, he who runs may read, — he cannot write.

All of which is a roundabout way of saying that instead of giving a categorical account of this marvelously unique summer in Europe with a flock of Angels, as per daily record in my unwritten journal, I propose to chatter about the trip as it comes to mind, just as we all shall talk it over with the folks at home, without any regard for continuity, but trying as best I can, under natural limitations, to keep in sight of the truth!

Of course the goal of it all was the Congress of Religions at Berlin, and I have a special department of my mind and heart stored with memories of that, which I shall try to give "on the side," so that those who want simply to get a glimpse of that event, need not follow us in all our flights, and need not wait for it until we get there in the course of our somewhat erratic course.

How naturally one drops into the conventional and almost necessary phrase in writing of a journey abroad! Every possible variation of language has been employed in describing the departure of the ship, and life on board, and one has but to say "ditto" and it is all said; and this year it is peculiarly out of place

to try to tell anybody about going to Europe, for, from all appearances abroad, everybody in America was in Europe, either actually or vicariously! But, after all, our own trip was unique. Since the sailing of the *Mayflower* for America we believe the *Devonian* is the first ship to carry a passenger list made up exclusively of those seeking Religious Liberty, though not like our distinguished predecessors, fleeing from religious restraint and persecution. Rather were we carrying the good news of our freedom to those who on a like mission, were



UNDER THE AWNING ON THE "DEVONIAN."

hastening from other lands to bring us greeting and encouragement.

So the American group which sailed on the *Devonian* was peculiar. It was made up of representatives of twelve different sects, but with one common purpose, to find the points of agreement and begin the mobilizing of the

forces of righteousness for a great world-movement.

It was a noble conception, and the feeling as I draw near the close of the tour is that it was nobly carried out. The archangel of our group, if I may so distinguish the man who more than all others contributed to its triumph, deserves and receives all credit for the masterly consummation of a world-purpose for Liberal Religion. I do not propose in this chronicle to introduce names any more than is necessary, for the thing is so much bigger than the people in it, but I cannot forbear at this time, making fitting recognition of the work of Rev. Dr. Wendte, who, though representing but one of the denominations included, had a vision of a world-movement in which the representatives of every liberal and liberalizing force in the religious world should come together, not to lose themselves in each other, but to strengthen themselves for a contribution to a common purpose, larger than any one. And his vision was so nearly realized that others have seen it in its glory, and its future is bright with promise. Facing almost insurmountable difficulties and misunderstandings, he has succeeded in bringing into line forces which will yet have much to do with shaping the world's religious good, which is inclusive of all good.

But I am anticipating the Congress itself while we are yet on the ship. And yet how could I do anything else, for the voyage from Boston to Liverpool was a prototype of the Congress itself. There we were representing so many different sects, yet living in perfect har-



SHUFFLE BOARD.

mony, worshipping together, playing together, working together in the unity of the spirit and the bonds of peace.

The memory of those days on the steamer will be cherished by every one who knew their charm. There were no outsiders, we were as one family of congenial spirits. Formal introductions were hardly necessary, for we were all on a common mission, and so we came together in a wholly informal way. Several religious services were held, conducted by Unitarian, Baptist, Universalist, Christian and Friends, and they were services which would have surprised many of those who disconnect Liberalism from fervor. Those who preached to us, caught the full spirit of Christian fellowship and led us into the true spirit of worship.

Then there were the evenings of entertainment when with song and story the hours were made glad. And not to be forgotten the Athletic Field Day, — though I never did quite understand why it was not the Athletic Deck Day! — when all the young people — and none were old that day — contended in all sorts of races and contests, with all the enthusiasm, if not the skill of professionals. It was just good fun, and the parson will preach the better, the professor will teach the better, and the student will learn the more, because of the letting go.

But I must not linger over the pleasant details, which will linger long in all our hearts, lest we never arrive in the Promised Land. There was one thing we missed to my everlasting regret. I had always longed to see a seasick angel. I was in the state of mind of the boy who stood anxiously watching the minister tacking down a carpet, who just wanted to hear what a minister would say when he hit his finger a good crack! It is easy enough being angelic when conditions are favorable, but how would a real angel endure seasickness? Would he, could he — or she — live up to the character, or would human nature triumph? But alas, I am not to know, at least not yet,

perhaps never, for over there where the angelic population is more numerous, there is said to be "no more sea."

In spite of the forebodings of the sailors, never was there a fairer or quicker voyage for the *Devonian*; save for a few days of mild fog, and a bit of a roll off the Irish coast, we had a smooth sea, and fair winds all the way, and sailed into Liverpool a day ahead of our scheduled time, to find a cordial Reception Committee of Liberals awaiting us, with a welcome whose generous cordiality touched our hearts and filled the treasury of our memory.

But I cannot leave our memorable voyage without an observation or two, or more it may be. It matters not how carefully chosen a passenger list may be, the ship is bound to be the world in miniature, on which are enacted the same comedies and tragedies which are played on the larger stage. All the virtues and all the vices, all the strength and all the weakness of humanity are found even in a company of angels! Light and darkness chase each other across a deck as sunlight and cloud-shadow flit across a valley. Not that we had any tragedies, and none too much of comedy, but the same elements which go to make up an everyday life at home were there,—gener-

osity and selfishness, modesty and arrogance, thoughtfulness and thoughtlessness, selfish pride and self-respect, Christian courtesy and base forgetfulness. Humanized angels and angelic humans, the exclusives and the inclusives,—yes, we were all there, as we are everywhere, no matter where we are. The first-class look down on the second, the second look down on the steerage, the steerage is sorry for those who stay at home, and, to complete the circle, the stay-at-homes pity the first-class who must hunt the world over to find the pleasure they should know at home! None so high but there are others higher, none so low but there are others lower. “O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?” Yet some of us were wise and others foolish, and the wise confounded us with their foolishness, and the foolish amazed us with their wisdom. The savant trips us with his knowledge, while a little child shall lead us. Yet we pity and patronize one another! Down in the hold of the ship were a dozen or more young men; they were not allowed to come on deck, we could only see them and talk with them through the hatch. They were a lot of college boys — two Tufts men among them; they were taking care of the cattle to pay their way over; they were the

most popular men on the boat. Every passenger respected them for doing their dirty work in a manly way and for a purpose. They knew a great deal; they could read Latin and toy with geometrical problems. But they could not come on deck, while the boss herdsman, who would never know as much in his whole life as they knew in a minute, paced the deck and kept them below — but then *he knew cattle*; he probably pitied the “ignorance” of those “college cubs!”

And I could not avoid the thought that as in any heaven to which we may attain, we are like the old Scotchman, — we were all there by grace and not by merit. It is true that some had worked hard and earned the actual money to be expended on the trip, and yet not one of us but was there because of the sacrifice of money or time, or convenience or pleasure, or love of some others, who were back there in our homes or churches making it possible for us to enjoy the unique opportunity of a tour of Europe, and the meeting with perhaps the most distinguished group of world-leaders of the age. This was true probably of every one of us; through the sacrifice of others we were being filled with joy. But particularly was this so of the ministers, and in a right manly way did

they acknowledge their obligation. Hardly a minister was with us whose voyage had not been made possible by the generosity and thoughtfulness of one or more friends, as well as by the sacrifices of those nearer, who changed all their summer plans, or gave up cherished hopes in the interest of the cause they would serve.

But the generous devotion of individuals and churches that, for instance, made it possible for the Church to be fittingly represented and take its proper place in the world's religious work, deserves especial mention. The age is full of opportunities for generous deeds. The calls to those who have means are incessant, but in the way of a really large missionary vision there are few opportunities richer in promise than this opening of the door for a Church to enter upon a world-service. We have lived perhaps too much in and for ourselves. There is a new age for the Church which begins to think and act in this field which is the world. There is a new age for the minister who has been enabled to get out of his narrow environment and see life from a new standpoint. He should be a bigger and a better man and minister, or bigger and better in whatever field he labors. All honor to the friends and

churches who have thus met an opportunity, and I am sure that of that group of fortunate voyagers not one but will at least make the effort to make the investment pay a good return.

We never know our resources until they are tested; those disciples of old who were worried about how the multitude was to be fed when there was nothing in sight, were not unlike the rest of us at almost any time and in any place. We are so fearful that there will not be enough to go round, simply because there is so little in sight. Five thousand to feed and only a few loaves and small fishes! There was a humble illustration of the same thing on the *Devonian* when some one cried out, "How shall we entertain when there is no talent?" and then there came the same gracious spirit which spoke to the disciples and the multitude, and simply said there is enough, if each will do his part, and the program of good things was so long that much had to be gathered up for the next Congress three years hence, — that nothing be lost.

The miracle of unselfishness, — when we bring forth the bread of laughter or of life, which we have been hiding for our own use, and behold! there is enough for all, and more than enough.

And the ship is the world. There are great multitudes who are to be fed, and the good God hath provided enough for all. As soon as the Christ-spirit gets into the hearts of men and they stop hoarding and hiding, and bring forth their little or much, laying it at his feet; then all are fed.



CHAPTER II

OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE

THE ANGELS ARE CORDIALLY WELCOMED AND
CONSIDER THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION

IT seemed to us that it would be impossible to keep up the pace set by the Liverpool friends, under the lead of the fine organization of Liberals of Liverpool and Manchester. We had just about time to adjust our clothing to shore duty, when we were taken in charge for a whirlwind of hospitality. The reception at the Royal Institute brought us into delightful personal relations with our hosts, and through the addresses of welcome we learned that we were the finest people in the world, and then our speakers in response showed that our English hosts were finer than the finest!

Sunday was a busy day for the ministers. Every one preached once and generally twice. All the Unitarian churches in Liverpool and Manchester, and one Congregationalist, tendered their pulpits, and though it was the vacation season with them as with us in America, large congregations were in attendance.

It was our first experience in preaching in Great Britain, and we were all impressed with the different atmosphere pervading the churches. In Unitarian quite as much as in the Congregational churches there is a more marked spirit of reverence than we find in our churches at home. There may not be any more religion, but there is a different way of showing it; perhaps it is better — but anyway, it is different. There is



WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

a real spirit of reverence for the house of God; no matter who is to preach or what form the service is to take, when the members of the congregation enter the church, apparently they begin to worship; that is, they do not wait until the service begins before bringing their minds, and usually their bodies, into an attitude of worship. They have come into a sacred place, and bear themselves fittingly. It was not a session of a social club, until interrupted by the

music. It was not, apparently, a gossip-exchange. Each family — and mostly, they came as families — as it entered the building went quietly and decorously to the pew, knelt or bowed devoutly in prayer, and then sat still and waited. There was no talking, no visiting from pew to pew. It seemed, whether it was really so or not, it seemed that the people had come to worship, and the minister did not feel that he must first call the minds of his flock from their wanderings before he could lead them in worship.

The service generally was much more elaborate, even ritualistic, than we were accustomed to. While the Unitarians of England are not one whit behind us in liberality, and Congregationalists seem to be beyond us in breadth of theological view, all recognize the value of a richer service than the plain form we use; in fact, some modification of the Book of Common Prayer is in almost universal use.

In the great Unitarian Cathedral Church, as it is called, in Ullet Road, where the able Dr. Odgers is the successful pastor, the beautiful building in all its arrangements and fittings conforms to the spirit of more formal worship. There is a full ritualistic service including the processional of the vested choir, and one feels in the midst of such ecclesiastical dignity as is embodied in

the noble buildings that anything less would be inadequate and out of place. Here, too, the ministers all wear gowns together with the colored hoods indicating their degrees, and I confess that amid such surroundings one would hardly feel decent in ordinary clothes. When Dr. Hunter of Glasgow, was in America, on his memorable tour, many looked upon his gown and Doctor's hood with wonder, but in England the wonder is when they are not worn. Perhaps academic degrees mean more over there, where the bestowal of them has not been so abused, and perhaps in America it is quite as foolish pride which refuses to wear the insignia of an honor justly won, as the pride which flaunts it unworthily. After all, the law of the fitness of things is the one to obey.

I should like to write a great deal about the whole religious situation in Great Britain, for it is intensely interesting. In the brief time we were there, I learned a great deal, but I want to be sure that some of the things I learned are so before I transmit them to any one else. I have an impression that my knowledge is not ripe yet. Perhaps I might introduce a few "observations," and hold conclusions until a later date.

There is no doubt about there being very

decided changes going on, but while the changes are in the same direction as those in our own country, they are of a different character, because they start from a different point and move through different conditions. We have recently had it illustrated in America how a church firmly established by a couple of centuries of life in accepted Orthodoxy, can change its long, and long-established creed to the simplest and most modern statement that it "believes in the Lord Jesus Christ," and there is no excitement, no trial for heresy, and but a passing moment of interest. But that sort of thing cannot be done in England. There is no doubt but that members of the Congregational church over there are quite as liberal and progressive as any of the American representatives of that denomination. As one talks with individuals he must be impressed with the large-minded scholarship which has thrown off the mental restraints of the old theological positions and thinks in modern terms regarding religious conditions. At the same time, however, there is also the impression of a powerful traditional and ecclesiastical restraint. It is a fact that nearly every church in Great Britain is so endowed in the support of the old Westminster Confession of Faith that any two

or three people in it can make no end of trouble for a minister who with his following seeks a broader way. There is no place for argument; the liberal-minded must get out and leave the property behind if the conservative minority says so. It is a question, and a serious one, as to what can be done without violating the civil or the moral law. These men are thoroughly conscientious in wanting a change, and in wanting it by the right method.

And another factor in the religious problem is one we can hardly appreciate on this side of the water, where we have not lived long enough to feel the power of tradition. When we want a change, we look ahead, and if it seems best we make it. When they want a change, they look back to see if it can be justified in any way. We may think this is foolish; as a matter of fact, it is an element of power. Changes are not made in a hurry, and are only made as the people grow into them. They do not pick their fruit of religious progress over there until it is ripe, and as a consequence they do not have so much religious dyspepsia as we do, as a consequence of gathering ours while it is yet very green.

But the situation is that there is very great theological restlessness in the churches of Great

Britain; this indicates the presence of life which ere long will find the true expression.

The Universalist Church of America will be particularly interested in these new developments, for the evidence is almost universal and convincing that the whole trend of theological thinking is towards the great fundamental affirmations of that Church. We are not to flatter ourselves that presently we are to see developed a new Church over there, and I question whether it is desirable to start another sect with which to complicate the situation; but I see this without the shadow of a doubt, that as surely as the theological current continues to set in the present direction, it will land the Congregationalist and many of the other churches squarely on the Universalist affirmations as the only sure foundation upon which to build the Christian Church of the future. The matter of readjustment of property and traditional form of expression will take care of itself, if some hot-headed people do not confound the whole situation with too much impetuosity.

It will naturally be asked, Where does the Unitarian Church of England come in? And in sincere sympathy with our brethren over the sea who have made such a long and heroic

struggle for religious freedom, we can see that their work is still to go on, but in meeting the present theological need of Great Britain the Unitarian Church is weak in two particulars. First, in the sense in which the word is used in England, it is not theologically "Christian." Do not misunderstand me here. I know the Christian spirit and motive which have controlled and still do control this great Church, and I give it glad honor for all that it has done in freeing the name Christian from theological incubus; but when centuries have firmly fixed the place of Christ in the redemptive scheme for humanity, it is not to be changed in the twinkling of an eye. That is, there are many scholars and preachers, as well as laymen, who do not believe in the Trinity, but who invariably bow the head at the mention of the second person in the Trinity. They do it because generations and generations before them did it, and when they changed their mind they did not change their custom, but instead sought an academic justification for the act.

"The Christ" has a large and enduring place in the worship of Great Britain which the "human Jesus" cannot usurp. So in the matter of emphasis in Christology the Unitarians are handicapped. Even though many may accept

the Unitarian position, they are not going to acknowledge it when they can get practically the same thing in their old churches and under the old name.

The fact remains that with all the growing liberality in theology in Great Britain, the great mass of ministers and people are yet and will remain Christocentric in their thinking and allegiance.

The second serious handicap for the Liberal Church at this time is that it is not affirmative. People who are changing their faith, and who, in a way, are in the air, want some real and positive place in which to alight; they do not want to remain in the air. And the church without affirmations and convictions on the great elemental doctrines of the Christian religion will never call the people to its service from the other churches. For they will at once say, What is the use of seeking negations? We have more now of those things than we can manage. People in the condition of those in England to-day are asking, not what do you disbelieve, but what do you believe? They want religious convictions, not contradictions; they want faith, not doubt; they want affirmations, not speculations. That form of faith alone can save the situation

which is first of all Christian, then positive, then liberal.

I could go on and write a volume upon this subject, for it is so fruitful in suggestion, and I expect to have more to say about it on future occasions, but must leave it now with one other brief reference.

The eyes of all England and a considerable portion of the world have been turned upon Dr. Campbell and his City Temple in London, as the most conspicuous illustration of the actual religious situation. We expected that Dr. Campbell would receive our party at the City Temple, and later travel with us to Berlin as one of the speakers at the Congress, but a serious indisposition prevented both, but no one interested in the religious situation need lack for information about Dr. Campbell and his work. Just how reliable it is, may be a question, but almost any one in London can give "information." We received a great deal, which we propose digesting before we reach a final conclusion. We need not wait, however, to know that at the City Temple the laboratory method is being employed in trying to clear matters up. And Dr. Campbell is not one to be afraid of experiments. We remember well how orthodox he was in America a few years

ago, on the Atonement, and how readily he departed from it all on his return home, and the story of his kaleidoscopic career since that time is to be read with patience only when we realize that it was all experimental. There is one remarkable thing, however, in connection with his work. It has been our privilege to see every week one of his sermons, and in connection with it one of his public prayers, and we have noted that while the sermons might have made a coat of many colors, his prayers have been a garment without a seam, so true and steadily have they held to the spirit and letter of the Master it was his sincere desire and purpose to serve.

Dr. Campbell is a man of rare power, and when he finds himself, he will be, or at least may be, the dominant religious force in England. He passed through all the conventional steps of religious progress. First he revolted against the old faiths, and particularly against the old words; he was of the iconoclastic tribe, and people were anxiously wondering where he would land. It was easy enough to destroy, as every reformer has found, but what is to be built on the foundation cleared?

He was soon made to realize the fate of all religious reformers; he made disciples rapidly,

from many of which he prayed afterwards to be delivered. Every crank in the kingdom cried out, "Lo, here is my chance!" And presently Dr. Campbell found himself the center of several political and social as well as religious movements. He had a notion, — or at least he thought it wise to try an experiment, — that all these different phases of thought and life might be made into one organization. He knew they could not be held in any existing church and so he organized the "Progressive Liberal League," and it rapidly spread over the country. It had as an auxiliary and a most powerful one, a newspaper called *The Christian Commonwealth*, which, under the skillful management of a "born editor," spread the tidings, and presently there was a new denomination, built on very broad lines, which appealed particularly to those unidentified with the Christian Church. Then there being some criticism, Dr. Campbell appealed to the Congregational Union, raising the issue as to whether or not he was still a Congregationalist in good standing. The Union very cleverly decided that there was no issue; that no one had questioned officially the standing of the minister, and it could not be questioned excepting in his own church. Then came the next, and it may

be final, venture. Dr. Campbell, finding that there were so many strange and unaccountable and uncontrollable elements in his new organization, and realizing that the essential thing in a religion was to be religious, and in the Christian religion was to be Christian, changed the name and the nature of his new sect to the "Progressive Christian League," and invited those who did not want to come under the name "Christian" to get out. Thus he has made himself and his church good with the Congregational Union, and will have accomplished with a good deal of noise what many others will accomplish quietly, broadened his faith within the Church itself, and related his Church to the present life as well as to the hereafter.

So we can see progress is being made in improving the religious situation in Great Britain, and this illustration is not given as the cause of the change so much as the consequence. The real forces producing this growth are the quiet and thoughtful and scholarly ministers who are preaching the broad and liberal Christianity of which Dr. John Hunter has recently given America so fine an example.

CHAPTER III

THE ANGELS SIGHT-SEEING

IN CHESTER, WARWICK AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON



HERE is among our acquaintances a woman of rare worth and charming vision, who loves this world and wants to see it, and who rejoices in the faith that when she becomes an angel she will then be able to see it all — without having to pay railroad fares or hotel bills. This delectable vision was realized by our group of Liberal Religious "Angels." We traveled through England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France, stopping at the best hotels, riding in the best carriages, having the best guides and seeing nearly everything and never being asked to pay a cent. It comes to mind now in an indefinite sort of way that before we started from home we did deposit a pretty good sized check with that master company of tourists' agents, Thomas Cook and Son. But during the time we were abroad we were like the angels, free from the very disagreeable

duty of buying tickets, looking after luggage, or paying hotel bills and "tips."

Sometime I shall have to answer the question as to my opinion of the "personally conducted tour," and I may as well do it now while it is fresh in my mind. I have heard all sorts of things said about and against the



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH RUINS, CHESTER.

"brutal tourist agent," who gets our money and we — get left. I have received a good many warnings against the leader of this band, the Thomas Cook and Son. I have had considerable experience with this sort of traveling, as well as much that was independent, before this last summer, and while I recognize all the possible and actual defects of the system,

I believe that in our present stage of development it is the easiest and best and most economical way to see the world. It may as well be recognized at once that "Thomas Cook and Son, Tourist Agents," is one of the great monopolies of the world. It has as highly organized a system as the Standard Oil Company or the Meat Trust. Theoretically, we are down on the whole bunch, but we still burn the oil and eat the meat, and if we want to travel with enjoyment and freedom from care, and with fair treatment, we travel with Cook. This is not an advertisement, but an answer to the questions of our friends. From the time the arrangements were taken up by Mr. Thorpe, Cook's agent in Boston, we were impressed with his skill in the arranging of details and his uniform courtesy in dealing with his people. He was our human encyclopedia. When you think of it, it is a very remarkable thing to take care of two hundred people for two months, look after their tickets, luggage, hotels, guides, carriage drives, and so plan everything that the best of everything shall be seen in the best way.

Of course, with so many, it is impossible that every one shall have the best room at the hotels or a seat in the first carriage all the

time, but looking over the trip, I am convinced that the thing averaged up pretty well; I had poor rooms and best rooms, but the average was good. And I got all I paid for. The trouble with all these personally conducted tours is that we tourists do not like to stick to our part of the contract, and as soon as we make a variation from it the trouble begins. It is just as in building a house; when we begin to put in the "extras" we start trouble. Though the company affords every facility for variations, it is hard for the individual to see why he cannot shift from one road to another and one hotel to another, when his accommodations have been reserved for months and must be paid for by some one. Our conclusion is that for those having only a given amount of money and knowing what they want to see, if they will make out that itinerary and stick to it, especially if it carries them through countries where the language is foreign, they will see more and see it better and with less friction if they press down the check and let the tourist company do the rest. Of course there were irritating things along the way; of course even among angels there are fault-finders. It is trying beyond measure not to get mail when you expect it, — and if there

is reason for criticism anywhere upon the "system," it is in its management of mail; of course one guide to twenty-five or thirty people spreads him out pretty thin; but after all, as we look it over in memory, we believe we saw more, saw it better and with far more comfort than those who fought, wept and prayed their way alone among unfamiliar paths. This great corporation has a grip on the most of the world's pathways, but its tolls are moderate, and you will get all you pay for; — why should we ask for more?

When we arrived in Liverpool, a day before we were expected, our couriers were on the landing stage to meet us, and had our rooms engaged at the hotels, where we were all made very comfortable. We were left to do as we chose until Monday morning, when the real land journey began. The "Angels"



OUR GUIDE.

spent the two days at their disposal in Liverpool seeing the sights of the city and in getting used to English money. On Sunday I was one of two "Angels" having the exceptional privilege of being a guest in three different English homes. In the morning we went down the Mersey River to Clereville, one of the beautiful

suburbs of Liverpool, where I was invited to preach in the Crosby Congregationalist Church. I found a beautiful church building with all the modern equipments for doing practical work, and at the head of it the Rev. T. H. Martin, M.A., a relative of the Rev. Dr. John Hunter, and one in ardent sympathy with the Liberal Gospel Dr. Hunter preaches. A man of real scholarship and devout spirit, he conducted the beautiful service in such a way as to lead us all into the spirit of worship. My American sermon found a most cordial reception. At the conclusion of the service we were taken to luncheon in a beautiful and typical English home, where we were made to feel the reality and the charm of English hospitality. In the afternoon we took tea at the home of Dr. Odgers, the pastor of the Ullet Road Unitarian Church, and enjoyed another phase of English life; and in the evening after the service at the "Cathedral Church," of which I have already written, we were the guests at dinner at the fine house of Mr. Sydney Jones, who will be remembered by every one of the "Angels" for his unremitting courtesy.

A special train took us from Birkenhead, just across the Mersey from Liverpool, through to

London, with stops at Chester, Warwick and Oxford. It was the first experience of many of the "Angels" in European railroad travel, and the novelty of the compartment cars excited much comment. It was not a fair test of them, for we had the whole train, and there were no strangers to intrude upon us, and through the corridors we could shift about as we chose, so that presently congenial groups were seated facing each other in such a manner as to suggest at once to the frivolous the game of "bean porridge hot."

Now I do not propose turning myself into a "Baedeker" on this journey. Of course we all had these famous guidebooks in our hands all the way, and I have mine beside me now, but what is the use? We arrived in Chester, the famous old Roman city, in the early forenoon, and by copying a few pages I can tell you all about it, — when its walls were built, and how much of them remains. I can give you a pretty good notion of just how big the cathedral is; how much it measures this way and how much it measures that; when this part was built and that part was builded; who designed it and who built different parts of it. I can tell you how old some of the old walls are, approximately, and if I should miss the exact date by

three or four hundred years, there are mighty few even of those who were there who would know the difference. I knew all those things the day we were there, for I had them all in the book right in my hand; but to tell the truth, I have done what most people have done, forgotten all the figures and just remember the delightful impressions the old, old city and the old, old cathedral stamped upon my mind and heart. I went into the noble building, and it is noble! Its almost walls in the great out-of-doors, and makes one ashamed to lift his tiny voice amidst its vastness. A service goes on in one part while sight-seers roam through other parts, and neither disturbs the other. We have come across the ocean, we, a body of people fully up to the average of intelligence of our time, to look upon and admire and wonder at the work of those people of a thousand years ago, whom we pity for their ignorance and lack of opportunity. They had no great colleges in those days for the people, no "correspondence schools of architecture" even. Yet they had enough to eat and enough to wear and enough to enjoy, and we with our thousand years of added wisdom come and sit at their feet to learn how to build.

And then there is that old wall; but then that is not so very old, and seems almost frivolous, dating back only about six hundred years. But it is such a substantial thing. I don't know of anything I ever saw that could compare with it unless it is that old stone wall up in Worcester County, Massachusetts, that our sturdy old forefathers built, not for the sake of the wall but to get rid of the stone. Perhaps a thousand years from now modern Chinese civilization will come over to America to study that wall, if long before that time we have not ground up the stone to macadamize our roads.



OLD WALL, CHESTER.

We all liked Chester, even if it did rain, and just as soon as we had done our full duty of seeing the sights and thinking we would remember how many feet long the cathedral is and how many feet high the wall is, we escaped from our guides and plunged into the real Chester hunting for Cheshire cats with the smile which won't come off, and Cheshire cheese with the taste which lingers on your tongue as love's young dream lingers in the

heart. We found both, and came away from the old town, and I have watched it, as Alice watched the cat — fading, fading away, until historic facts and figures have all gone — but the smile remains.

Warwick was our stopping place and point of departure to see the Shakespeare country.



OLD HOUSES IN WARWICK.

So large a company could not be accommodated in the small town, and so some were apportioned to Leamington for the night, and the rest of us were scattered about in the va-

rious small hotels, the Warwick Arms and the "Woolpack" receiving most of us. These English hotels have a charm all their own, aside from their names, which are historic. The proprietors have recognized the asset of old things, and so we walk through crooked hallways, over uneven floors and into crooked rooms, to find comfortable and modern beds fitted into antique bedsteads, and excellent food served, in some measure, in antique dishes, and presently we find our minds conformed and our sympathies sympathetic, till, forgetting who we are and where we came from, we wander through the scenes made familiar by our reading, and find them peopled with that mysterious and fascinating group which the masters of English story created and perpetuated.

Warwick itself is an interesting old town on the banks of the Avon, which in legend at least goes back almost to the beginning of the Christian era. There are perhaps twelve thousand inhabitants living there now, or rather passing through, as for more than a thousand years men have come and gone, some leaving their impression, but more coming and going, as we, careless and curious "Angels" from America, passed through and are already forgotten.

Of course Warwick Castle is the point of interest, and to most of us it was the first of the real old castles which we were to come near; and it was no disappointment. Its walls, and court and towers and great halls, and old armors, and fine pictures and tapestries, and the old soldier who led us about and talked of all these things as of his own children, made it all seem as if we were dreaming and had been carried back through the centuries to dwell with the heroes of old. It was in the rooms of Warwick Castle that we came in contact with the first of the paintings of the Old Masters, of which we were later to see so many that the names of those who made their lasting mark on the ages were to become almost a confusion. But within and without, the best of all, that which will remain longest, because it rises so clearly through the confusion of memory, was the view of the old castle itself from the bridge over the Avon, as its walls and towers and buttresses rose in glorious dignity and beauty from the caressing forest, the embodiment of English song and story.

Perhaps in the years to come the "Angels" may find a rare fascination in the freedom of flying, but as our wings are as yet elemental, we found the coaching trip from Warwick to

Stratford-on-Avon most satisfying to our crude souls. Some day we shall have good roads in America, but not yet; we must grow several hundreds of years older. We are trying to make some, but after speeding miles over the roads of England, with their smooth surface and hedged borders and panoramic beauty, we are convinced that they only grow, and with us it will be centuries before they are ripe.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

There is nothing new to say about the home of Shakespeare; it has all been said over and over again. And yet how it was renewed to us as we rolled through it and out beyond to Anne Hathaway's cottage, back to the church where the man who made it all lies buried, past the schoolhouse where perhaps he learned how to write if not to think, to the house in which

he was born, and there lingering among the relics which a world's devotion has gathered, and walking in the garden where in childhood he played, we all found a new and very real Shakespeare, which the commonplace people who to-day are bartering him for their own living, could not sell us, nor could they keep from us.

There is a phase of Shakespeare's greatness which appealed to me there on the banks of the Avon, and that was his power to make others great. Would plain history ever have given such lasting eminence to that great procession of characters which he marshaled in an everlasting pageant? And there in the old town how many little lives are yet clinging to his



SELLING LAVENDER.

memory in the hope of being drawn into public view! The little children who cry out for pennies for their bits of lavender, at the door of Anne Hathaway's cottage, are not so very different from the man of great wealth who raises a monument there that his name may be swept along for a few years by the eddy that real glory creates in the stream of life. Shakespeare may not have supported his

own family any too well when he was responsible for them, but think of the thousands in that village who are now living upon him, and the hundreds of thousands who through the years in some way, directly or indirectly, have drawn their substance from him. Verily he was great!

In the room where tradition says he was born, the windows and walls are covered literally with the names of those who have come to connect themselves with him and pay him tribute. The authorities will not let any one write a name there now; even the "Angels" had to be content with putting their signatures in a big book! It is not good form to scribble your name about nowadays; only the vulgar do such things, — and yet we found there upon the walls the names of Tennyson, Thackeray, Walter Scott, Byron and others.

In the Memorial Theater there was a rehearsal going on of the play which had taken the prize, the prize perhaps more coveted than any within the reach of modern literature. It was to have its first performance that night, and the attention of the dramatic world was centered upon it, and every "Angel" felt a sense of personal pride, for it was written by an American.

CHAPTER IV

THE ANGELS CONTINUE TO SEE THINGS

IN KENILWORTH AND OXFORD



BACK to Warwick and then another coaching trip in the opposite direction to the ruins of Kenilworth, passing on the way Guy's Cliff Castle, beautiful in itself and particularly in its setting, but more interesting, the Guy's Cliff mill, the oldest mill in constant operation in the world. For hundreds and hundreds of years that tireless stream has been turning the wheel and beneath those low rafters the stones have been grinding the corn to feed the swarm of human moths which flitted into life and flitted out; the brave old mill echoing the song of the brook,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

I like ruined old Kenilworth; the only thing I do not like about it is the futile effort of mere man to stay its ruin. When those great towers are weary with their centuries of just standing, and lean a bit with longing to get back to the earth, it is hardly fair for

men to chain them up and make them stand there yet more centuries. Things have a right to die and be buried as well as people. We have seen old ruins of people, who have lived as long as they wanted to, and leaned longingly to the rest that remaineth; and what



BANQUET ROOM, KENILWORTH.

we have called love would not let them go, and so they have lingered on. It seemed to me that some of those fine old buttresses that were hung up there with an iron rod were not fairly treated, and they will have my sympathy when sometime they wrench themselves loose and come down to lie cozily in the soft grass that will mother them through the ages to come.

There is probably no more perfect ruin to be found than Kenilworth; there is just enough of it remaining so that every part can be traced,

and it wants but a bit of imagination and one may sit beneath the holly trees and see those rooms and courts peopled with the men and women who in the long ago lived and loved, suffered and died, wept and laughed, fought each other and helped each other, knew pride and humility, built for endurance, and lived not to see the completion of their task; all parade before us for a brief minute, and are gone.

It was an American, I believe, who was astonished at the intelligence of the people of



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

France, where he found that even the little children could speak French! And we likewise were astounded at the wisdom of the people in the University city of Oxford, where even the cab drivers were so well educated that they could tell offhand a college building from a

prison! And it seemed to us at times that that was a good deal of an accomplishment, for mostly the colleges do not put their best face to the street, and it is only after you have entered the gate and stand within the quadrangle that you are impressed with the intellectual and historic surroundings. A bird's-eye view of the city — which bird's-eye view I did not take from a balloon, nor yet from the top of Magdalen Tower, from which point it is mostly taken, but I took it from a postal card which I bought at the oldest house in Oxford, dating back to the thirteenth century — differs — the view, not the postal card — from views of other cities in that the factory chimneys are replaced by towers and towers, which mark the location of the unnumbered colleges which from Saxon times have been growing in this favorable soil.

One does not need a guidebook nor even a guide in Oxford, for the cab driver knows it all. I have been wondering since if much that he knew was so, but at the time I wondered not more at the glorious old buildings than at his surprising volubility. He would take me up to a blank wall with a hole in it, and tell me this was such a college, then drive around the square to the other side of the same wall and

tell me that was another. And I could not contradict him. One begins to think that all colleges are alike, unless you look closely and



MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD.

discover that, like the people they send out into the world, they have character. In general they are built on the same plan; mostly they are built about the quadrangle, have something that bears the name of a cloister, they all have a chapel of greater or less magnificence, a library and a tower. It takes something besides these things to make a college, but they are the features which are im-

pressed upon the passing visitor, and they show the connection with the antiquity which is Oxford's pride. There is one college called New College, but do not fancy you will find anything very modern about it, for it was

founded in 1379, and there are dozens of others which have come into existence since then.

It would be possible to give a list of these buildings which we visited in one day's hasty tour, but the list will mean no more in this book than in a guidebook. And after all, it is not the buildings of this marvelous University city which impress us,—though it would take more adjectives than I can command to describe them,—but it is the atmosphere of the place where for more than a thousand years a whole city has been given over to education, and the mind thrills with a new sense of its power amid such sympathetic surroundings. And through these streets memory leads a procession of the masters of human life.

I was profoundly moved. It seemed to me that here all that was noblest and best and greatest in manhood must have gathered; here all exalted ideals should be realized, and I said to the driver: "I suppose there is no such thing as ignorance and poverty in Oxford." And he answered: "Ignorance and poverty is it? We have whole streets full of it." I told him to take me through them, and he drove away from the beautiful seats of learning, and not so far away either, and showed me rows on rows of little houses, and streets thronged with

children, and he said the maximum wage of the heads of these households was a pound a week,— a little less than five dollars, — and one-fourth of it must go for rent, and they were not sure of steady work. Yes, the children had some schooling, but not much; they did not need it, for they would grow up to fill their parents' places as the servants of those who were higher up, or the laborers who were to do what others planned.

That is, in Oxford, as all over the world, there is the great law of interdependence, which has not yet been recognized in the distribution of this world's goods. There is the man of great wisdom, whose teaching power commands the attention of the world, but he cannot build his own house, nor lay the walls of the tower in which he meditates nor the classroom in which he lectures. He cannot make his own clothes; he cannot cook his own food; he cannot make his own bed nor wash his own shirt; he cannot harness his own horse nor drive the engine which bears him on his journey; he, the great man, is absolutely dependent for comfort, the pursuit of wisdom and happiness, yea, for life itself, he is absolutely dependent upon the poor and ignorant who must be in Oxford as well as everywhere on the face of the earth. And they are there to-day as they have always

been, and though the names upon the ancient tablets are but those of artist and founder, the walls in which they were set, whose antiquity causeth us to marvel, were laid by the strong, rough hands of the toiler who lived and labored and died and is forgotten. There is something in Oxford for every one to learn, — if he wants to.

The kind fortune which was guarding and guiding the "Angels" on this tour through England had provided a most charming experience with which to close our visit. Manchester College is one of the latest to erect a beautiful and impressive group of buildings, though its founding dates back more than a century. This college is dedicated "to Truth, to Liberty, to Religion," and at its head is the distinguished scholar and preacher and administrator, J. Estlen Carpenter, who holds a degree from Tufts College. A fine reception was given to the "Angels" at this college; refreshments were served, a most cordial address of welcome was given by Dr. Carpenter, and in the rarely beautiful chapel, Professor Odgers told the unique story of the life of the institution. The only shadow upon this altogether delightful occasion was caused by the necessity of hastening its close that we might catch the train for London, where we were due the same night.

CHAPTER V

THE ANGELS IN LONDON

EAT, DRINK AND ARE MERRY



LONDON is probably a long way from heaven, but the "Angels" can hardly expect better treatment when they settle down in their celestial habitation than they experienced on the bank of the Thames during their all too brief stay. The sun shone. This may sound like exaggeration, even like a shorter and uglier word, but it is true. I am rather put to it, as it were, to write about London when there was neither fog nor rain to find fault with; not a bit of beastly weather, don't y' know, while we were there. The sun came out and so did the King;—even angels could ask no more. I have an idea that London was entertaining the "Angels" unawares, for while it seemed to us that we were being shown great consideration, there were a great many people in the city who did not know we were there, and even yet are ignorant of the fact. You see, London is really quite a big village, larger,



THE ANGELS AT THE ST. ERMINS, LONDON.

I should say, in fact, than Chicago feels. And one must make a large noise if he expects London to listen. London does turn its head with a gracious smile when two or three tourist cars loaded with Americans to the brim, muzzle



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

or rail — or whatever indicates that they are full — squeeze through the everlasting jam of vehicles, into the best places to see the sights, but so soon are we forgotten.

I looked up all the figures about the city, the distance around it, the area covered in square miles, the number of streets and their

miles in length, and a lot of other things. I was going to write them all down in my Journal; but, you remember, I never wrote the Journal, and now I have forgotten them all. I can only say, "See Encyclopædia Britannica, article, London." There are a great many things in that article that I have forgotten. And besides, they are copyrighted; still further, I do recall now, they are not up to date. I think a correspondent writing letters home from a foreign shore should give things as they are. Now London Bridge has always had a great fascination for me ever since I used to sing with the other small children that it was "falling down," and the things that held my horrified interest were the "spiked heads of malefactors exposed to all winds and weathers upon the battlements." I have crossed the bridge several times and not a spiked head did I see. No doubt among the multitude which surged back and forth there were plenty of malefactors, — of great wealth or great poverty, — but I was keenly disappointed not to see a single head set in gory splendor on a spike on the battlements. I did see a good many women with long spikes thrust through their hats, — and heads apparently, — but that did not satisfy my historic sense and my craving for

horrors. Even Madam Tussaud's waxworks and the delicate instruments of torture preserved in the Tower of London are but poor substitutes for a genuine "spiked head on the battlement exposed to all winds and weathers."

The aerie where the "Angels" roosted during our stay in London was called the St. Ermins Hotel, in Westminster. I confess to no little embarrassment at times in writing about this flock of "Angels." I do not know just how far I can safely pursue my figure, but angels suggest wings, and wings suggest birds, so I think "roosting" will not inadequately describe the stopping of the whole covey, excepting myself; like Lord Dundreary's robin, I flocked all by myself.

Among the conspicuous forces in London making for larger religious liberty and larger religious service for human good the Rev. Dr. W. Evans Darby is to be counted. Dr. Darby is a Congregationalist minister who has given his life to the cause of International Peace, and is the efficient secretary of the English Peace Society, and one of the most effective speakers on this great theme in the world. His book entitled "Beneath Bow Bells" is made up of a series of lectures in which he establishes the peace plea on the sure foundation of elemental

Christian principles. Dr. Darby has been prominently connected with the City Temple, and is one of the leaders of that religious liberality which, being Christian, is the hope of the Christian Church in Great Britain. He is thoroughly convinced that the faith of the Universalist Church of America is the ultimate goal of the theological unrest of England. It was his desire to bring about closer relations between the English and American Liberals that led to the writer's being made his guest and a temporary member, while in London, of the National Liberal Club, and that was the reason why I "flocked by myself."

I cannot forbear expressing at this time my appreciation of the honor and pleasure as well as the opportunity thus afforded. The clubhouse is a magnificent building situated on Whitehall Place and the Thames Embankment, not far from the House of Parliament, and it is difficult to find a more comprehensive and delightful view than I enjoyed from my windows, extending from the House of Parliament to St. Paul's, including the whole sweep of the Thames from Westminster Bridge to the Tower of London. The first President of the Club was the Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, and it includes in its membership nearly every promi-

nent Liberal throughout the Kingdom. Here it was my privilege to entertain a group of British clergymen representing several denominations, whom Dr. Darby desired to have meet several American ministers.

While I was enjoying the luxury of Club life, the rest of the "Angels" were seeing the sights by the Cook direct and rapid method,



THE THAMES FROM THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB

which, when one has but little time and less money, is the best method. It was my second visit to London, and so clearly was the great city impressed upon my mind by my former

visit, that I had a sense of freedom to choose some of the special features which are never exhausted in one or many visits. But instinc-



THE MONUMENT, LONDON.

tively I turned to certain things I wanted to see again, rather than to seek for novelties. And in all of London there is nothing that gets hold of me so impressively as St. Paul's. Why this is I cannot tell. It is not the bigness,

though it is almost beyond measurement by the eye; it is not its beauty, for aside from the magnificent sweep of its larger lines it is not beautiful; it is not its memorials, for they cannot compare with those of Westminster. I think it must be just the sense of age and dignity and historic purpose of the place.

When one stands in St. Paul's he is standing on ground which for almost if not quite two thousand years has been occupied as a place of worship. And around it has clustered everything in the form of human life, from the primitive natives of Britain whose crude altar was superseded by the Roman temple to Diana, that in turn by a Saxon church, built by Ethelbert, King of Kent, through the centuries when fire fought with man for the possession of the place, and each time man built better than before, until just two hundred years ago the finishing stone was laid which completed the present magnificent pile. I have been quoting here, just to try to find out why I like St. Paul's; and I want to quote one thing more: — the total sum of money expended to complete this great cathedral is given as seven hundred and thirty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-two pounds, two shillings and three and one-fourth pence! — because I shall never be

satisfied until I know what that one-fourth pence was spent for!

But what a significant record, and how a world's history is typified in the story of these two thousand years of human progress! Around this place of worship races and peoples and nations have risen and fallen, come and gone, each pausing to worship, each rising a little higher than the one preceding, and now about this great monument to the craving of the souls of men surges the life of the greatest city of the world; and some day it, too, will pass on its way, and a new and yet more wonderful civilization will come to worship in possibly a yet more wonderful temple.

Charles Dickens made England and particularly London for most Americans. We may not be up on our English history, but when we get into old London and catch the names of the streets made familiar by his books, there is such a comforting sense of homeyness and of having been there before, that the city's material greatness and romantic history fade away, and we wander with the dear old friends through Dickensonia. For a boastfully practical people, we are an imaginative and emotional lot. We of course want to know all we can and see all we can of the wonders we have come

three thousand miles to see, and yet, for the pure pleasure of it, the heart-thrill of enjoyment, it is better to buy a pair of gloves in Cheapside and a book in Fleet Street. But the trouble is that old London is passing as is everything else; the names of the old streets remain, but the taxi is driving away the old cabman, and the motor bus is putting the horses and their drivers out of business. Of course it is all better; we can go faster and with far more comfort, but it is not the London we dreamed about, and when we go down and are shot through the "tube" under the historic and sacred ground, we might as well be in commonplace New York.

Of course we came, as all tourists do, to see London, but we had an advantage over all the others in the opportunity of coming into close touch with some of the people. We were entertained right royally. The welcome which was ours as we landed in Liverpool we did not think could be equaled anywhere else, and lo, in London it was larger, even if no better. The Liberals of the city were indefatigable in their attentions to our welfare. On two afternoons, in the historic Essex Hall, tea was served, the Women's Social Club acting as hostess, which gave an opportunity to meet personally our

English friends and get a little touch of real English life. But the function which was the climax of our visit to England came on Saturday night, when the grand banquet was given by the Laymen's Club at the Holborn Restaurant. We were subjected to many forms of entertainment during our triumphal journey through Europe, but I can think of nothing which exceeded the good taste, the good management and the social success of this dinner tendered to us by the men of the Unitarian Church of London. The place in which it was held is notable in the city, — a magnificent hall built especially for a banquetting room, and being decorated, when the tables were spread presented a scene which of the kind can have few superiors.

As each guest arrived he was given the beautifully printed menu and order of exercises, and also a large folded sheet on one side of which was printed an alphabetical list of the four hundred guests, and on the other a diagram of the tables with the location of each one, so that it was possible from our places at the table to locate any one we desired, and become acquainted with all our neighbors. The dinner itself was of excellent quality and justified the warning that we had received, that the

English people know what to eat as well as how to eat. Perhaps it is sufficient to say there was something besides "Angel" cake.

A feature of this banquet which excited the interest of the Americans was the presence of a functionary who "goes with the hall," a large and very impressive man, with a large voice, who stands behind the chairman, commands attention, makes all announcements, relieving the presiding officer of all care and securing what is often difficult to secure in so large a company, uninterrupted interest. When the command thunders forth above the confusion, "Silence, please, to the President," or "Silence, please, to the toast; the toast is, 'to His Majesty the King!'" even the voluble American would not presume to break the responsive quiet.

Then we had, of course, speeches and speeches, excellent in character, rising to the occasion, which was the speeding on their way of a great company of disciples of religious liberty going to meet other disciples from other lands. Mr. R. M. Montgomery, A.M., president of the club, was most gracious in his words of welcome, and other Englishmen touched the chords of national and religious fraternity. The responses from America were

made by the Rev. Dr. T. R. Slicer of New York, the Rev. J. Harry Holden of Massachusetts, and the Rev. Dr. Chas. W. Wendte, the secretary of the Congress.

It was rather too near the midnight hour when this happy occasion closed, for a body of religious pilgrims, for I fear it was Sunday morning before some of the "Angels" folded their wings in slumber. But it was good training for that which was to come, for we were presently to learn that in Germany no night is recognized excepting as a period during which the human animal eats, drinks and is merry.

Our Sunday in London was a very busy day for those of us who had to preach and get back to our stopping place, pack our trunks and be ready to start for Holland in the afternoon. But no one was left behind.

My own Sunday was a memorable occasion. I had received the appointment to preach at the Unitarian Church in Islington, which is one of the historic churches of London. It was there that Dr. Martineau spent the last years of his life as a parishioner, after he had retired from the work of the pulpit, and there he had frequently preached. But it was interesting to know that the most eminent preacher

of modern times, after he had finished his own work, felt that his soul needed the ministrations of the Church, and that he was a regular attendant and devout worshiper. The church is not large in that land of great cathedrals, but will accommodate five or six hundred, and though it was the summer season, the vacation season as with us, there was a fine congregation. The present pastor of the church is the Rev. Dr. Tudor Jones, a man of rare personal charm, wide experience and conspicuous ability. He is a Welshman, who was educated in Germany and has spent much of his ministry in Australia and New Zealand. He was fitted for the Presbyterian ministry and served in that fellowship until his own liberality drove him to the more congenial company of the Unitarians. He represents the type of Liberal who will redeem the world. He has brought from his old fellowship that which so many of us Liberals lack, the real spirit of religious devotion.

The time has come for our departure from England, and we are going with happy anticipations, and not less happy memories of what to most of us is our Mother Country. which can never seem really foreign.

CHAPTER VI

IK MOET EEN SLAAPKAMER HEBBEN

REVEALING AN INCIDENT OF THE ANGELS' INVASION OF HOLLAND

I DO not intend to air my foreign languages in these commonplace records of a commonplace journey, but the above phrase, which is in the very best guidebook Dutch, so perfectly expresses a condition and not a theory, that I am persuaded to make use of it, for being freely translated these words mean in English, "I want a bedroom," and their significance will appear as the tale unfolds.

Our route to Holland was via the Hook of Holland. We arrived at Harwich on the English coast, from which place the Channel steamer sails, at about ten o'clock at night, and immediately went on board the fine boat which was to carry us across the dreaded Channel. All our rooms were engaged, so that all we had to do was to step to the purser's office, give our names and get the keys or directions to our staterooms. Now be it known that

the management of the party had made out a list of the people and printed it and sent it on in advance so that the rooms could be properly assigned. But unfortunately the management had not yet become acquainted with the personnel of the group, and some serious mistakes were made in the printing, so that good, kind and gentle bachelors appeared in the list with "Mrs." or "Miss" before their names. Maidens of tender years appeared with simply the initials of their names, in no way indicating whether they were male or female, and as for ministers, they were bunched under the "Rev." with no regard to sex, age or previous condition of servitude. There had been reserved about seventy-five staterooms for over two hundred people, which would mean about three in a room, and the assignment under the misguiding printed list, in about fifteen minutes, brought about a situation which made me feel that this was no place for "Angels," and cause some of the brethren to mutter, "What would my congregation say?"

Meanwhile the boat had sailed, and we were making our way out into the North Sea, where the whole British Navy was having its maneuvers and literally flooding the place with light

from innumerable searchlights. It was an embarrassing situation. But just there the angelic nature came out strong, and there was an immediate demand for a cold deck and a new deal. (This figure is quoted from an unregenerate westerner, but suggests what followed.) With slight irritation and no end of laughter, a new arrangement was finally consummated. We got our rooms and plunged into the "horrors" of the Channel passage, only to bring disappointment to me again, for the night was beautiful, the sea was still, the boat was steady and I had missed another chance to see a seasick "Angel."

The next morning came very early, for we were called at five o'clock and turned out upon the dock at the Hook of Holland, and we were really on a foreign shore, for a strange language smote our ears, strange money tried our patience, and there was a dock-hand with real wooden shoes, which he was wearing without a sign of self-consciousness.

The Hook of Holland is not simply a place to arrive at, it is also a very good place to depart from. At the railway station, we had breakfast which consisted mostly of ham and eggs and fun. The restaurant furnished the ham and eggs and we the fun! It was the first

experience of most of us in talking to foreigners, and it was curious to note the common notion that if you speak English with sufficient deliberation and loudness any decent foreigner will know what you mean, and if he does not the first time, you speak it all over again a little louder, and then if he fails to comprehend you begin to make signs. The sign language is the universal speech. The only trouble is that our sign for more ham and eggs differs from the Dutchman's, and our sign for coffee seems to have a strange resemblance to his sign for beer. But sometimes we presume upon the ignorance of these foreigners, as I myself discovered to my shame, when, later in the day, at The Hague, I went into a large store and, selecting the most intelligent-looking of the fair clerks, began to make signs to her, wiping my nose furiously and holding out my hands beseechingly, and presently she smiled patronizingly, and said in perfect English, "Would you like to look at some handkerchiefs?"

The Hague is one of the most beautiful cities in Holland, and impressed us all with its size. We Americans have perhaps been thinking of it from the historic point of view, which would give its earlier career as a sort of pleasant re-

sort for royalty and its accompaniments, on the outskirts of which is the famous "House in the Wood," the scene of the International Peace Congress. But behold, here was a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants, with most attractive shops to lure away our hard-earned money, great wide and attractive streets, fine parks, and museums of art, not to be ignored.



THE CARRIAGE PROCESSION AT THE HAGUE.

The "Angels" did not ignore it; we took possession of it, to the great delight of the inhabitants. We forbore to use our wings, as carriages had been provided, fifty of them, and we made a procession through the streets, awakening unbounded enthusiasm. Some were fortunate enough to have American flags, which they waved constantly, bringing response from every door and window.

Here we "did" our first Continental Gallery, — the Royal Museum, — and began to pack our minds with the names of the Old Masters.

Here we found Rembrandt (particularly his School of Anatomy), Rubens, Holbein, Murillo, Velasquez, Van Dyck, Jan Steen and others that before had been but names of mysterious, almost mythical beings who had performed miracles in the long ago. We did not know very much about art, but in this first gallery we learned why these men were both Masters and great, for they had caught some of the lines and coloring of creation which never change while generations come and go, and they had spoken intelligibly to each and every one. Others paint for the day in which they live and pass with the day.

That drive to the House in the Wood is memorable,— through shaded roads, following nearly all the way one of the little canals, and returning through the Bosch, the sleepy old wood, where not only the leaves but also the trunks of the trees and the surface of the water are all of the softest green in exquisite harmony of color, and so closely are the branches of the trees interlaced that it seemed like passing through a shadowy bit of fairyland. To the practical American that damp mossy covering on the bark of the trees, and the “beautiful green” scum on the waters of the canal, raised some hygienic questions, and yet we saw no

healthier race than these solid and stolid Hollanders. It was the Queen's birthday when we were there, and all the soldiers were out, and the streets were decorated in glad array. And of course the people were out too, so we had a chance to see them at their best, and their best is very good.

The Hague will always be looked upon as the nursery of international peace. Here is to rise the sun of that great day when war shall be no more between nations of brothers. The great Palace of Peace provided by Mr. Carnegie is nearing its completion, and to it more and more will enlightened people drive their servants—who are called rulers—to serve the good instead of the evil of the world.

It seemed like a verbal vacation to the "Angels" to be able to say "dam" so often without being rebuked by their own consciences or some other pestiferous insect. Nearly every place has this profane ending to its name, and in conversation we at first finished each word with a whistle instead of the last syllable. But it is astonishing how familiarity with evil leads one to embrace it; in time we got so we could put most of the emphasis on the last syllable of some places.

What a horrible thing is this civilization we are so anxious to introduce, and then we hunt the round earth over to find for our enjoyment the place where it is not! The civilized Amsterdam is quite up to date, with its modern



IN AMSTERDAM.

shops and theaters, electric cars and such; and who can ever care for a great city of over half a million people who are doing the same things in the same way every one else is doing them? But uncivilized Amsterdam is altogether a different thing and altogether charming. To get out in early morning when the people are coming

in to the market from the surrounding country, mostly by boats through the tangle of canals, and see the perfectly bewildering variety of costumes, a veritable riot of color and yet never inharmonious, and then at night to get into the chief shopping street, which is turned into a fair, where great crowds surge back and forth, just having a good time in the sense of companionship and motion, is worth a voyage across the ocean. Perhaps some one besides the Americans bought something, but very little trading is done; it is just the community spirit, when all are out dressed more or less in their best, and the queer ones are those who have nothing better to wear than the wretched things designed by Worth and Poole. I must think a little more about these things of personal adornment and habits, in another chapter, for I find the normal character of any people best expresses itself through these things.

Of course there was a reception at Amsterdam. A former session of the International Congress of Religious Liberals had been held there, and there is a large liberal element in the religious life of the city. This reception was wholly informal, not like the others along the way, but just to show to the pilgrims the

spirit of fellowship and give them God-speed on their way.

A carriage drive was taken about the town, with stops at all the places of interest, with a long stop at the National Museum, where are to be found some of the best pictures in Europe, especially of the Dutch school. This seemed to be the headquarters of the Rembrandt collection, one portion of the gallery being devoted entirely to this artist.


In my early years I was brought up on the banks of the old Genesee canal in western New York, and by the time I was ten years of age was considerable of a navigator, having on one memorable occasion voyaged for one whole day over that wild waste of waters, during which time I had traveled six miles. I thought I knew something about canals, but in Amsterdam I was but the most ordinary amateur. The city is called the Venice of the North, and one is impressed with the thought that there is water, water everywhere, and only beer to drink. The city is literally built on the banks of innumerable canals, or else the canals have been built against the city; anyway it appears that when we are not walking beside a canal we are crossing bridges over them, while through them sets the whole tide of commercial

life. They are generally very attractive, but often need straining. And in spite of the disposition to know only the best things on this whole trip, there were times when looking from my window out over one of these waterways there came into my mind this adaptation:

You may clothe the canal with art if you will,
But the smell of the thing will hang round it still.



CHAPTER VII
IN THE LAND OF THE WOODEN SHOE
ALSO OF THE WINDMILL, THE CANAL AND
SEVERAL OTHER THINGS

HAT a picnic Cervantes's old hero would have had in Holland! There are places where he could not have couched a lance in any direction without spitting a dozen of the fiercest windmills which ever challenged a brave knight. Among the "Angels" there were preachers who confessed that in all their fighting of windmills, through a long and vapid ministry, they never saw anything like it! But we found these engines of war quite harmless, and rather interesting, as they break the monotony of hundreds of miles of flat country with a little touch of the artistic, quite restful to the eye of the æsthetic and quite exciting to the eye of the curious.

Canals and windmills and wooden shoes are Holland to the passing traveler. Of course there are other things of value and of interest. I could fill whole pages with statistics of good

and wonderful things from the history of this brave little land, but they would all finally cluster about the canals, which are the arteries of her life; the windmills, which catch the breath of heaven and harness it to human needs; and the wooden shoes, in which stand as fine people as walk the earth.

To get into the real Holland you must leave



THE WATERWAY OF HOLLAND.

the great cities, and a covey of the "Angels" took the steamer one morning at Amsterdam for the all-day trip to the uncontaminated town of Volendam and the island of Marken. Our course took us through the lock into the canal, once the main channel of the city's commerce to the sea, and from that into one of the innumerable little canals which seem to be everywhere but to go nowhere in particular, and hour after hour we sped smoothly along past prosperous farms, where in the

wide fields multitudes of fat cattle were feeding on the most luxuriant of pastures. Everywhere were men and women working together in the fields, and occasionally along the banks of the canal or in the street of some little village through which we passed would be seen the little carts drawn by three dogs and sometimes by a woman.

Broek-in-Waterland was our first stop, and we had a delightful run through the quaintest of little villages, which is noted for its exquisite cleanliness. And there was nothing to make it dirty; even the troupes of pudgy little children,



CHILDREN ON THE
TOWPATH.

clattering along with their wooden shoes and funny little caps, look good enough to eat. I was fascinated with their shoes, and though one could buy all he wanted in the stores, all newly whittled or turned out, or however they make them, I wanted the real thing with the human touch, and so started on a cam-

paign to get a pair right off the feet of a child. As I could speak no Dutch, and they could understand no English, I soon got the reputation

of being demented, and when finally, through an interpreter, I made them understand that I really wanted an old pair of wooden shoes, right off the feet of one of the children, when I could get new ones at the store, the suspicion was confirmed that I was stark mad. But I persisted, and finally found a little girl, who was instructed by her father (probably "to let the man make a fool of himself if he wanted to"), to sell her shoes to me, and so she took my money and I took her shoes and brought them to America, and she ran home in her stockinged feet to tell her mother of the crazy man who came from America to Broek-in-Waterland to buy old shoes off little children's feet, when he could have got new ones right out of the store for the same money.

At Monnikendam, one of the quaintest of old towns, whose present life is nothing but a dream of the past when it was a real seaport, we came up through the locks and out from the canal into the Zuider Zee, a great wide sea which forms the northern boundary of Holland, and out across its shallow waters to the island of Marken, where old Holland remains with all the charm of ancient costume and custom, and where we spent one of the rarest hours of a lifetime, right in the midst

of the home life of this colony of fisher folk who are not ashamed to live as their fathers lived and do as their forefathers have done for many generations.

And here is a people contradicting about every standard of our modern life, doing the things which to us would mean destruction, and yet who ever saw a healthier or happier lot of God's children on this sunny old earth? There are homes which violate about every hygienic law, even those we in our wisdom have transplanted into civil law. They are all built on the very banks of the water, which not infrequently sweeps up actually under the house. The houses are but little more than boxes, with ceilings so low you can touch them; the beds are but alcoves cut in the side walls, and covered by curtains so that no breath of fresh air can by any possibility penetrate to the sleeper; a bit of stone is set in the floor, on which stands the brazier over which the cooking is done.

All the people, men, women and children, wear the wooden shoes. The dresses of the women are padded out until they look like animated balloons, and the boys and men wear their whole stock of pantaloons, numbering from three to a dozen, at one time, until

each leg is bigger than his whole body. All work and play together. Fish and hay are about the only resources of the island, and the women handle the hay from the cutting to the loading on the boats quite as handily as the men. Their houses are all open to the visitors, and within one finds the walls covered with the beautiful old blue delftware, every possession of the owner being displayed. In



A CITIZEN OF MARKEN.

one house was a little baby two weeks old, dressed as all the others are, even to its cap; and as everyone who entered made an offering of coin which was put in the tiny hand, I was impressed with the thought that after all the best investment in the isle of Marken is a new baby. The young mother was stared at, her household was examined, and the baby investigated to the last degree, while the mother smiled and smiled. And within a very short time she will be out pitching hay or pushing a big boat, or it may be hitched to a cart with a

couple of dogs; and still she will smile and smile.

And our women "Angels" pitied her, because she would go on that way through her life, because she had to wear such outlandish clothes, and because she might live and die right there on that little island and never go traveling about the world.

Well, I was sorry for her too, for I knew she would never, never have a hobble skirt. That instead of tying her feet together at the command of fashion, she would continue to build out great pads on her hips until she looked like a barrel; but I thought, she has one advantage, the pads on the hips will help to support the baby when she has to carry it, while the hobble skirt, — but I am all off; women who wear hobble skirts do not have babies. But the Marken young woman will never be able to join a Browning club. I doubt if she ever has a chance to play Bridge, poor thing! It may be she will never carry a sign, "Votes for Women." She will not go to the opera in a dress that is too short at one end. She cannot dance till three in the morning through a whole winter and break down with nervous prostration during Lent. She has to wear those great wooden shoes, when, if she only

had the advantages of the really up-to-date woman, she could wear a five-inch shoe with a three-inch heel on a seven-inch foot and think she was graceful. And she has to work till her muscles are strong, and her eye is bright, and her laugh will reach out across the Zuider Zee to her sister who laughs back to her from Volendam. Yes, I am sorry for her in a way; she is downtrodden from the point of view of some of us, but after all, I wonder if she does not get the best of us. She lives longer, has all the pleasure she knows and wants, and nothing would make her quite so unhappy as to "improve her condition." There are the sentimentalists who say, "But think of the mental and nervous strain, think of her yearning soul struggling to be free, think how she must feel to have to wear such costumes and endure such surroundings!" And there is where the sentimentalist is all wrong; from the sentimentalist's standpoint it might be, but there is not a particle of mental and nervous strain and soul yearning in that Marken young woman. She is doing just what she has been hoping to do all her life; she is wearing just what she has been looking forward to wearing ever since she was a child, and her yearning soul is far better satisfied than are the souls

of fifty millions of women who are killing themselves and all their friends in their mad attempts to keep up with the procession of pseudo culture, ultra fashion and debauched pleasure.

I am sorry because of the Marken women — because there are not more of them.

We landed at Volendam on our way back, and though there came a dashing shower which cut off any real visiting of the town, we got a little bit of the quaintness and color of this favorite resort of artists, who, after all their training in the best of art schools in the new and old worlds, come to this out-of-the-way place to learn how to color their pictures from the coloring these crude and humble fishermen put upon their houses and weave into their garments. Verily the world is topsy-turvy; the wise ones come to learn architecture of the primitive children of men, and the educated find most wisdom as they commune with the foolish.

Through the twilight, the long twilight of these northern lands, we sailed back through the Zuider Zee, and we looked out across the waters and over the long reaches of the great flat country to the distant horizon against which were silhouetted the great windmills, all sleeping in the calm, and the tall trees


which here and there reach straight up against the light. We came again to the canal and were locked through to the music of a cornetist who, recognizing the mark of the American, played "America" and "The Star-spangled Banner," and our hearts sang of home and of friends away across the big sea-water, and of the land we love, which took the spirit of her life in the long ago from brave little Holland, which has something to teach us yet.



CHAPTER VIII

THE TEMPTATION OF THE ANGELS

WHICH BEFELL THEM IN COLOGNE AND ON THE
RHINE

OES it not seem to you that good people have trouble enough in this old world without being subjected to all sorts of temptations? It is well enough to keep the sinners busy and so help to keep them out of mischief and strengthen their moral backbone, but why should the feelings of our particular group of "Angels" be harrowed up by the seductions of the carnal appetites, and put to tests of restraint which gave a pretty severe wrench to the heavenly strings of our pure and tender hearts? And besides, it might have spoiled my chapter about Cologne had any one been unequal to the test, for I have no desire to write of fallen angels. I would not have you think for a moment that none of us stumbled along the way, but this veracious chronicle is not marred by a single instance of a serious lapse from innoxiousness by an American

"Angel." It is not improbable that by committing the sin of omission I add grace to the record, but on the whole I am proud of the way in which we disported and deported ourselves under all circumstances.

It was a long ride from Amsterdam to Cologne, mostly through a country that would have reminded us of our own middle West had there not been so much of formality and



COLOGNE FROM THE RHINE.

regularity. A clever woman in our compartment observed that it seemed to her that she was in one of the German gardens she used to make when a child, of the wooden trees and houses which came as toys from Germany, for the trees were so stiff and formal that no wind could be so disrespectful as to tickle them into motion, and the houses were set here and there just as a great giant baby might have placed them, while scattered about were the

figures of men and women so still that one could easily imagine that they were pegged fast to the ground so they would not fall over.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at Cologne and were met at the station by a committee of "The Friends of Evangelical Freedom in the Rhinelands," who proceeded to tell us in very beautiful German, most impressively spoken, where our hotels were to be found, and that at five P.M. we were to be their guests at a dinner in the Great Hall of the Lesegesellschaft, which proved to be the beginning of such a series of entertainments as had never been imagined, much less experienced, by the oldest traveler among us. It was a rush, from the moment of arrival, to get to our hotels with our luggage, don evening dress and be at the hall within an hour, but by the help of taxis we were on time.

It was a magnificent sight to which we were introduced. The great hall itself seemed interminable in length, and all down the distance were splendidly furnished tables for six hundred people. We paused at the door to feast our eyes, and they were riveted on six hundred bottles,—a long, tall, slender bottle for each plate,—and we said to ourselves, "How delightful, and what charming taste, to give

to each guest as a souvenir from this, its fountainhead, such a fine bottle of Cologne water!"

We had expected to bathe every day in Cologne water while we were in the city, but we had not intended to drink it. And evidently these bottles were designed for drinking purposes, as they were all uncorked and beside them were delicate, long-stemmed glasses. But the odor was so different. The Cologne we get in America is of an entirely different order of fragrance, and we were not just sure as to what we were to do with it. However as the dinner progressed we saw our hosts drinking freely of the "water " and seeming to enjoy it, and we came to the conclusion that the Cologne water served at a great dinner must be of an entirely different brand from that used at the toilet. And so far as the "Angels" knew, the brand to be used as a beverage has never come into general use in the best angelic society on our side of the Atlantic.

A German dinner is a continuous surprise; there is nothing like it in America or England. Generally the dressing is the same. Evening dress appears to follow a common mode, but there the resemblance stops. There was a

word of greeting from the chairman, and then the first course of the dinner was served. When it was eaten and the dishes were removed, the people were called to order and two long speeches of welcome were delivered in German, then the second course was served, and we had two more speeches, then the third, and more speeches, and so on until the end, which came after three hours, and when the dinner was ended the speeches were ended. There are some features of this plan which commend themselves to me. It insures slow eating and good digestion; it also provides against an exodus of the guests in case there is a dull speaker. And when the dinner is through it is done, and we can go home.

But in this case we were not allowed to go home. We thought we had reached the climax of hospitality in England, but we have to confess that we knew not its possibilities until we struck Germany. Remember there were over two hundred of us, and we all brought our appetites with us. Not only were we given this splendid dinner, with a bottle of Cologne water, — or something! At the conclusion of the feast, we each received a little booklet of coupons, by the use of which we could get anything we wanted, and

some things we did not want, during our entire stay. There were coupons for transportation, for entrance to the "Flora," one of the most spacious and elaborate concert gardens in Rhineland. I call it a concert garden because that is not its name; there are concerts there of the very highest musical order, but in the vernacular it is about the biggest beer garden on earth. And in our little book we found a number of coupons good for



ON THE RHINE.

bottles of wine, more coupons good for beer, still others for mineral water, yet others for the long and wonderful trip on the Rhine, and another for another elaborate dinner at Remagen.

I thought we had some pretty good "spenders" at home. We are mostly glad to entertain a few guests when they come from a distance and are not going to stay very

long, but to have a group of two hundred landed upon us and give them all pie and "Cologne water" at every meal, with several glorious concerts thrown in, sets a new mark in the grace of hospitality.

And probably about this time the "gentle reader" will begin to have a suspicion as to when the "temptation of the Angels" occurred. Following the dinner at the Lesegesellschaft (I would not use that word if I had to pronounce it), we were hurried to the cars and on them to the "Flora," where we arrived at about nine o'clock and found seats together with two thousand others at the little tables scattered about in the large and lofty pavilion and through the beautiful gardens surrounding it. There seemed to be music everywhere; in one place was a fine band of thirty-three performers; in another a splendid orchestra, and on the platform in the center of it all there were singers and speakers, so, as we say in America, there was something doing all the time. And while the music and the speaking were going on the waiters were circling about taking orders and calling for our coupons. Now as a matter of history, the "Angels" used only the coupons calling for mineral water, to the supreme disgust of the waiters,

who lifted their hands in horror at the taste of those Americans who wanted to drink *water*. They flouted us, they scorned us, they laughed at us with ghoulisn glee, they abashed us, until at last, to appease them, I meekly asked for ginger ale, and the waiter nearly went mad; but I persisted and wanted lemonade, which he denied me with scorn, and he even refused me "Mellin's Food." Understand that the temptation of this "Angel" was not to drink beer, but to kill the waiter.

And yet we had a most hilarious time, and listened to some splendid speeches in English and in German, heard good music, and got to our hotels at two o'clock in the morning, which, from the German point of view, is just on the edge of the evening.

What a day was that day upon the Rhine! We were taken by our hosts in the morning to Bonn, that we might get a glimpse of the great university, and thence to the special steamer which carried us and twelve hundred of our German friends up the beautiful and historic river, past Obercassel, Godesberg, Drachenfels, Rolanseck and many other cities and castles and ruins to Remagen, where in a great hotel on the bank of the river, with vine-covered but otherwise wide open porches we

sat for three hours through another German dinner with speeches between courses and bottles of the "Rhine" at our plates. There does not seem to be much difference between the "Rhine" and "Cologne water" when served as a beverage. But here those who care



THE RHINE AT REMAGEN.

for it did have a real treat. Up in the mountains back of Remagen is the famous Apollinaris spring, and this fine water, which at home is looked upon as a great luxury, was served with prodigality.

After the dinner we were again on board our steamer and moved off with the band playing, every one singing and all the inhabitants of the town upon the river banks waving and cheering us a good-by. Then we continued on up

the river nearly to Coblenz, and turned back as the sun was setting, to speed down the river aided by the swift current, for we were due in Cologne at a social reception which was to *begin* at ten o'clock at night, and end, of necessity, in time for us to take the morning train for Berlin.

Through all the years of my life my heart has yearned for the beauties of the Rhine with a longing which would not be satisfied. No amount of traveling was an adequate substitute. In some way, back in childhood days, I associated with that river and its embracing hills all of my fairy stories. Some of its myths and legends had come to me more or less corrupted probably, but I have always been sure that there was something mystic about the stream, and if I could only look upon it I should see some of the giants and robber barons who used to sweep through my imagination before my imagination became corrupted with truth and reason. And now I have seen the Rhine, at least a bit of it, and I can remember few days in my life that are richer in keen enjoyment than that one when we sang our way through the ruins and castles which stand all along the shores, like frozen echoes of the past.

And yet the Rhine itself, stripped of its

historic robes, is not as fine as our own Hudson, and even the Penobscot from Bangor to the sea, can show exquisite touches of scenery which easily rival those of the more famous river of Germany. But the Rhine is more than natural scenery. It is a great moving stage upon which the activities of the world's largest life have been enacted. The very ordinary hill is seen not as it is to-day, but as the centuries have colored it, often mixing their colors with human blood. And that pile of stone, but a resting place for birds in their flight, is more than a stone pile, for it has housed and homed and protected human hearts in the long ago, and is their pathetic monument. And the ruin which lifts its shattered figure between you and the setting sun is more than a ruin of man's work; it is a symbol of the way of all human strength and greatness, which pass with the passing centuries to give place to something better.

All day long we sang, led by the fine orchestra and the singing spirit of the Germans, we sang the hours away. And sometimes our voices made a mighty chorus which swung up through the hills and through the shattered courts and corridors of the ruins, and startled sleeping echoes into life. And then with the day we moved away, but a passing incident

soon to be forgotten by the mighty river which through the ages and ages has been fretted by the fleeting generations of men, and yet flows on, strong, calm, unchanging, while men and the works of man decay.

In spite of the bounteous hospitality of our hosts, we had a little time in which to see the city of Cologne, and especially its cathedral. It is a glorious city, filled with wondrous churches and buildings of historic interest and opportunities for pleasures of every possible kind, but after all, as every street seems to lead to the cathedral, every interest also centers there. And worthily too, for among all the cathedrals we saw, to my thinking there is none to approach the unity, massiveness and perfection of the Cologne Cathedral. It is almost inconceivable that a thought so large should have existed in any mind away back in 1248, and entirely inconceivable that that thought should have been carried out through all the centuries until the towers were completed in 1880. When we realize how many minds have been at work, and how there is hardly another instance in existence in which the original design has not been changed and almost always injured by some follower we stand in amazement before the unity and har-

mony of this massive pile. As I stood in front of it and looked up and up, following the lines



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

of the towers in their graceful focus into the very heavens, and felt as well as saw the stupendous immensity of the thing, I could think

of nothing save one of the great towering peaks of our own Rocky Mountains, which, as you look, seems to float in the air and lean more and more over you, luring your spirit into companionship. I do not think I have ever been so impressed with the work of man. There are bigger things, and far more intricate products of the mind, but in this cathedral six hundred years ago a man thought, and thought so well and so fully that hundreds and thousands of thinkers and workers coming after him but thought his thoughts over again and translated them into stone, and behold, the seed-thought growing for six hundred years blossoms into this marvelous thing in which the eye, the mind and the spirit all find content. Within there are wonders of carving and decoration, and in the magnificent proportions one's enthusiasm is commanded. None may enter here without a feeling of awe and reverence, but it was when I stood without and sensed the greatness of man's achievement that I worshiped God.



CHAPTER IX

THE ANGELS ON A SPREE

BEING A BRIEF OF THEIR STAY IN BERLIN



S EVEN hundred years ago, on opposite sides of the river Spree, in the northern part of what is now the German Empire, were two small towns, one known as Kolln and the other as Berlin. Half a century later the two were united and formed the beginning of the great city which was to follow. In those days the humble inhabitants, as they loved and fought each other in their crude ways, had no thought that the World Congress of Free Christianity and Religious Progress was on its way to Berlin and would arrive at 6.19 P. M. on August 5, 1910. In 1650, when the town had grown to a city of 20,000 inhabitants and was about to become the royal residence, nothing had yet been heard of our coming. One hundred years later, when Frederick the Great led in making his capital a place worthy of the honor, and the population had grown to one hundred and forty-five thousand, it is doubtful if a thought

of the Liberal Religious invasion at the beginning of the twentieth century had occurred to any one. In the year 1850 there were in the city of Berlin nearly half a million who never saw a shadow of the coming event, and



IN BERLIN.

it is a rather humiliating fact that when the "Angels" swooped down upon Berlin on the fifth of August in this year of grace, so far as we could see there were several of the three millions of citizens of one of the most wonderful cities of the modern world who did not know

of our arrival, and several others who did not care whether we were there or not.

We are thus made to see the difference in the times. Had two thousand Religious Liberals caravanned into the town of Berlin six hundred years ago, we should all have been sliced up into small pieces, had our awful heresies burned, and the ashes scattered to the four winds, and we should now be but a fading incident of history. We should have made a great sensation in those days; every man, woman and child would have known we were there, and probably had a piece of us to keep as a souvenir. But I don't care for too much excitement. I think I prefer the indifference of the three millions of to-day to the personal attentions of the twenty thousand in that cruder and ruder age.

The three millions were very busy enjoying themselves, and so far as we could see, most of them kept right at their job all the time we were there. But when, after a hasty toilet and dinner at the hotel, we hastened to the Landwehrcasino, where the Congress was to assemble, we found that some one had taken account of our coming and every preparation was made for our comfort and the success of the gathering. Though only four hundred had been expected,

the delegates flocking from all parts of the world, and particularly from all the cities of Germany, soon numbered over two thousand, and before the session was two days old the people of Berlin did discover that something was going on, and something of importance, and poured in upon us until the great halls were inadequate for the crowds. And for the next week such a series of meetings was held as had never been known in religious history, and the great throbbing, amusement-loving city and the greater land of which it is the political center were touched and moved by a great new thought of a new age.

It is not my purpose in these gossiping chapters to try to tell the story of the Congress itself, which was the goal of all our journeying, for many have already sketched its proceedings, and when these words are being read, the Book of the Congress will have come from the press and all who will may read.

This writing is largely a matter of personal observation and memory, freed from the handicap of the notebook I did not keep. I did have some impressions and have some memories of the great Congress, and perhaps it will not be out of place to hint at them here even at the risk of introducing the egotistical. Such an

experience as standing before representatives of the whole world to speak one's little piece does not come so often in a lifetime as to pass without notice. It was my privilege to be on the platform at the first great meeting, and to bring the disciples of religious freedom the greetings of our Land of Liberty. At such a time it does not matter so much what one may say, providing he has a sense of the dignity and significance of the occasion. And I confess to one of the life-thrills which a man may not often know, when I faced in one great audience not only the Americans and British and representatives of our colonies who speak a common language with us, but also French, Italians, Scandinavians, Germans, Swiss, East Indians, Japanese, Chinese and Russians; not only those of a common faith who might have a sympathetic interest, but also those of thirty different phases of religious thought and life, who had come together to find, if it might be, the points of agreement on which they could unite for a larger service to humanity.

It was an occasion which must appeal to any one who has caught, even in a small measure, the spirit of the Universalist Gospel which for more than one hundred years we have been trying to establish in America. For here were

the first gleams of the light of its fulfillment in its largest definition. Here was the revelation of the fact that the great basic principles of our faith had not only been planted and cultivated within the range of our own humble efforts, but like all the blessings of God's revelations of truth, the seeds had been planted in many lands, and though growing under different names and under different conditions, they were bearing like fruit of human freedom, religious liberty, and the promise of the ultimate universal triumph of God and good. And it came to me as I stood there in the presence of that distinguished assembly, that the seemingly little movement of an insignificant Church in America is glorified by its connection with such a world-movement as perhaps has never been known in the history of religion; that we are not working and fighting alone for those things we count precious and peculiar in our faith, but we have our contribution to make to a common service, and we are to receive the encouragement and impulse of a great multitude whom no man may number, who are working and fighting in their own place and their own way for the same things.

I followed through those long sessions, listening to addresses often in unknown tongues,

with a sense of awe and a sense of exhilaration, and noted that every contribution made to the great meeting by a representative of the Faith we hold to be universal in hope and promise, rose to the dignity of the hour in such a way as to make it a real contribution and an honor to the occasion, the speaker and the cause he stood for.

But let no one imagine that the "Angels" carried their devotion to the point of dissipation. Generally they were faithful in attending the sessions of the Congress, but betwixt and between times there were both duties and pleasures which loomed large, to meet which it was necessary to adopt the Berlin custom which has anticipated the final home of the angels; — "there is no night there;" that is, no night in the sense of going home and going to bed. So far as is known, there is a period of lull extending from three a.m. to seven a.m., during which it is supposed that people sleep and eat their breakfasts, but no American has been discovered who has been able to learn the facts concerning that period of semi-darkness (for in that high latitude the darkness is only "semi" during those hours when morning is dawning).

It would be irreligious if not criminal for one to be in Berlin and fail to see something of this

extraordinary civic creation. I use the term "civic creation" advisedly, for while most of the great cities of the world have grown and in their growth been directed more or less by the wisdom and foolishness of man, Berlin literally has been built, made, created mostly according to plans of wise architects and foolish kings. And when the foolish kings did not interfere too much, the creation has set worthy standards, and to-day, in some respects, Berlin is a model city. Not so model as many of the modern reformers who are continually shaking it in our faces would have us believe, but on the whole a place where the animal man and the intellectual man may be pretty comfortable and the spiritual man can find enough to do.

It is perfectly true that by slipping a very small coin into a slot-machine you can get a ticket which will allow you to be shot through a hole in the ground to your distant destination at a more rapid rate and, if you want to ride third-class where every car is a "smoker," at a less price than in almost any other great city of the world. It is true that the control of these roads by the city is in the best interests of the people who pay the taxes, if not of the passengers, but it is not true that there are no defects in the mechanism of the thing, for I

still mourn the ten pfennigs I slipped into a slot-machine which never rendered up its ticket. It is true that the streets are so clean you feel you must wipe your feet before you leave your house; true that repairs very generally are made at night and the street that is all torn up when you return from the opera—or church—at night will show no sign in the morning. It is true that the streets are full, literally, of fine cabs and taxis which move a continual procession, and will respond to your whistle and take you anywhere very quickly for a trifling sum, so trifling in fact that the average man squanders lots of his hard-earned silver when he should be benefiting his health by walking. It is true that the average citizen of Berlin knows how to keep out of a sanitarium by finding a place to stop in his work, and a place where he with his family and friends can be diverted and made to forget the troubles and trials of business.

As the stranger goes about the city and notes the number of "gardens" where people sit under the shade of real or artificial trees and drink beer and music at the same time, he will wonder where they all come from, and if he goes to one of the larger gardens, such as the Zoölogical, and finds it difficult to make his

way amid the acres of solid folk, it will seem to him that every home in that great city must be deserted, and that nothing less than the whole volume of the river Spree could supply the beer consumed in a single evening.

The beer-drinking habit of the Germans reaches its climax in the cities of Berlin and Munich, and it has come to be the common belief in America that with the beer there used and the way of using, it is innocuous, and I am disposed to give it all the credit possible. From hearsay and observation only, I learn that the beer used contains only a small per cent of alcohol and is comparatively pure, and the consumption per capita does not approach that of other countries, for the reason that the drinking is not to quench an unnatural thirst but is a sort of social function. A party sits at a table and each person has a glass or stein which he sips through a long evening while listening to music, and it is said there is no intoxication. I have heard many a returning traveler say that there is no drunkenness in Germany, but I know that is not true. It is true that drunkenness is not allowed to be exhibited on the streets as with us, but it is only necessary for one to sit up late enough at night to discover it on the street in spite of the statutes.

But there are a great many foolish as well as criminal untruths about Europe which have found their way into the common speech of Americans, and among them all there is none more foolish and more criminal than the one fostered by reputable physicians on our side of the water, who tell their patients as they start for Europe to "beware of drinking water over there, for it is dangerous, and to fall in with the customs of the country and take wine or beer." Now, this statement of our otherwise worthy physicians is the cheapest kind of a bid for the cheapest kind of reputation, and has not the slightest foundation in truth. There is not a city in Europe in which the water supply will not average up to the best in any of our own cities, and there is not a particle more danger in drinking the water even in the cities of Italy than in drinking it in our American cities. The people over there drink beer and wine because it is the habit of generations, and tourists often find difficulty in getting water, especially ice water, because the waiters at hotels and restaurants get a commission on the liquors they sell. An instance in point: At the closing banquet in Berlin, which was one of the most magnificent I ever attended, at two of the tables were seated only Americans and

English, and none of them took wine, and at the close the waiter appealed to me, because I happened to preside at that table, almost with tears in his eyes, for a larger gratuity because none of our party drank.

And we may say all we can say in extenuation of the drinking habit of the foreigner, it is in fact so pronounced a curse upon the people of the land that to-day the better element of Germany is rising in protest against it; and though we and all others must glory in the material achievements of the city of Berlin, which we see under the most favorable conditions, behind the scenes there are slums of wickedness and suffering no less awful than those in other great cities of the world, and they are there very largely because of the blight of drink upon human nature.

But I did not intend to write a temperance lecture; I only stumbled upon it, as unfortunately we must in almost any pleasure excursion, in almost any place or time, stumble upon this chief cause of most of the shadows which fall athwart this otherwise fair earth.

Berlin the beautiful, Berlin the wonderful city, deserves all that can be said of it, and now that I have cleared my mind of the shadow, I can talk in the sunshine.

CHAPTER X

THE ANGELS AND THE KAISER

FROM THE ANGELS' POINT OF VIEW



HE "Angels" were a little dubious regarding the attitude of the Kaiser towards his guests. We did not expect him to meet us at the station with his private carriage and take us "up to the house" where we were to make ourselves at home, though it occurred to us when we discovered that one of his palaces had seven hundred rooms that if he had been so disposed he could have accommodated the two hundred American "Angels" and not put himself out. But it seemed that he was so thoughtless as to be away from home at the very time when he had company coming. In a way this was, whether intended or not, a real favor on his part, for his notion of hospitality requires that no visitor be admitted to his home palace in Potsdam when he is in residence, and being away, the "Angels" had the privilege of seeing the grounds and a few of the rooms of the New Palace. "New," in Europe, always

has a meaning differing from ours. A new building in America would mean one in process of construction, whereas this "New Palace" was built by Frederick the Great in 1763. And yet the bloom has not worn off. We had no means of knowing how often the



THE DOM.

Empress "cleans house," but with several palaces in Potsdam, which place is less than an hour out from the city of Berlin, and some pretty extensive establishments in the city, it seemed that housekeeping in the royal family in Germany might be almost as complicated as in a six-room flat in America with only one German maid to do the work. But we dis-

covered evidence of his Majesty's enterprise and providence.

The Königliches Schloss, — it is funny how I accidentally fall into the use of these German words every time I can think of them, and find out how to spell them! — I mean the Royal Palace in Berlin, is big enough to do for a World's Exposition, and there seem to be several acres of floors in the innumerable rooms. These floors are of hard woods and so exquisitely polished as to excite the wonder and admiration of all until the process is revealed by which they are kept in their mirror-like condition. It would seem that the greatest ruler of the world — excepting of course our own Theodore I — could pay for the proper care of his own Schloss, and yet when these freeborn, liberty-loving and independent American "Angels" came to look upon this magnificence, they were all set at work polishing floors for the Kaiser. It is with a feeling of shame that this record is made, and yet it is my business as a reporter of this excursion to tell the truth, and the truth is that every "Angel" who ventured into that palace had to tuck up his or her wings and put on over the good American shoes we wore, great ungainly carpet slippers in which we were to sort of glide about those

vast galleries, — we must of necessity slide or glide, because the old things were several sizes too large for the feet of even the Chicago representatives, — and in this way the beautiful polish was secured and preserved. We need nevermore talk of Yankee enterprise; the Kaiser has us beaten to a frazzle. And my humiliation reached the climax when I witnessed grave and reverend ministers of the Gospel, spectacled schoolmarms from New England, literary lights from Indiana, Quaker men and maidens from the city of Brotherly Love, esoteric philosophers from Beacon Hill, sages from Concord, Muses from Cincinnati, and cowboys from the wild west, *skating* here and there over the Kaiser's glossy floors and giving them the final touch of real American polish.

For those of the "Angels" who arrived at the palace at the auspicious moment when the guard changed there was adequate compensation for the labor of polishing floors, in being allowed to witness the mightiest army in the world make itself ridiculous in the "Goose Walk." Of course the whole of the army was not there excepting as it is embodied in the breast of each proud soldier, but it was sufficient to fill our souls with joy to see the repre-

sentatives of the King's Guard take these historic steps. Why they take them I do not know, excepting that in Europe you can depend on anything that has been done for several hundred generations being continued in all seriousness by a good many generations to come. The Goose Walk is an instance. In the long ago the soldiers of the Guard, either in order to be distinctive, or because they thought it pretty, or some ancient ruler wanted to see them do it, at the time of changing the Guard, used a step in which the foot is lifted very high, till the knee comes up nearly to a level with the breast, and then is snapped down and the other leg is put through the same antic. Some time in the history of this curious custom some one saw in it the resemblance to the way in which a goose walks, and christened it with a name which has stuck. I have to confess to my readers that this is a wholly original description and explanation of this extraordinary custom; I could find none in the German literature I read, and so advance this hypothesis, which is good enough to be true whether it is or not, and is better than nothing.

Those who have the privilege of visiting this wonderful island, formed in the river Spree, right in the heart of Berlin, are blessed with

the treat of a lifetime. It is difficult to find another place in which so much of historic and artistic interest is grouped within a small area. The Royal Palace fronts on the Lustgarten, a small but beautiful park adorned with a great fountain and statuary. At the rear of the park is the Dom, which is the German designation of the Cathedral, a big building with a most impressive dome, but otherwise hardly to be classed with the great cathedrals of Europe. Opposite the Palace is the Old Museum, which is connected over Museumstrasse with the larger New Museum, and that in turn, through a court, with the National Gallery, leaving the end of the island to the magnificent Kaiser Frederick Museum.

Aside from the architectural interest of this group of great buildings, there is enough within them and accessible to the public to employ the time of the antiquarian or lover of art for months. And yet it is possible to get a very fair impression even in a day's visit. This matter of seeing the galleries, pictures and statuary of Europe is a curious one. We everyday sort of people, without technical training, are handicapped a good deal in our observing and observations. There has come through our schooling and general reading a haze of in-

formation in which there are sharply defined certain names of artists and certain subjects of art. We have read the names, and descriptions of the works, and of some have seen more or less worthy reproductions. But when we are suddenly thrust among a great multitude of these masterpieces of the ages, we are only sure of a sense of confusion and bewilderment. If we could come upon a single object and have the time to take it in and make it our own there would be some hope of carrying away something besides a misty impression. To walk through the Old Museum is really to lose one's self in a forest of antiquities. Out of every place have come fragments, very largely, of the world's sculpture, and there they are massed, each with a label which ceases to have meaning as others press upon it. In the National Gallery there is a mixture of ancient and modern painting, and nearly every school is represented, while in the Kaiser Frederick Museum there is the most complete collection of the works bearing the deathless names of the Masters, particularly in ecclesiastical art.

A party of average people go through these miles of galleries, and we all come out with our eyes gluttled, our hearts throbbing and our minds dazed. Those who have a memory for

detail, or rather a verbal memory, have filled up on the names which are "starred" in Baedeker as being worthy of particular notice, and can talk fluently as they do talk freely the conventional art slang, and it appears that they have brought away about everything the tourist can attain, but they will not bear close questioning. The great picture is picked out from the catalogue and we stand before it, and we should and would be mute, but the disease of talk has infected us and talk we must, though we have nothing to say, and so, very generally, we stand solemnly before the picture with an intense look in our faces, then we clasp our hands, heave a great sigh and say, "*Such coloring!*" And after all, that does pretty well, because it is what all the others are going to say!

As a matter of education the massing in our minds of these vast collections will be of inestimable value, as through all the coming years, through experience and reading, we are enabled to identify and classify that which we brought away; but for enjoyment while there, I confess to a keen if crude delight when in an alcove of the National Gallery, I ran across a little picture of one of those lazy little streams which creep up right under the grass-grown

banks, and just lie there in the soft light of an afternoon sun, reflecting the clouds overhead, and smiling a little when the branches of the old tree which overhangs, reach down and tickle their faces. There was no motion of the water, but I sat there opposite it for a long time, and it bore me away from myself and from the wilderness of pictures, from the associations of royalty, from the great city and its great religious congress, from the continent of Europe and from the world and its people to God and the things of God. It was not an "Old Master," but it was a master of my soul.

When you pass from the Thiergarten through Brandenburg Gate and enter Unter den Linden, you are in the center of the world, to the German, and you are on one of the most famous streets of the world. There is hardly any one word adequate to its description, but even democratic Americans think of it instantly as a "royal thoroughfare." The great gate at the entrance, erected more than a century ago, must have been designed by one who had the vision of a prophet, who saw through the magnificent arches the glory to which it made entrance, and which was to come in the unfolding years.

There should be inscribed on this gate, "Let him who enters here leave his pocketbook

behind"; for when he reaches the corner of Friedrichstrasse the lure of the Berlin merchant will be upon him, and he must remember that the new custom laws of our great and glorious America will not let him bring his spoil home unless he pay for it over again. And yet it is worth the double price, just for the fun of shopping when neither buyer nor seller can understand, that is, worth it, — if you have the price. And prices are so reasonable when compared on the level with our own, and if one knows how to buy and what to buy, it will be found that he is making money even when paying full duty.

Fain would I linger. But I must not. Were I to try to tell but the half of the fascinations of Berlin, I should never finish this record, for though our itinerary compelled our departure on a certain date, so full is my mind of memories that it seems I can never grow poor in material. I have said nothing of the parks, which are fairer than any I have known elsewhere, because they have retained so much of the natural; and as you walk or drive beneath the grand old trees you feel that they have grown there to their stately proportions and were not bought and paid for and removed from their native soil. Perhaps they all were,

but it has been so well done that I do not want any one to tell me so and spoil my satisfaction.


I have told nothing of the churches, and yet we were there on a religious mission. I do wish I could have taken you with us to the old thirteenth-century "Marien-Kirche," that you might have a sense of the reality of the sanctity with which age really does invest a building. We attended a concert of rare merit there on Saturday afternoon. The audience was immense, but it was all like a religious congregation, and we came forth from the great shadowy interior with rapt faces and exultant spirits. I wish you might have gone with us on Sunday to "Jerusalemer-Kirche," and caught some of the inspiration of the great sermons preached by some of the real leaders of religious thought and life of the world, who had come together with the disciples of religious freedom. But you must read their messages in the Book of the Congress.

I wish I could take you to Wagner opera, that you might see and hear "The Rhinegold" as it can be staged and sung only in Germany; that you might know something of the place music holds in the life of this people. But my space is all gone; I cannot even end this chapter, I must simply stop.

CHAPTER XI

FOLLOWING THE STEPS OF LUTHER

FOLLOWING THE REFORMER THROUGH WITTENBERG AND WEIMAR TO EISENACH

ORE and more am I impressed with the rare skill exhibited in the management of this great tour of the Americans to the World Congress and through Europe. The sense of independence is so aggressive in our countrymen that we prefer, usually, to be troubled about many things rather than surrender for even a brief period our pride of self. We want to go where we want to go, and we want to do what we want to do, and we resent the interference of any other mind, however well equipped it may be. As a result we often run our heads against a stone wall, or land in some slough of despond, all of which could be easily avoided by the exercise of a little of that heavenly virtue of common sense and the heavenly grace of humility.

From the two hundred people of our party we heard few complaints, and certainly it is

the verdict of the great majority that we saw more in less time and with less friction, in the period allotted us, than it would have been possible under any other conditions, particularly through any scheme of independent traveling. The independent tourist unless he carry a great number of letters of personal introduction, which he will be loath to use, has no such chance of touching the actual life of people of the countries visited as came to us without effort, and, in addition, it was our privilege to meet personally that group of religious and life leaders which makes Europe a dominant power in the world's progress.

We realized our opportunity especially when we came to leave Berlin after the close of the Congress. Ordinarily we could expect little after the great purpose of the journey was accomplished; we must have been satisfied with the glory of the great gathering and the sounding of its note of religious freedom, and counted that the climax; but to us there came a post-script which, like that at the end of the woman's letter, was even better than the letter itself.

One prominent incident of the meetings in Berlin occurred one Saturday afternoon when we all gathered at the foot of the great statue of Martin Luther, in Neuer Market Square, and

with fitting ceremony placed a large wreath at the feet of the great reformer. This was most fitting, for however much the Luther of olden times differed from the modern Liberal, yet in his day he represented exactly the same position as did those who, in this later age, paid worthy tribute to his memory. Luther was as liberal for his day as the spirit of the "Weltkongress für Freies Christentum" which assembled in Berlin in 1910 was for the present.

Our program following the Congress might well be termed "A Luther Pilgrimage," for the next two days were spent almost wholly in the land hallowed by his presence and labors. The morning after the splendid banquet with which the formal session closed, two special trains of cars, carrying besides the American and English delegates, representatives from France, Italy, Switzerland and many other countries, also many of our German hosts, took us first to Wittenberg, where we had the privilege of visiting the home and church of Luther and placing wreaths upon the graves of Luther and Melancthon, and holding a brief service in the place where the reformer had preached, and on the door of which he nailed his famous theses which revolutionized the religious world.

This church stands at the top of a long street, now bordered with little homes and shops, and through which runs — or creeps — an antiquated horse car, in which a few of us rode, while the others walked, slowly, so as not to distance the car, past the quaint old square with its picturesque town hall to this shrine of religious progress, where we were to feel our



WITTENBERG.

hearts thrill with a new sense of the personality of this great man, who dared to think, and set the world a-thinking.

Wittenberg is very closely associated with the career of Luther, for it was there that as a monk true to the Romish Church he taught in the University, and there as the revolter against the abuses of the Church he applied the fire to a condition extending throughout the empire which was ready, like tinder, to respond. We

have a sort of notion that Luther was the whole of the Reformation, but as a matter of fact the whole religious world was but waiting for a leader, and as all through history, the occasion met the man, the man was ready, and the man was lifted by the occasion to immortality.

Probably never was there greater surprise than that felt by the friends of Luther. Had any one foretold about the time that Columbus was discovering America that the small boy in the Eisleben school who was flogged fifteen times in one forenoon was to reshape the religious thinking of Europe, he would have been laughed to scorn. No man is able to see the man in the boy, and I should think, sometimes, that even God would be puzzled.

We were diverted from the footsteps of Luther that we might have a day and a night in the famous city of Weimar, the home of Goethe and Schiller and where they lie buried side by side, in the mausoleum, together with the rulers of Saxe-Weimar, where the untitled are the more royal.

Weimar afforded the "Angels" some personal experiences which were met with nowhere else. Of course it was our desire to get as close to the people as we could, and when several hundred of us descended at once upon the

hotels of a small city there was no getting away from the fact that we were of necessity as close as was desirable. Every hotel was utilized and some of us found ourselves in quarters which became endurable only when we resorted to the thought that they were "quaint." What a help that word is whenever we get into places where there are none of the conveniences of life, and things generally are about as ugly as they make them; we call them "quaint," and begin to enjoy them. It shows just how much the realities of life amount to; it is the quality which enables us to go away from our comfortable homes in the summer and put up with small rooms, hard beds and bad food and be happy because it is all so "quaint."

The great sprawling German hotel where my particular covey of "Angels" roosted was quaint enough to satisfy the most exacting. The doors through which we entered the court were large enough for castle walls, or in the Yankee vernacular, to admit a load of hay. From this gigantic and imposing entrance we came into an "office" almost large enough to make an old-fashioned "wardrobe," and from this we wound up a circular stair and through narrow halls twisting and turning through every possible form of angularity, leading at last to

rooms in which the "Angels" were mixed up almost as badly as on the Channel steamer. When finally we were separated and reassembled each in his own place, I found myself in a room bounded on the north by the pig-pen and the chicken coop, on the east by the parlor, on the south by interminable stairways leading up and down, and on the west by the laundry, through which latter department I had to reach my door, the lock of which was so constructed that it could not be opened until one of the Venuses of the Tubs had descended to the lower regions and secured a bar of iron about a foot long, which in some mysterious way solved the combination and admitted me. But it was "quaint."

I have not said anything about the German beds yet. I really haven't had room. Some day I shall write a book about them. They are "quaint" too. But I can hardly conceive of anything more astounding to the innocent American than to enter his sleeping room in a German home or inn, in the middle of August, and look upon his bed before it has been touched by the rude hand of the iconoclast. If there is anything I despise more than another, it is to sleep on a feather bed, in the summer time particularly, or to swathe my fair form

with oppressive bedclothes; in short I prefer to sleep in the altogether, as it were. It is easy, then, to imagine my feelings when, entering my room, I beheld a bed on which there was a feather bed and on top of that another feather bed, the latter with a little lace petticoat all around the edges, the whole thing rising before my horrified sight like an ancient pyramid some several cubits wide, several more cubits long, and at least forty cubits high. One naturally looks about at first to find the stepladder by which he is to reach the apex of his night's rest, and then he begins to wonder how he is ever to stay on the thing when he gets there. That man in the circus who balances with perfect ease and grace upon the top of a rolling globe might find repose at that dizzy height, but no hard-working minister would ever try it unless he was well insured.

Had I not been initiated into the mystery of these beds before, I must have sat up all night, but as it was I knew exactly what to do, and that was to creep in under that top feather bed and go to sleep. What I did do was to pull the whole pyramid to pieces, scattering the remains about the room, and go to sleep on the slats.

We had the pleasure of meeting in this hotel,

also at close quarters, that other German monstrosity, the porcelain stove. Fortunately it was not in action. But we examined it with wonder and amaze. It was built in sections, one resting upon another until it reached much higher than our heads, and I came to the conclusion that each section represented a generation of the family in which it had grown from early historic times. I don't know that this is so, but I want to get some original notions into these chapters, and I do not see why the sections of a porcelain stove should not represent different generations of the family, just as the rings on the stump of a tree mark the years of its growth. Though there is one trouble with the theory in its practical application, as there is in most theories brought to the practical test, there is something a little weird, not to say repulsive, in the thought of building a fire in your ancestors for the purpose of keeping your grandchildren warm.

But we were not obliged to spend very much time in our hotel, and so it really did not matter much just how "quaint" it was. We discovered that there was nothing "quaint" about the food; that was all right, and a notable and historic fact was that we had a pitcher of ice water on the table at every meal, and we knew

from the gestures of the waiters when they gathered in the corner of the room that they were saying to each other in awe-stricken voices, "Those Americans are really drinking that water!"

We were in the city of Goethe, and I noticed that as different parties left the hotel, the lady "Angels" seemed bent on finding Faust, the gentlemen "Angels" sought Marguerite, and the ministers with one accord went in pursuit of Mephistopheles. And I have noticed, too, that we pretty generally find what we are looking for.

Weimar is one of the most charming places in Germany; it is the place *par excellence* for one to go to live, if he would learn the German language in all its purity. Over the whole community the influence of the educational atmosphere, and particularly of those masters of German literature whose home was there, reigns. The inhabitants prize their possessions, among which they count as chief the memorials of Goethe and Schiller. And these are many. The beautiful monument in commemoration of these two, between whom there was no spirit of envy, exhibits in the figure of Goethe presenting the laurel wreath to Schiller, and Schiller declining it, an exquisite relationship.

Here the houses of these two authors have become state property and are preserved as museums of inexhaustible interest. Here we can see the humble little trundle-beds in which they slept, and as we stand before the Goethe Gartenhause where he used to write, we are astonished at its simplicity, and begin to realize how little connection there is between real greatness and circumstances or conditions.

Here the "Angels" were given the honor of a reception by the town authorities, and Professor Euken of the University of Jena, Pastor Jaegar of Karlsruhe, and Mr. Bornhauses of Marburg, made addresses, which caught the spirit of religious fellowship, born of the great Congress, making of one blood all nations.



CHAPTER XII

ON THE HEIGHTS WITH LUTHER

FINDING REFUGE WITH HIM IN THE OLD CASTLE OF THE WARTBURG



HE "Angels" had need of their wings when they came to scale the heights of the Wartburg, going up from Eisenach. It was a good five miles by the long and winding road, and most of us drove, but some walked, and one distinguished "Angel" rode a donkey, about one-third his own length in height, necessitating his taking several tucks in his legs to prevent their trailing behind and tripping others.

The carriage took us to within about a quarter of a mile of the top, and then we had to pick our way up over the roughest kind of stone-paved pathway through the wall to the castle, which covers the whole summit.

And that last quarter of a mile brought before us another of those unsolved problems of human progress: How did the builders of nearly one thousand years ago, without any of the knowledge and facilities of which this present age



boasts itself, manage the erection of a great castle on the extreme top of what is an almost inaccessible height, and so build, under those impossible conditions, that which has outlived the centuries, and that which puts to shame the building achievements of modern life? What is "progress"? We begin at the fifteenth story of a steel skeleton and build downward to the earth a modern office building which in twenty years at most will be out of date and must come down to make a place for a twenty-four-story mushroom under which a myriad of human toads may squat and catch flies.

Mostly we settle this problem by saying that modern life has no occasion to build in such inaccessible places; modern life has something better to do than to waste its good money in walls and towers, and courts and drawbridges. And yet we all strain our modern resources to get enough of the good money to take us to Europe, that we may just look upon the ruins of the creations of those whom we pity because they lived under such great limitations.

It is natural of course for the "Angels" to want to get as near heaven as possible, so not content with reaching the top of the mountain, they mostly paid ten pfennigs to the "St.

Peter " at the gate, and climbed the winding stairway up to the top of the old tower. It may be theologically absurd, but it is dismally true, that there is a " St. Peter " at the gate of every heaven of our desire, and he holds us up with some condition or demand which we must meet; and our experience in Europe has convinced us that when we get to the real heavenly gate over on the other side, and stand trembling, even if hopeful, before the glories of the celestial world, and make our humble petition to the real St. Peter, not only will he hold us to a strict theological examination, but he will also insist upon our buying the latest colored set of post cards showing all the public buildings of the Holy City, and, perhaps, views of a pageant representing the revolt of Satan and his angels.

If the view from the battlements of heaven is any finer than the view from the top of the tower of the Wartburg, then we shall be reconciled to the transition from this very satisfactory world. Below was spread the wide sweep of the Thuringian forests, and in the heart of the valley lay the fair city of Eisenach, rich in romance and history and associated with so much of the life story of Martin Luther.

Within the castle itself, still more intense

were the memories and suggestion of Luther, for here it was that he was brought by his friends when he had not only been excommunicated by the Church but had also been outlawed by the State and his very life was in danger. Here it was he lived in the disguise of a soldier, changing his monk's dress for the armor of the



THE WARTBURG.

warrior, and going forth only in that habit. Here we found his room, restored in some measure, in which he studied and where he made his famous translation of the Bible into the vernacular. And it was in this room that in a moment of religious enthusiasm he flung his inkstand at the devil, and made a great splash on the wall, which tourists have several times scratched and cut out and carried away

as mementos, and each time the wall and the ink splash have been restored, not by miraculous hands, as they would have been under Roman Catholic auspices, but by the skill and enterprise which know the commercial value of a good thing.

Romance as well as history makes its home in the Wartburg, and it is a pretty story which is told of St. Elizabeth who, as the princess, used to distribute bread to the poor, who came up to the very gate through which we entered; this she did without the knowledge or sanction of her husband, who felt that he was being made poor by some unknown drain upon his resources, and meeting her one day at the gate, when she was holding her skirts so as to conceal her bounty, being suspicious, he asked her what she had, and she answered, "Roses," and when he demanded to see them, a miracle was performed and the bread was changed to roses, and when the selfish old husband had moved away another miracle changed the roses back to bread, and the poor were fed.

A good deal of romance has clung to the Luther story too, and it is best for one not to hamper his imagination if he would get the full measure of inspiration which the place can give. The poet is often a more faithful historian than

the historian himself, for the latter sees but the bare facts, the body of the soul of truth which the poet sees and reveals. Of course Luther's room in the Wartburg is not exactly as it was when he was there, but there is enough of him, that is, the things which he has hallowed by his touch, to leaven all the other memorials which have been gathered; there are his chair and desk and old porcelain stove and the place on the wall where the ink spot used to be, and there is the outlook from his window, just the same as when he was looking out over the forests to the great world, which, perhaps, all unconsciously to himself, he was to redeem from the shadow of mental and spiritual slavery.

Luther becomes very real as we stand in the places which were his familiars. He comes up out of that misty and mystic land our early study in history creates and peoples largely with ideal characters, a great, strong, manly man, a mighty, virile, fighting force, who could do things. We never meant to keep him a delicate and spiritually minded child, but some way the picture of the boy singing in the streets of Eisenach, with voice so sweet as to win the attention and affection of a woman who made him her charge and made his way to education easier, got fixed upon the walls of our imagina-

tion and has hung there through the years, in spite of his heroic achievements; but here we came upon a new Luther, a great burly, masterful man. A spiritual enthusiast might have sought martyrdom by nailing his theses to the door of a church as an announcement of his convictions and his loyalty to the truth, but here at the Wartburg, in his life as a soldier, even though it was but for a disguise, he came close to the great throbbing heart of man, he caught the human, the democratic note, and tuned his nature to a new and larger service. As he caught the authority and dominance of spiritual truth away from that mightiest corporation of the ages, the Romish Church, and enthroned it in the mind and heart of man, he became even more than the prophet of the new day, he became its creator.

So nothing more fitting could have been conceived as a closing for the great Religious Congress for Free Christianity than to hold the final session in the court of the Wartburg, beneath the window from which Martin Luther had so often looked out to gather inspiration from the world beautiful spread below; for it seemed that his spirit must have stood there to pronounce the benediction upon this group of modern apostles of religious liberty and human progress.

There were five or six hundred of us, representing any number of nationalities and races and languages; it was a gathering so unique as to be historic. It was prophetic of the solidarity of the human race. It was a new revelation to man of the revelation of God. Just as He has been speaking to His children through all the ages, in different places and in different ways, just as they were able to hear and receive, behold, in this latter and better age, the product of all that has before been, He speaks again, and in far-off India His voice is heard; China, Japan and the isles of the sea hear His call, modern England, France, Germany and young America catch the new message, and under different names, by different methods and along different paths, God's children the world over are feeling their way back to Him. And it appeared as we gathered in the court of the Wartburg — a type of the whole world — that we represented a great circle of life, wide as humanity itself, all facing towards a common center, so that wherever we started from, each step forward brought us all nearer to each other and nearer to God.

I wonder if there is not here a hint of the true significance of this World Congress of Free Christianity. Men are asking, What did the

Congress do? In a way it did not do anything that can be tabulated, save to utter and record some speeches, great and small, but it was a rallying of the world forces of Liberal Religion. I wish we had some other term than that. "Religious Liberalism" has come to be associated with negations or destructive criticism of everything connected with religion and worship, and particularly of that which is elemental in Christian theology, whereas the religious liberalism represented in the World Congress was marked by a positiveness which was quite remarkable, a conservation of the truth revealed or established, and an attitude of openmindedness which appealed to members of orthodox churches not less than to the so-called "liberal." Those in the conservative ranks who are growing, who refuse, as did Luther, to be bound by existing dogmas, and especially those who would make religion a this-world force for righteousness, saw the opportunity for a fellowship of world-wide reach, without the sacrifice of any of their personal convictions. The Universalist Church, as an example of theological moderation, a small church organically, and for years hampered by its smallness, here discovered that it was a part of a fellowship reaching to the

corners of the earth, and its life and work are not to be estimated by the reports in a year-book; it is not an independent something set apart by itself, to grow or die in solitary isolation; it is a part of a great world-movement for religious freedom and for *accomplishing* the universal salvation which it has so proudly and persistently foretold. And so the thought that came to me in the closing session of this largest and best religious World Congress was, that no greater step had ever been taken or could be taken by any Church than to line up with these world-forces of religious liberty and human progress.

Who can tell the story of that last and greatest meeting? It was a picture never to be forgotten, — the great multitude filling the court of the castle, from which rose a babble of voices in many languages, until from a group of forty choral singers there swept over us the music of that grand hymn of Luther's, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." There are occasions which thrill one by their rare significance; some such have come into my life, but never one which so caught my imagination and unfolded before me a brighter vision. And then came the closing messages from the representatives of each of the greater nations, following the

story of the Wartburg as the cradle of religious freedom, told by Professor Schmiedel of Eisenach. From the opening words of the president, Karl Schrader, until the last hymn was



THE ROAD TO THE WARTBURG.

sung, the delegates listened spellbound. Each one felt the greatness of the hour, and when the president adjourned the Congress to meet in Paris in three years, in each heart there was born the determination to be present.

It was my rare privilege to walk down from the castle to where our carriage awaited us in company with the president of the Congress, Mr. Karl Schrader of Berlin. For nearly ten days he had presided over one of the most remarkable gatherings in the history of religion, and he had just closed it with his benediction, and he was profoundly impressed with the whole occasion. Mr. Schrader himself is a man of note, a business man of standing in the city, a student of both taste and training, a man of devout religious feeling, a man of mature years, keen thought and wise speech, and a man practically and actively interested in present-day affairs, legislative, social and philanthropic. I had before had occasion to feel his cordiality of speech and manner, but I was impressed, as we walked down the rough path together, with the deep impression the Congress and especially this last heart-moving session had made upon this man of affairs. "All this means more than we can see," he said, and "it is a success, larger than we know."

School was out and vacation had begun when we reached the bottom of the mountain. It had been a joy all along the way, but there was a sense of relief that henceforth we were neither to make nor hear speeches, but just to see, and

to see the wonderful panorama of beautiful Europe unrolled before us. The city of Eisenach caught the spirit of the hour, and when we drove back into the streets in the twilight, we found that we were to be treated to an illumination, through which there came a feast of music. A beautiful lake in the edge of the city was turned into fairyland by electric lights, and across its waters came the songs of fellowship and brotherhood and good cheer. And who shall say that with our coming and our going in our small way we had not brought the nations of the earth a little nearer together and caught them in the embrace of a new human brotherhood?



CHAPTER XIII

AT OBERAMMERGAU

THE ANGELS OBSERVE THE NATIVES AND INDULGE IN A FEW THOUGHTS

IT was a long flight from the hills of Eisenach down through the valleys of southern Germany and up again into the Bavarian Alps. We had started early in the morning and our special train had made good time, and yet the late-coming darkness of the northern countries was closing around us when we rolled into the station at Oberammergau. During the last hour of daylight we had been watching the mountains grow up on the horizon, silhouetting against an ever-softening sky, until just as they became all shadows we plunged right into the heart of them, just as a bird on the wing with seeming abandon plunges into the heart of a dark evergreen tree, not into the strange and direful, but into the shelter and rest of home.

Before arriving each "Angel" had been given a slip of paper on which was written the name of his host, in a few cases at an inn, but mostly

we were assigned to the homes of the villagers, where we were to get a taste of the real life of those wonderful people who have commanded the interest of the whole world. In the gloom of the station platform, which appeared walled in by darkness, it seemed as though it would require a miracle to untangle the multitude and set them right, but it was only necessary to shout the name of your host, and out of the gloom appeared a small boy with long hair and a picturesque costume, who took the luggage, and if you followed you were either landed in a wagon which would convey you to your stopping place, or conducted to the stopping place itself if it were near enough at hand. But we noticed it was not always a boy who responded; sometimes it was a woman, and quite as handily as the boy would she swing off with two heavy bags, while the chivalrous American trudged shamefully behind; — but what can one do? When you are with the Bavarians you must do as the Bavarians do, and the situation there is not unlike the farmer's "willing team," in which one horse was willing to do all the work and the other was willing that he should. The women seem willing to do about all the work, and while it hurts our sensibilities to see them do it, as a matter of fact they thrive upon it,

and they amaze us with the glory of their physical strength, their ease if not always grace of action, and more than all, with their superabundant good nature. There is probably no way in which we could abuse them more than to try to prove to them that they are abused, and in no other way so rouse their wounded dignity as to suggest that they are down-trodden. Perhaps they are missing a good many things we count among our necessities, but I came to one conclusion and that was, that any man who shall establish a sanitarium — or sanatorium — in the Bavarian Alps, for the cure of nervous prostration or corns, will starve to death in sixty days.

Led by our small boy we crossed a bridge over what we afterwards learned was the river Ammer, passed into the square, which was lighted quite brilliantly, down a little side street, into the home of one Melchior Breitsamter, who gave us a most cordial welcome and an excellent supper. With his two daughters, Helene and Babette, two beautiful girls somewhere in the vicinity of twenty years of age, as willing assistants, Herr Breitsamter and his gentle Frau placed their home at our disposal. We had good food and plenty of it, good beds and every possible attention, and we knew not of extortion

in any way at their hands. Of course we had heard all the strained stories of the way people were herded together, and the extravagant prices demanded, and the poor accommodations, but we have no such tale to tell. Perhaps "Angels" are different from other people, but in two hundred "Angels," even, there is to be found a great deal of human nature, and we had our human nature with us, and yet the verdict was that we all got all we paid for, and some of us got a bargain.



OUR HOSTS.

It was late when we arrived, still later when we had finished supper, and we were very tired, and must be up the next morning at five-thirty, to go to the church and see the morning mass which prepared the players for their performance, and yet we could not refrain from a little turn about the square and a little peep into the shops, the windows of which were fascinat-

ing with wood carvings and curios, and still more winning to our curious eyes were the figures of the natives of the village, a few of whom were still flitting about the streets, seen for an instant in the light then fading away into the darkness.

I did go to bed finally for the few hours remaining, but not to sleep. It was to lie there and think over the wonder-story of this marvelous thing we had come thousands of miles to see. To think of this little village, set down in a bit of a valley away up in the Bavarian Alps, where three hundred years ago, out of their dire distress, a people had cried unto the Lord for help, had vowed to cry again and again every ten years, and through all the years their descendants had kept the vow they made, until so perfect did the crying become that it seemed like a song of sweetest music and charmed the world to its hearing.

So often has the story of the origin of the Passion Play been told, so often has its story been repeated and its scenes described, that there is no need, were I able, to rehearse it again, and so I just want to wander through the town, and later sit through the play, and note my own impressions. For I came not as a critic; in truth I never wanted to come,

for I feared that the play itself would be either distressingly amateurish or painfully irreverent. And yet through force of circumstances here I was on the spot, and disposed to be very open-minded and open-hearted.

As I lay there in my bed that Saturday night before the Sunday which was to be one of the marked days in a lifetime, there came before me, pictured on the darkness and singing into my heart, to the music of the Ammer, which was hurrying along outside just under my window, the strange tale of this peculiar people. At intervals during the day, during our long ride from Eisenach, I had read of them; away off in America I had heard their story told, and seen them pictured upon canvas. I thought I knew them, and here I was in the very midst of them, and they kept me awake more keenly than all the glory of Berlin's splendor or her commercial activity. I do not yet know why. When, later, I came out from the play, and people asked me what I thought, I could only say, "Wait; I cannot think yet; wait three months, then perhaps I will tell you, but more than likely not." I am not sure I am awake yet, any more than I am sure I was asleep that Saturday night. This thing is mystic, mysterious, it grips the imagination. One is liable

to contradict himself a dozen times and yet be right all the time, or wrong, it may be. New standards must be set up for judgment. Here are these peasants running a commercial enterprise with acumen which excites the wonder of financiers; here are humble, plodding workmen and women acting so as to confound the masters of the stage; here, far removed from all the "opportunities" of modern civilization, civilization comes to sit in the seat of the learner.

And here is another thing which came to me out of the darkness: These people are all Roman Catholic, the play is Roman Catholic in its origin and through its whole history and in its final purpose, and yet while it is all Roman Catholic on the stage, in the forty-five hundred people who sit before every performance there are representatives of the modernist and conservative Catholic, of every possible phase of Protestant thought, liberal and orthodox Jews, Buddhist, Mohammedan, and heathen of the wide world, and all sit spellbound through the performance, and mostly all depart in silence. Are we not to think that there is something here which transcends our individual opinion? which is cosmic? No matter how many mistakes there are, no matter how crude

are many of the interpretations, no matter how inefficient many of the presentations, back of it all, or rising up through it all, is some great life-truth which makes its appeal to every heart and every mind.

But this was all in anticipation. I had not seen the play and yet I was thinking it out, and I then became most curious to know what would happen to my thinking when I saw it, when I actually sat before the real thing.

Well, I shall try to tell you in another chapter. You see, I am putting it off as long as I can, hoping that some inspiration may come to me, so that I can convey to others what it was to me. I know I did fall asleep sometime towards morning, to be awakened, it seemed to me, in-

stantly, by the voice of our host saying it was half past five. That meant we must be up and away to the church in a very few minutes.



THE CHURCH,
OBERAMMERGAU.

I am not going to tell about Sunday as the day of the performance of the Passion Play now, but am going to jump over to the evening after it was all over and we were turned loose in the village to see it in the full flush of its activity. For this Alpine village is unique, and is well worthy of study by even wiser men than we.

In spite of the fact that we had just come from the most impressive religious service — I think I may call the play a service — it was hard to believe it was Sunday evening. There was absolutely nothing to indicate its sacred character; every store and shop was open and all were crowded with customers. Behind the counters were some of the people who an hour before were taking part in what is called the "World's Greatest Tragedy." Even the saloons were open, and after the German fashion many were in the gardens, partaking of their beer and enjoying the music. The streets were crowded with a most cosmopolitan throng. There are few places in which so many nationalities are represented as in the streets of Oberammergau on a Sunday evening after the play is over. And it is curious how irresistible is the spirit of the place. I confess that I could not force myself into a Sunday frame of mind.

Now perhaps it was all but the reaction from the strain of the long day, the perfectly natural desire to free the mind from a captivity which was almost weird. Anyway, there we all were in the midst of a carnival of mild excitement. And I am not prepared to say that it was either good or bad, for probably it was so characterless as to be neither.

The village of Oberammergau is so beautiful for situation that if it were known apart from its Passion Play it would attract tourists; not to the same extent perhaps, for there has to be more or less of the human element to draw humans. But there are few places in the world with greater charm than one finds and feels as he wanders through these crooked streets, from any of which he can look up to the sharp peak of the Kopfel, which rises four thousand feet, and on the extreme summit of which the villagers have placed a giant cross, which is the goal of all eyes and of the feet of those who are equal to the climb. The houses are treasures of interest. Many of them are ideal in shape, realizing the pictures we used to see in the geographies of childhood, and nearly all of them painted after the local fashion, with most elaborate scenes of a religious character. The artistic germ seems to be in the blood. Not

only are the streets thus turned into picture galleries; even the dress of the natives gives opportunity for the taste for color and form; the pantaloons of every boy are decorated with painted or embroidered flowers, and there are none so poor as not to have a feather in the cap.

They are a gentle, prudent and religious people; they have shut themselves into themselves to carry out the vow of their fathers. Now we are to see how they have carried it out and perhaps note some of the results on a people who for three centuries have had a common purpose, and that a religious purpose.




CHAPTER XIV

THE PASSION PLAY

A SERIOUS ACCOUNT AND INTERPRETATION

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory."

NLY the most unpardonable conceit or the most exquisite reverence would venture to realize this thought. And I am going to approach the Passion Play of Oberammergau in the belief that, consciously or unconsciously, the motive of its original and each succeeding production was the reverent desire and purpose of the people of this little Alpine village to bring their Christ in the flesh to dwell among them, that they might behold his glory. Only thus can we hope fairly to interpret the play and judge the players.

A great many who go there expecting to see *their own* Christ, the Christ of Protestant Germany, England and America, whose growth has been nourished by modern scholarship, are disappointed and disposed to be hypercritical, even disposed to violate their own scientific

method in the harshness of their judgment. To see the play at its best and thoroughly to appreciate it requires an open mind, a warm heart and a fertile imagination, and the constant reassurance that we have come thousands of miles to see, not our own Christ, but the Christ of the village priest as interpreted by



the potter, Anton Lang. And the question whether our Christ is better than his is not germane.

Both to justify and to understand the Passion Play as it is, it is necessary that we come to it along the path of its own origin and growth, and so I must very briefly recall the story.

In the year 1633 a terrible plague raged fearfully in all the country around Oberamergau, and in spite of all the precautions of the villagers, came with its appalling disaster. The people, realizing their helplessness, cried unto the Lord for mercy. They gathered in

their church and, bowing themselves in supplication; vowed that if the Lord would hear their prayer and have mercy they would perform the tragedy of the Lord Christ's passion every ten years. It is said that from the day on which the vow was made the plague was stayed and there were no more deaths. Then began the preparation for the performance of their vow. The play was to be given not for the villagers but by them, by all of them, and that meant specific preparation by every member of the community. It meant the most complete organization and the most perfect coöperation; it meant the practical dedication of every man, woman and child to a common purpose, not for a brief period, for a passing scene, but for life and for generations of lives. Once in ten years each and every one was to take some part in this great drama through which they were to bring their Lord Christ into their midst, into the flesh, to dwell among them, that they might behold him, and know him, and love him and serve him. Naturally, to reproduce the Christ was the ideal; all the other parts were simply accessory. It became the ambition of the village to be worthy and able to fill that part; mothers bore children and dreamed that they might attain to that su-

preme glory. As generations passed, not only was the play given with more and more elaboration and greater perfection of detail, but it began also to develop a new type, a peculiar people, quite distinct from even their near neighbors; certain physical characteristics and mental traits appeared, and those who at first, in all probability, made but sorry work of their impersonations grew into their parts. And after they had rehearsed for nearly three hundred years we gathered with forty-five hundred people from every part of the world to witness the performance, which was given primarily, be it understood, not for our witnessing but in the performance of a vow, and, theoretically at least, would have been given just the same had not one of us been there to witness it.

Just grasp that idea. While these people have built a great covered auditorium for the convenience of those who come, and while they have made use of the means which the visitors have brought them to beautify and make more elaborate their performance, yet there remains measurably the same ideal with which the play began. If people come, they are made welcome, but they are not asked to come; there is no advertising on the part of the community. Once in ten years they are to give the Passion

of their Lord. If the world wants to see it, it is welcome, but their vow will be performed just the same whether the world comes or not.

At half past seven in the morning we joined the vast multitude of people which, coming from every direction, centered its face upon the great auditorium. The arrangements for the



BABETTE.

HERR BREITSAMTER.

HELENE.

seating were perfect; the ticket tells you the door you are to enter and the seat you are to occupy. At a quarter of eight we were seated in the front center. Over us was arched a mighty dome of a roof of lofty height; the entire front was open and we looked out, literally *out*, upon a great platform, entirely open to the sky, upon which there was another stage, itself larger than that of any ordinary theater, which was ar-

ranged to show the tableaux. On either side of this opened the streets of Jerusalem; to the right appeared the house of the High Priest and on the left that of the ruler, Pilate. Beyond we look out upon the actual mountains, and up into the sky, overcast with clouds, from which all through the day there came occasional showers, which made not the slightest difference with the performers. We were sheltered, but the play is enacted entirely in the open.

At exactly eight o'clock the chorus of forty singers, in most elaborate oriental costumes, appear from either side, coming in single file to meet in the center of the platform at the extreme front. A splendid orchestra accompanies the singing, which throughout the day sustains the highest standards of music. "Prologus" speaks the prelude, which in the first case is a welcome and then an announcement of the tableau which is to follow. The entire play is in German, but with an English translation in hand there is no difficulty in following it in every detail.

The plan of the performance is to have music and then a tableau preceding every scene, the tableau being an incident from the Old Testament supposedly connected in some way with the scene following, which is to be enacted.

The first action is that of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and then follows with real continuity every step of the way in the story of the life of Jesus to the cross, the sepulcher and the resurrection. From the time of the opening scene at eight o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock noon there is no break, hardly a pause, the only relief from the strain being the coming and going of the chorus and the passing tableaux. At noon there is a recess of two hours, and then the action continues again, all the time with growing intensity as the climax is approached, until six o'clock in the evening, when it is over.

The opening scene was a revelation of the dramatic resources of this people both in stage management and individual acting and elocution. Down the long street which reached such a distance that people were actually reduced in size by the perspective, came the great multitude, — and it was really a multitude, repeatedly there were from five hundred to seven hundred people on the stage at the same time, — and never have I seen such stage control. Every one, whether child or man, was in the exact position he should be at the exact time he should be there, and the movement of that coming host was the perfection of realism as it

swept down past the house of the High Priest and on to the temple steps. And the shouting that came at first as from a great distance swelled into a tremendous volume as there appeared in the midst the Master, riding on an ass. In front of the temple he dismounts, greets a disciple, places his hand on the head of a little child, and then, his attention being called to the desecration of the temple by the traders, he picks up a small lash of cords and drives them out, and thus precipitates the conflict which ultimately bears him to the cross.

It is impossible to follow in detail through all these scenes showing the gathering of the Sanhedrim, when the traders present their determination to put Jesus to death, but in such a way as not to excite the opposition of the populace; the bargaining with Judas, the Last Supper, the betrayal, the trial before the Sanhedrim, before the rulers, the condemnation, the crucifixion and the resurrection. It was all frightfully realistic, and it was not difficult to imagine that you had been looking upon real life instead of its mimic.

Through all these scenes moved the figures of those made familiar by the story of the New Testament, and here the striking genius of these wonderful people is revealed in the perfect

balance of the cast. It does not matter how insignificant the part, it is just as conscientiously taken as the most important; and here is the secret of the whole thing, the loss of the



ANTON LANG IN HIS WORKSHOP.

individual in the whole. The child, but a bit more than a baby, which wabbles around in the way of the multitude, is not an accident, a happen so, but a part of the cast, doing its part with a painstaking care and a sense of the fact that the success of the part of Christus is

dependent on that little child as well as upon Anton Lang.

And yet it is impossible not to consider the relative merits of the individual actors,—though it is hardly fair to call them “actors,” for they are primarily really participants in a religious service. Their priest was wont to say to them on the morning of the performance: “It is not our aim to shine in the art of acting; that would be presumptuous and ridiculous in simple country people; but it must be the earnest desire of each one to try to present worthily this most holy mystery. Each one who takes the least part in this work is a necessary link in a great chain; let him therefore endeavor to fulfill his task with devotion, to the best of his ability, and thus contribute to the success of the whole.”

But it is not within human nature to reach this ideal; each trying to do his part perfectly, no matter how much he may try to subordinate it to the whole, is bound to feel the influence of some of the baser virtues. And the audience is sure to pass judgments and make comparisons. Of course the center of interest is the character of Christus and the ability of Anton Lang in portraying it, and I was intensely interested in the spontaneous verdicts

of the people. Perhaps our own particular company was so unique as not fairly to indicate the average. We were, generally, what are known as "Liberal Christians"; we had our own conception of Christ; and quite generally there was the complaint that the Christus of Anton Lang was altogether too weak, there was a lack of virility. It was even noticeable how some compared the acting of Lang with that of Zwink, who took the part of Judas. They thought that Zwink would put fire and energy and life into the character of Christus. I recall my own impressions of Lang, and months of consideration have but strengthened them. He took the old and conventional and non-resistant conception of the Master, and having taken it, he was marvelously true to it, and I am more and more impressed with the wisdom of his choice and its historic accuracy. The Christ which brought in the new dispensation is a unique figure in human life, he belongs to a new order, and he must do things by what seem contraries. In the scene when he entered the temple to drive forth the traders, at first the terror and wrath of those rough men seemed but an absurdity in the presence of that gentle face, those mildly spoken words, and that foolish little whip of

cords, and his loosing of the doves, which at once flew happily about over the audience, was a veritable act of love; but presently it began to dawn upon me that here was a true conception of the part, and masterly acting. Had a Christ of the aggressive type swung into that place with a loud voice and a club he would not have produced the slightest impression upon those men; they would simply have answered him with a louder voice and a larger club. They were used to that sort of thing. But here was something new and strange and mysterious; those men were face to face with a power they could not understand, and they were afraid and fled. That is, the Christ comes into the world not only with more power but with a *new* power. To give him such a character as was suggested by the acting of Zwink as Judas, is simply to reduce him to the commonplace. But Lang sets him apart, a unique and yet royal figure.

The conspicuous characters in the play are all taken by those who have brought them up to the highest standards of the stage, but throughout that whole day the Christ of Lang was in constant evidence, and never for a moment did he depart from a consistent presentation of a conception of Christ which

may be old and may not appeal to the crass spirit of to-day, but which will yet conquer the world. Reluctantly I had gone to my place in that audience on the Sunday which must evermore be memorable; fearfully I anticipated the æsthetic and intellectual shocks which the day might bring; but after the Christus had entered the temple and revealed the Christ which was made flesh before us, I followed him reverently and lovingly into the Sanhedrim and watched the rough waves of human anger and selfishness and greed surge and beat against that gentle rock, only to fall away impotent; into the upper chamber where at the Last Supper the Master was the servant of all; into Gethsemane where the selfish and superficial Judas betrayed him in his foolish effort to serve; before the High Priest and before the rulers, when the mad and fickle multitude reviled him, but he reviled not again; I followed with breaking heart as he fell beneath the burden of the cross which he was made to bear; I stood afar off with that group of women when he was lifted upon the cross, and there was a great sob in my throat and a cry of pain upon my lips when the spear touched his side and he was dead. And I was there when with loving hands they lowered him

into the loving arms of those who waited at the foot, and my heart joined in the Hallelujah Chorus when he arose from the dead to be forever the life and the light of the world.

Yes, I know this is all foolishness in the light of the newer criticism; I know that my imagination caught away my reason, and that I was swept off my feet by sentiment, but I have never yet discovered that "reason" is any more reliable, in the long run, than imagination and sentiment. And so I choose to bring away from Oberammergau, not a critical judgment of the play or the people, of social or theological speculations, of Protestant and Romish differences, but just a simple impression upon my heart that the Christ was made flesh there before me, and I beheld his glory.



CHAPTER XV

DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS

LINGERING FOR A FEW LAST OBSERVATIONS,
THE ANGELS DESCEND TO THE EARTH AT
MUNICH



OUR stay in Oberammergau was brief of necessity, for like every one else, we must away, that others might be accommodated. But how one's thoughts linger there among the hills! From any of the heights which amphitheater the little valley through which flows the Ammer, particularly from the Kopfel, which rises almost sheer from the bank of the river, one may look down upon quite the most remarkable village in Europe; not especially in appearance, for in many can be found nearly the same type of architecture, and in some the same style of ornamentation; there is the one prominent and imposing church spire, the same rambling streets which have no logical beginning or end; but when the crust of commercialism which has been formed by the surging through of hundreds of thousands of the world's people

has been broken and we reach the real life of the people whose homes are here, a new social atmosphere is discovered, something quite unique. What I have in mind I cannot describe, but possibly can illustrate.

In the home where I was domiciled, the father took the important part of Joshua the priest in the Passion Play. It is a "speaking" part. He has no long address, but all through the day he is constantly interjecting a sentence or more, so that he must remember a great many "cues," and it would naturally be supposed that he would be under much nervous strain. His two daughters are prominent singers in the chorus, and must appear before each and every scene; his son is a member of the orchestra. These people had ten guests who slept under their humble and not wide-spreading roof, and they had at their table at times as many as thirty to feed. They were doing all the work themselves, and doing it faultlessly. When we left the house at half past seven in the morning, they were attending to their household duties without a sign of haste, or the slightest indication that presently they were to be filling their parts in the greatest tragedy ever presented, and before what in numbers and character was an unparalleled

audience. Half an hour later they were in their places on the stage, their commonplace garb of the house replaced by the costumes of their parts. When the curtain fell at twelve o'clock, I left the building and walked directly to the house, taking not more than ten minutes, and found the father and daughters in their home costumes, ready to serve us. The same thing was again enacted in the afternoon. The thing was weird, incomprehensible.

Think of one of our trained actors or singers, however familiar their parts, being disturbed by a trifling care or interruption! And this is the point:—Those people are not actors and singers in our sense of the word; their part on the stage really does not differ from waiting on the table or making a bed at home. It is the life they have grown into, and have been growing into for three hundred years, and they go about one just as they go about the other. From childhood that man had expected to have a household to look after, and from childhood that man had expected to have some part in that play; and just as he did little things about the house in childhood, taking more and more responsibility, so in childhood he went into the child's place in

the tableaux, and then into other parts, and there was never a sense of the strange to him.

As with "Joshua," so with all the others, even those who filled what we would call the "star" parts. All those people were up at daylight in the morning, doing their household work and looking after the cattle in their barns, or setting things going in their factories, or putting their shops in order, finding time to respond to the call of the bells for early mass; so far as could be seen there was not one extra heart-throb, no hurry, no impatience, no worry, no fear that some one would fail, no anxiety about the audience being pleased, no question about the weather; in fact here was a community going about its business without a thought of anything else. Strangers were here in their midst, and were to be hospitably taken care of, they were to be given every facility to see the play if they wanted to, but their being there had nothing to do with it; the play would go on just the same.

We can say what we want to about the limitations of these people; that they grow up narrow in thought and experience; they know nothing of the great world, and have none of the ambitions which are thrilling modern life in other lands, but they have attained unto

physical content. If ambition stirs them, it is but for a larger part in the play. Great wealth has come to the community, but it is so divided that none are rich and none are poor; and if they have not been able to go out into the world, behold, why should they?—for the world has come to them.

And so it appears to me in a vague way that while the wise men of the universities and the masters and slaves of our commercial world struggle and fight to solve the social problem, lo, the children of this little village have found its solution, and the key to their success is in having in common a great purpose which is entirely outside of all personal and selfish interests. Our community struggles aim at the betterment of self. Their community struggle is for the glory of God, for the kingdom of heaven, and behold, all these things, comfort, peace, contentment, happiness, and the attention of the whole world, are added unto them.

Munich did not appeal especially to the "Angels," but it was the fault of the "Angels" and not of Munich. The few hours' ride from Oberammergau to the capital of Bavaria was significant in a good many ways to the whole party. Most of us, if not all, had been up-

lifted and profoundly moved by the suggestions of the Passion Play, and this next step in our journey was a dropping down to the lower level of real life, into the hurly-burly of this everyday world. And the place from which we came and the place to which we were going were in many ways typical of our states of mind, and I am not saying which was the



KARLSPLATZ, MUNICH.

better. I know that there is nothing more tragic than to be forever on the heights, and nothing more pitiful than to live always in the artificial. Anyway we came down, and the coming down meant the first break in the party which a month before started from Boston. At Munich sixty-five "Angels" who were theologically and financially worthy were to leave us for an extended tour of Hungary during which they were to join in the four

hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Unitarian Church in that country. This parting of the ties which had held us all in such delightful fellowship was naturally the occasion of much regret and, I confess, of not a little envy on the part of those of us who must miss what afterwards was revealed to us by those who went as the climax of new experiences. However, there is a good deal of philosophy in the normal "Angel," and while it was not for us to venture farther afield, there was a considerable sense of satisfaction in the thought that we had turned our faces towards home. Home was yet a long way off, and there intervened many new sensations and nearly a month of travel, but we had turned the corner and in our mind's eye we saw floating above the flags of the European nations the Stars and Stripes, and we did not care for much else just then.

Yes, we did want something else, and that was — rest. From the start we had swept along at a tremendous rate, seeing more and seeing it better than we had any right to expect, but the wear and tear were beginning to tell even on the strongest. And that is the chief reason why Munich failed to arouse very much enthusiasm. And yet we "did" the

city in true tourist style. It was our first experience in the "sight-seeing auto." We had been "specials" riding in carriages, excepting when we "coached" through the Shakespeare country, but there is a great social gulf fixed between a coach with four horses and a sight-seeing auto; the former is aristocratic, the latter democratic. But as we became better acquainted we felt it was good to get together and multiply our own pleasures, as we always do in sharing them with others.

Munich is a great city, second in many respects to Berlin, but at the season of the year when the world comes to see the Passion Play its accommodations are wholly inadequate. Every one comes to Munich as the nearest point, and as a consequence, when we were there enjoying all the comforts of a hotel home which had been reserved for us for many months in advance, others of our fellow countrymen, as well as those from other lands, were thankful for the high-priced privilege of riding around all night in a hack, or the free favor of a bench in the park, but without a feather bed to cover them. Fortunately the nights are short, just as they are in Berlin, and the wayfarer can have no reason to be lonesome as long as he has the price of a stein of beer, for the gardens

with their bounty of music and refreshment do not close much before the morning begins to open. Perhaps this is a reason for a part of the reputation of Bavaria as the place where more beer per capita is drunk than in any other on the face of the earth. Statistics are most astounding things and are not always justified by visible facts. We read in a reliable publication that every one of the population of Munich consumes on the average fifty one and one-half gallons of beer per year. That means pretty nearly a gallon a week for every man, woman and child, and on the face of the returns it did not look as though there would be much time or disposition on the part of any citizen to do anything else than drink, and it looked as though Munich was no place for "Angels." But on examination we noticed that this vast amount of drinking was done entirely "upon the average," and as long as we kept off the "average" we should be safe. And we learned too that we could keep off the average, even while visiting the most popular centers of interest, the beer gardens themselves, for as it is true that one can visit a deer park without being called upon to eat venison, so one can visit a beer garden without drinking beer. But we ran against the most satanic in-

vention in this connection. While we were "doing" the city we were set down at what is probably the greatest brewery in the world and connected with it the usual garden and music, and when we entered to see the sights we had placed before us that distinctly German product, the pretzel. Now there is nothing in the whole range of thirst encouragement which is in the same class with the pretzel. That innocent-looking little, twisted-up conglomerate of flour, water and salt will waken more visions of purling streams, crystal springs, flowing fountains and—other things, than ever came to the prophet of an oriental religion in his maddest ecstasy.

One other product of Germany came within the range of our vision while in Munich, and that was the scarred student. I do not know from what institution he came, but from appearance he had taken every degree and was fitted for the battle of life; one eye was nearly closed because of the drawing together of a wound on his upper cheek, his nose had more apertures than nature designed, and his whole face seemed to have been the field for the display of hieroglyphic illustration with the rapier. While not so common as in former times, student dueling still holds its place in the life

of the student body, and is but the German phase of student foolishness the world over, when those who have the best opportunities and from whom we have a right to expect the most and the best, sacrifice to fun that which they can never regain. And this "amusement" is looked upon with favor not only by the German people but by the Emperor himself, who is an enthusiastic defender of the "Mensur." It appeals to him as an opportunity to cultivate the militant spirit on which his own policy if not his own throne rests. For the trifling and transient glory of a student association, this splendid specimen of young manhood was to go through a lifetime of secret regret, however open and aggressive his pride. A scar may be the badge of honor or the insignia of folly.

But there is a brighter and a better side to Munich, to which we had not time to do justice, and yet which left its impression upon us. We spent some hours in the National Museum and found a collection of paintings which added to our wonder at the prolific genius of the Old Masters. We rode through wonderful streets of fine residences and public buildings which will compare favorably with those of any of the great capitals of Europe.

We paused before monuments enduring in merit as well as of immediate interest. Here, as everywhere where life has lasted long enough, we saw that art and religion had been wedded, and in the churches the Masters had left their undying sign, and in the galleries religion had been the inspiration of the works which command the admiration of the ages. "Modern art" is everywhere, but as compared with the products of the older times, it is not ripe, and seems but commonplace. The reason is that modern art has not reached for so high an ideal, and though oftentimes it appears to have been technically more true, it yet lacks that soul which gives to it life and immortality.

In our hotel, which stood at one side of the principal square of the city and to enter which we must pass through one of the old gates in the ancient wall of the city, which stands as it has stood for hundreds of years, a great rude bulwark, and yet spanning the new street with an arch of beautiful proportions, we found the proprietor to be a German, and yet he had spent fifteen years in the city of Chicago, and when he touched hands with one who knew and could talk of the buildings and streets and interests of our western city, which was but

a baby compared with his native town, his face lighted with pleasure, and his mouth was full of kind words and pleasant memories of America. He was one of the many who have come into our land poor in experience and in purse, to return later to the Fatherland rich in both, and to reproduce there something of the spirit of the new world.

After all, the "Angels" are grateful to Munich; it afforded what we most needed at the time, rest and recreation, a relaxing of the nerves, a preparation for the wonders yet awaiting us there to the southwest, where rose the snow-capped Alps of Switzerland with her glories of scenery and of history.


In the early morning the sixty-five were off for Hungary, the rest of us to visit William Tell.



CHAPTER XVI

THE ANGELS IN SWITZERLAND

HAVE THEIR FILL OF SCENERY — TO SAY
NOTHING OF OTHER THINGS

N proportion to its area Switzerland affords more different routes to the upper regions than any other country on the globe. We followed some of them, and though none of us got high enough to slip in at the gate of heaven, we were mostly satisfied with the altitude, and willing to postpone indefinitely any closer acquaintance with the celestial city. Human nature reveals its unselfishness even when it takes the form of "Angels." It was but natural to suppose that some members at least of our party, with their strong religious predilections, would be prepared, and not only prepared but eager, to grasp the opportunity to solve the mystery of our future by leaving this commonplace old world, to tread the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. But with one accord we denied ourselves the privilege when the opportunity was given us, and came back

to this everyday world with a cheerful spirit. We noted one curious thing about the trip to the heights; while tradition has always told us that to get to heaven we must keep on going up, when we were on the loftiest summit we learned that the quickest way to get there was to plunge straight down. This is but another



ZURICH AND THE ALPS.

of the curious contradictions in which our theology is continually involving us.

It was not long after leaving Munich before we began to catch glimpses of the heights to which we were bound, but really the first taste of the genuine Swiss scenery came when we skirted along the shore of Lake Constance and looked out over its blue waters, and it dawned upon us that this little country to which we were going was a good deal more of a place than

we had fancied. On almost any map which comes to the hand of the ordinary traveler Switzerland is just about five inches long and three and a half inches wide, and the lakes an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide, and yet we rode for miles and miles along the shore of Constance, and then made a dash across country through hills which grew into mountains as we watched, and came to our first stop in the city of Zurich.

A good many things happened in Zurich, and there was plenty of room, for this city numbers one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants and has all the conveniences and beauties of any modern city; in all that goes to make prosperity and fulfill the demands of present-day life, Zurich is quite up to date, and wholly uninteresting, but the things the modern city is trying to hide are still there, and if one can find them they are well worth while.

We had thought to end everything connected with the Liberal Congress at Eisenach, but in the city of Zwingli it is impossible to keep one's thoughts entirely on the secular. We must needs see the "Gross-Münster" in which four hundred years ago this great preacher thundered against the sins of his day, and in the presence of that dignified old pile, which the centuries

have done their best to destroy with their improvements, there came a thought or two about the place of the church and the minister in the development of all that is best in civilization. It is not a little irritating to hear the superficial crying out against the ministry as "nonproductive," when we have but to go back a little way in history to discover the primacy of the ministry of the Christian Church in every form of creation of which modern civilization is productive. Here is this city of modern wonder in its recent achievement, boasting of its commercial greatness, rejoicing in everything which goes to make life easy and comfortable; and yet the best things about Zurich trace their beginnings back to the minister who preached the gospel with fearlessness, and fixed the principles of his faith in the hearts of his people, where they took root and grew and are bearing their fruit to-day. At the eastern end of Switzerland, Zwingli; at the western, Calvin; not far away in southern Germany, Luther, — men of different types, men of so distinct theology that they were unfriendly, men who were only groping for the light which came so gloriously later, — these were the forerunners of religious liberty and of civil freedom, and in spite of all their

limitations, and what to us were their strange theological notions, and often their intolerant spirit, they are the men who stamped their image in enduring history, while those who in their day, just as their descendants do to-day, cried out against them, and thought they were doing nothing for the world, that they were nonproductive, have disappeared and left no sign.

Some day we shall begin to know the truth that things seen are temporal, things unseen eternal. The old church stands there in the new city because of the unseen spirit which dwells within it, because it has a soul and it lives, while other things decay. All that is best and enduring in Zurich centers around the message of the Gospel, which coming to it in olden time has been translated into life.

There is another wonderful church in the city, Kreuz-Kirche, and to it we were invited by the liberal-minded pastor, who desired to express his cordial greetings to the delegates from America. He had been with us at Berlin, and could not let us pass through his own city without showing his hospitality. And so we climbed what, without the made steps, would be an almost inaccessible cliff, on which had been built one of the most magnificent

and certainly one of the most unique modern churches in all Europe. We could but wonder, as we climbed, how it was ever expected that a congregation would be so devoted as to make that ascent every Sunday, and yet when we stood at last before the great entrance and looked within, and heard the glorious music from a sweet and powerful organ, and saw the welcom-



KREUZ-KIRCHE.

ing hand extended, and later heard the gracious words of the pastor, translated into our own language by one of our own number, and still later listened to an address in beautiful English by an eminent citizen of the city, all voicing welcome and worth, it was easy to feel the lure of the place. And when we came out, each with a souvenir in his hand and a delightful memory in the heart, and paused again on the steps, where groups of Swiss women were seated, all busy knitting, having come from their homes in the valley below to feel the inspiration of the place, or to see the strangers,

and we all stood in silence, looking off over the city which lay at our feet, away across the beautiful Lake of Zurich, which stretched for thirty miles away through the mountains, and yet beyond, making a jagged horizon, rose the splendid peaks we had come thousands of miles to see, we felt there was a reason why the people should come to this place to worship.

And the thought came to me that it is possible that we make our churchgoing too easy, so that it is not appreciated and people do not care for it. We in this country feel that we must not have any steps to climb and no hard floors to walk upon, and no hard seats upon which to sit, and when we have made the way easy, behold, the people do not come. When our people go away we follow after them, running hither and thither wherever they go, setting down a church building right before them, thinking to trap them, like birds, and we do not catch them. But there stands the old church of Zwingli just where it has stood for many centuries. The people have drifted far away, and yet generation after generation they come back to respond to the call of worship. And that new and marvelous church which crowns the cliff, a thing of beauty and a marvel in our sight, though it be so inacces-

sible, will, I prophesy, not want for worshipers when the centuries have mellowed and ripened it, and it takes its place among the immortals.

Among all the incidents of this fruitful summer, there is nothing which lingers more fondly in my heart than our moonlight ride on the lake. It was late when we came down from the heights where we had worshiped, and by the time we had finished our supper it was nine o'clock, and then we saw the great yellow moon rising over the dark mountain line of the horizon, and presently its light was dancing over the waters of the lake and every ripple seemed to be a golden finger beckoning to us to come. It was simply irresistible, and a dozen of us secured a little motor boat, and pushed out of the river Limmat, on both sides of which the city is built, into the great lake, the surface of which was like liquid precious stone, held in place by the long clasps of gold which reached out from every light along the shore. We looked back to the bewilderment of electricity which the city showed; we looked forward to mountains made so changeable and mysterious by the shifting shadows that they seemed to have life; we followed the shores set with the cottages and little villages, and felt thrilling along the rays of light which streamed

out from them something of the home spirit which was there. And then one among us, rich of life and sweet of voice, one who loved the old songs and sang them because she loved, lifted her voice and sang one after another of those songs which are a part of the home life of America. And sometimes we all joined in some familiar strain, and there went dancing over the waves of the Lake of Zurich the spirit of our own home life to answer the message of light from the home of the Swiss.

Such was our introduction to Switzerland, and nothing could be more fitting. There are a good many harsh and practical things in this little country. There are many rugged mountain roads as well as woodland paths beside which the flowers bloom; there are blotches of blood upon the country's history; there are shadows of awful struggle for social and civil liberty; there are being worked out among these hard conditions some of the greatest and most vital problems of human life; there no doubt are to be found numberless instances of the sacrifice of lives in the frightful struggle with poverty; but we were on a summer journey, and I chose to see the beautiful and the good. I am no student of race conditions and will not burden my soul with statistics. Already I love

the mountains and adore the lakes, already the spiritual and the sentimental and the poetic possess me, and I am a willing captive. Perhaps this is all but a new "Sentimental Journey." Well, so let it be; I had rather be William Tell dead than Emperor William living.



CHAPTER XVII

THE LAND OF WILLIAM TELL

PROVES TO BE THE WORLD IN MINIATURE



HE man who drove William Tell into the land of fable should be hanged beside the murderer of Santa Claus and both their bodies buried in the sands of the sea, "where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours." I do not know that the ebb and flow of the tide would add anything to their punishment, but the phrase has a sort of shivery sound, and I am willing to make their fate as horrible as possible. They deserve it. To banish an ideal is a greater crime than to kill the real, for the real without ideals is better dead than alive. Switzerland is the whole world in miniature. The spirit of William Tell is the soul of Switzerland. Without that soul to hold together all these little states or cantons, with their different languages, customs, costumes, manners and peoples, there would be no Switzerland, but some little fractions of territory added to the surrounding nations.

Once upon a time there dwelt at the head of the Lake of the Four Cantons, in the little town of Altdorf, a man in whose soul burned the spirit of freedom and he refused to recognize the authority of the Austrian governor, and,



SWISS CHALET

alone, he defied the oppressor. He was put to a test of skill that was a trial and punishment combined, and then, continuing his rebellious spirit, he was made captive, but made his escape, and he and those whom he inspired with a like spirit won the independence of their country. Through long years and genera-

tions he was known as William Tell, and the story of his courage made him the hero of the whole world. In his native town a great statue was erected to mark the spot of his defiance. Out of his spirit of independence grew a republic, which maintained its life in the face of bitter and powerful foes. For more than five hundred years it has endured and has been a leavening influence among the nations of the whole world. And then there came a little bit of a man who had nothing better to do than to hunt round after what he called "truth." He found that a great many of the incidents connected with the story of Tell were not facts; he could not locate William's grandfather, and it was doubtful about his having any grandchildren. His mother-in-law had no place in the town records, his bow and arrow were not preserved in the museum, and even the apple, core and all, had disappeared. Therefore there was no William Tell, and never had been.

I am always sorry for those people whose truth is no larger than facts. Poor is the nation which has no history other than facts. The dreams and visions, the hopes and ambitions, the heroism and idealism, the myths and legends, the sentiment and emotion,—these are

the things which not only make nations, but they make nations and about everything else worth while. A mountain is a fact, but it is only a pile of dirt and stone as long as it is nothing but dirt and stone.

We found William Tell at home all through Switzerland, and he gave us a cordial welcome into the life and wonders of his big little country, which is really the world in miniature. About twice the area of the state of Massachusetts, it contains about every form into which this old earth can twist itself, and in the "season" about every phase of human development — and undevelopment. The porch of one of the big hotels comes pretty near being a horizontal tower of Babel, and the Swiss themselves have to be linguistic gymnasts in order to get along with their conglomerate language. All of which makes it easy to find one's way through the country; the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein, for no matter what one says or how he says it, some one is sure to understand.

We came from Zurich to Lucerne by way of the Lake of Zug. It is a beautiful lake, a real picture of a lake, lying there so cozily among the hills, with the big mountains looking over their shoulders to peep into its mirror. It is such a satisfaction to find some things just

right so that you do not have to say "if," and Zug is beyond criticism. And not the least delightful thing about it is its name. Why it is called "Zug" I do not know, unless it is because that is its name, — but why the name? In our country it would probably be "Johnson's Pond" or "The Sawmill Reservoir," but "Zug" is a nomenclatural triumph. It is short, sententious, easy to spell, and yet how it must appeal to the poet because of its fruitfulness in rhymes!

All the time we were getting deeper and deeper into the heart of the real mountains. We caught glimpses of majestic peaks between smaller peaks, lost them again as we dashed into a tunnel, and when we came out at the other side we saw the same mountain made into a new one as we looked from a different angle. It is a rough country. Even the gods as they tramp up and down the earth must find the walking somewhat hubbly as they go through Switzerland, and the railroads must bore through more mountains than they climb over. And when we swung into Lucerne, and glanced about in every direction, we could only think that at last we were fenced in by the Almighty, and we were thankful that we could not get away.

There is a good deal of rivalry among the cities of Switzerland, each claiming greater attractions than any other, and it would seem that there is justice in the claim of all, for each



LUCERNE.

has some characteristic beauty, some unique charm, some winning appeal, and a season is all too short to "do" this little land and do it justice. And yet it is safe to say that Lucerne may be taken as a type, and having seen

Lucerne and its surroundings you have got at least the flavor of the whole country.

We saw Lucerne. We were not long in getting at our sight-seeing after our arrival. A hasty lunch at our hotels and then we all gathered at the Glacier Garden to see the beginnings of things. We had been hustled about Europe to see antiquities which reached back a good many centuries, but up here on a hill back of the city there had been disclosed some traces of the times before the years were counted; so far away are these times that their records are mostly very dim, and reveal themselves only to the student; but here is left a page of the world's history all written over with the mighty power and pen of the glacier. The page is of rock, and yet that glacial pen scratched the letters thirty feet deep and punctuated the message with mighty boulders. And men had gathered there, most appropriately, relics of the earlier human life, well over the edge of history, of that curious people the lake dwellers, who were struggling for a living on these same lakes beside which we had been riding that very day, so long ago that figures become meaningless. And as we looked at the implements they used, the pottery, the knives, the hatchets and other tools differing

from ours only in the crudity of their construction and the material of which they were made, we wondered if there was very much difference after all, for after all these thousands of years we prepare food and eat it and we make clothes and wear them, we build houses to live in, we learn a few things and miss a good many more, we love each other and fight each other, we live a little while and make a few more tools for our children to work with or throw away, and then we die. And that is just what those lake dwellers did. There must be something more to life than the hard "facts" we can enumerate.

Just below the Glacier Garden is the Lion of Lucerne, one of the most extraordinary pieces of sculpture in the world. This great figure of the king of beasts, nearly thirty feet long, has been carved out of the solid rock. It is not a freak thing, but it is genuine in its artistic merit. It was conceived by a soldier, one of the survivors of the Swiss Guards whom it commemorates. The model was made by Thorwaldsen, the monument itself by Ahorn, and the question is, Who is the artist? The old question ever being renewed, where are we to place the credit for anything? Our human interests are so tangled up with each other, we are all so interdependent, the greatest lives

stand upon the foundation of the smallest. A child utters an inarticulate cry for justice, and the listening minister writes a great sermon; a clod of a man bends above his hoe, and a painter makes an immortal picture; a primitive people found a great city, mixing the plaster for the walls with their blood, and centuries later a lecturer on their achievement becomes the idol of admiring audiences; a tramp steals a piece of bread and goes to jail, and an actor imitates him on the stage at three hundred dollars a night. Sometimes we are all artists — and also all clods. We sit before this majestic figure of the lion, wounded unto death and still majestic, and note the dainty vines and delicate flowers which creep up out of the rock to caress it. We study its reflection in the pool below and think how “the foolish things of the heart” glorify the harsh and cruel facts of war. And then we turn away from the fragments of antiquity, from the suggestions of war and its cruelty and the dreadful struggle of humanity to live, and look out over the blue waters of the lake to the green hills and the snow-capped mountains beyond, and feel that here God has written one of his poems of creation, and life is not all prose.

Many days could be spent in spying out

the curious wonders and charming features of the city, and rich were the hours when, freed from the obligation of seeing certain things which were on the program, we wandered at our own sweet will along the Schweizerhof Quai, mingling with the multitudes from every nation on the face of the globe, listening to the music of excellent bands, or just sitting and looking out over the lake to the living mountains which were so sensitive to light and shadow that they smiled or frowned with each passing cloud. The water was alive with boats of every description, and if one had not the ambition or strength to scale any of the heights which beckoned from the clouds, there was a great telescope with which he could circle the whole horizon and see even the people picking their way to the summits of Rigi and Pilatus.

The city embraces the head of the lake with ever-lengthening arms, and extends far up on both sides of the Reuss, over which there are a number of fine bridges, two of which are of particular interest. The Kapellbrücke, or Chapel Bridge, is quite unique; instead of crossing the river at right angles, as any ordinary bridge would do, it strays off up the stream a considerable distance to an old stone tower, then wanders on still farther

up, until a good landing place is discovered, when it turns sharply to the shore. It is a very old bridge, dating back to the beginning of the fourteenth century, and it is easy to think that there must have remained a drop or two of the old lake dwellers' blood in the



THE KAPELLBRÜCKE.

builders, which made them so averse to getting to the land when once they began to build. It is a narrow covered bridge of wood, and where the rafters form triangles in supporting the roof the space has been filled in with one hundred and twelve curious paintings, half of them depicting the life of the patron saint of the town and the other half scenes from the

story of the Swiss Confederation. Going one way you can read biography, going the other, history. These pictures have grown very dim with age and dirt, and in the faint light which comes through narrow apertures it is impossible to judge of their merit. But there can be no question as to their curious interest; and whoever walks twice across the bridge will have a lasting reason in the back of his neck for remembering them. The other bridge, Mühlenbrücke, lacks about a century of being as old, and makes only one bend in getting across the river. Its decorations, however, consist of thirty-four pictures by Holbein, showing "The Dance of Death."

The new bridges are wide and straight and substantial, and the great tides of travel surge across them, eager to get somewhere by the quickest and easiest route. Only the leisurely and the sentimental wander through the old covered ways. There is so little time to do anything nowadays. We spend millions to cut a few hours off our journey and thus we cut out many of the best pictures which the great Artist of the universe has painted for our delectation. To "get there" is a glorious achievement, but to enjoy the getting there and to profit all along the way is a lesson antiquity tries hard to teach us, but we will not learn.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON TOP OF THE EARTH

WHEN THE ANGELS HAD THE WORLD AT THEIR FEET



ON a revolving globe, every one must be on top sometime, but this earth-globe is so big and so irregular in its surface that it is only once in a while that there are not greater heights beyond and once in several whiles when we can have the sense of looking down on everything. As a matter of fact, no one ever gets to the real top of anything. But I am not looking for facts but for sensations, and having found a hump of earth from the top of which all the rest of the earth seems to be at my feet, I shall allow no devotee of the foot rule to rob me of my glorious sense of achievement.

The first stage of the climb up the Rigi is made on a steamer from Lucerne, and is not difficult. With our trusty alpenstocks beside us, we loll luxuriously in our deck chairs, with maps on our knees, and pick out from the clouds the conspicuous peaks. On the

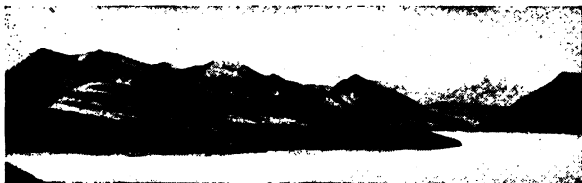
right rises Pilatus, the nearest big mountain neighbor to the city, and clothed with the majesty and mystery of ever-shifting clouds, behind which there is a fascinating legend connected with the name. It is said that Pilate after his crime in Palestine was filled with remorse and committed suicide; his body was thrown into the Rhine and the Rhone and several other rivers and lakes, but none of them would endure it and each in turn became so turbulent that the body had to be removed, and finally it was placed in a small black-watered lake on the summit of this mountain, where it still remains quietly save when disturbed by human presence, when it makes things lively in generating all sorts of weather excepting decent. So Pilatus acts as the weather bureau for that whole section of country and presses our own "Old Prob" pretty close for reliability.

Hat Pilatus sinen Hut,
Dann wird das Wetter gut;
Tragter aber einen Degen,
So gibt's wohl sicher, Regen.

Which means, if Pilatus is capped with cloud you can look for fine weather, but if he wears his sword, look out for a soaking.

Beyond the "weather bureau" are Burgenstock, Stanserhorn and the Buocheserhorn and

many other "horns" more or less exalted, while at the left rears the rugged form of the Rigi, the highest peak of this particular range and named "Queen of the Mountains," and which was our goal. I can conceive of no more delightful way of climbing mountains than by steamer. We do not have to wait until we get there before beginning our enjoyment, for as we reached out from the Bay of Lucerne



THE RIGI.

into the greater lake there was unfolded before us an ideal panorama, fulfilling all our youthful dreams of Switzerland. The lake itself is like a great blue cross filling a wonderful valley a score of miles in length, with its two arms reaching up two smaller valleys. Right above us the sky was blue, while all around the horizon a light mist smoothed off all the rough corners and softened all the outline. There was the slight motion of the steamer

which we felt, but to our sight the great mountain seemed to be coming nearer and growing up higher and higher, until as we drew up to the little wharf at Vitznau it towered above us like a menace of conscience.

It was here at Vitznau that we left the steamer and entered upon the second and more strenuous stage of our climb. Here we girded ourselves, as it were, for the steep ascent, and grasping our trusty alpenstocks firmly and drawing a long breath, we took our seats in the funny little cars of the Vitznau-Rigi cogged railway and started up. Climbing a mountain by railway is different from climbing by steamer; it has more of variety and there seems to be enough more of danger to give one several thrills, which we pay for and expect. Our train was no "Twentieth Century Limited"; its action was wholly dignified and it carried us through space at a rate never exceeding three miles an hour. It seemed a little curious to start up a mountain by going through a tunnel and then over a high bridge; but I have noticed that it always takes several mountains to make one, and we must either get over, around or through these before we can get at the real thing. But after these obstacles were passed we simply sat still and

watched the earth fall away from us, while the horizon developed the quality of elasticity and stretched wider and wider until it seemed that if we continued far enough, the whole world would be revealed to us. And perhaps it is true that when we have at last risen high enough into the atmosphere of heaven we shall see all things as they are and know all things, and then realize what fools we have been all along the way.

There are several stations on the way to the top. We knew when we had arrived at one, not because there was any sense of stopping, but because the earth below stopped falling away from us, and small boys and girls in picturesque costumes besought us to buy little bunches of edelweiss, the Alpine flower which so hides itself among the snowy crags that none but the natives can find it. It is a novelty rather than a beauty, like a bit of cotton deftly arranged in the form of a star on the end of a stick. But clustering about it are associations which glorify it and make it radiant with sentiment.

At the Rigi-Kulm, the upper station, a few hundred feet from the summit, we left the train for the third stage of our climb, and once more grasping our trusty alpenstocks, we picked

our way up over a good path, until at last we stood upon the top of the earth. It is always good to achieve. No doubt those in older times who won their way to the top of this mountain by their own hard effort experienced some sensations denied to those of us who climbed by boat and rail, but we have no quarrel with them; sufficient unto the day are the conveniences thereof. They came in their way and from their direction, and we by ours, and we both arrived. It may be so when we arrive, in the near or distant future, at those supernal heights of our heavenly hopes, that we shall be surprised to see some who started from a different place, came by a different road, used a different mode of conveyance — and possibly they will be equally surprised to see us.

The mist and cloud which for three weeks had been hanging over the mountains, obscuring the views and disappointing the viewers, were lifted for us. For three hours the whole wide sweep of the horizon's unbroken circle was open to our admiring, even worshiping eyes, and really I think I have never seen a finer view, and I have seen many, if not most, of the views in our own Rocky Mountains and the Sierras. And yet the Rigi is not a high

mountain; it is not half as high as Pikes Peak. But a view is more than simply a matter of altitude; it is the setting of the point of view. We were on the shore of an enormous ocean of frozen waves, and we looked away over the vast reach of the magnificent billows to where they broke in the titanic surf of the Bernese Oberland. So clear was the air that by pictures we could identify and call the roll of that stately company of mountain royalty, the Finsteraarhorn, the Mittelhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Jungfrau and innumerable others. At our feet on one side curved the beautiful Lake of the Four Cantons, and on the other my old friend, the Lake of Zug. Whichever way we looked there was something new to make keen an appetite which else must have been palled with excess of visual delight.

We stopped looking at last, and bought postal cards and Alpine horns and foolish silver trinkets and bits of wood carving, nothing in themselves, a waste of money no doubt, and yet I find months afterward I have but to look at one of the trinkets and it is my magic lamp or ring, only it needs not to be rubbed, even, to call up out of the depths of memory the Switzerland which is a precious

stone to which all the rest of Europe is but the setting.

Near the top there is a fine large hotel, where we ate a good dinner, though counting that time lost which was spent indoors. And it was a loss to us, for while we ate, the clouds assembled and curtained the distant snow-clad heights, so that when we came out much of our vision had departed.

For those of ambition and physical strength there is no need of using the railway in undertaking this small mountain, for there is a good footpath all the way and little danger either of accident or going astray, but in these days of hurry the saving of time is quite an item. Twelve of our party were fired with the ambition to walk down the mountain to Vitznau, a distance of about seven miles, and as the footpath keeps close to the railroad track and reaches each station, where it would be possible to catch a train in case of need, they felt safe in making the attempt. An hour later we started, and at the second station we began to pick up those who had fallen by the way. We gathered in more at each succeeding stop, and when at last we rolled into the station at Vitznau we were met at the platform by the survivors of the tramp, and they were four

young girls, with thin, high-heeled shoes, the soles of which had been worn through by the sharp gravel of the path; while the men and women who had started with them had come to the conclusion that the glory was not worth the effort — and the shoe leather.

The ride back to Lucerne on the steamer through the twilight was like a benediction upon the day. We were all tired with excitement if not with physical effort, and to sit in peace while the shadows drew the mountains together about us, and look up to the heights from which we had come and recall the splendor of the vision which had been revealed to us, would have subdued spirits quite antagonistic, but ours were willing. Another thing which made its impression upon us was the fact that, as a large group, this was the last journey of the "Angels" together, for early on the following morning we were to be scattered, every one to his own desire. And desire called some to further exploration of the mountains of Switzerland, some to Paris and Antwerp, to sail thence for home, and yet others to Italy. There were many good-byes to be said, and hopes universal that our paths should converge and bring us all together again on the shores of our native land.

I wish we might have kept together, to land an unbroken party at the port whence we had sailed nearly two months before, for in all my experience in traveling never have I seen a more congenial and happy party. Coming together as strangers on the *Devonian*, with no bond of union save some similarity in religious faith, there grew up companionships which ripened into enduring friendships. We came to know and to value each other, and I doubt not that the richest achievements of our long journey will be these friendships.

Would it were possible to include in these records some accounts of the seeings and doings of the other flocks of "Angels." I wish it had been possible to have deserted the main body and gone with the sixty-five to Hungary and caught something of the uplift of the splendid meetings held there in connection with the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of our sister Church. It was only by the power of the will that we got away from those who were to drink yet deeper of the joys of Swiss scenery and life, and the pull on our heartstrings was strong to take us to Paris and Antwerp, but a stronger call came up from the south, where the mystic charm of Italy had been wooing me since childhood, and at the

end of the land journey there would be a ship awaiting to give us the long and restful voyage through the Mediterranean, by Gibraltar and the Azores, across a long summer ocean, to our home.



ON TOP OF THE EARTH.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GREATEST BORE ON EARTH

THROUGH WHICH A GROUP OF ANGELS PASS TO DO ITALY

AND so it was that a party of about a dozen chosen "Angels" left Lucerne in the early morning of what proved to be one of the hottest days of the summer, for the long flight to Milan, via the St. Gothard Tunnel route. The lake was alluring in the early morning light, and as we looked over its clear blue waters and sensed the joy and liberty and freshness of the steamer trip through the Lake of the Four Cantons to Fluelen, it seemed almost criminal to incarcerate ourselves in close railway carriages. But we were the slaves of time; our master commanded and we obeyed. But for the heat, it would have been willing obedience; for while the first stage of our journey by water, less than a quarter of it, would have had its delights, we should have missed, because of a night ride over the balance of the route, what proved to be one of the most interesting experiences of our whole tour.

I am often impressed with the kindness of necessity which we so persistently fight. The thing we are denied almost always gives place to something better, if we do not blind our eyes with foolish tears so that we cannot see it. Had we gone by boat we must have gone over the route of the previous day and have seen "the Queen of the Mountains" only from the



AMONG THE CLOUDS.

same point of view, and that is not fair to the mountain.

Mountains are like people, they need to be looked at all around. They are full of moods; they have character; they are as responsive to conditions as a sensitive human face; they are so alive that it is no wonder that people who are much with them come to love them and confide in them and commune with them, and sometimes, when the mountains have been cruel and denied them good weather, or slain a loved one, they hate them. These great solid and stolid mountains are fickle oftentimes. They woo their lovers to the summit and

then cast them down to death; they coax their worshipers along sunlit paths from home, then suddenly throw about them a chill blanket of mist and set the storm chasing them through the gloom to destruction, amid peals of thunderous laughter; they lay the bait of fairest flowers among the crags, and send the avalanche to crush the victims they decoy. Mountains smile upon you one minute and frown the next; they throw aside their garments with utter abandon, and an instant later veil their faces in excess of modesty; they cuddle babies in their lap and shield them with their right hand, while with their left they smite the armies of a nation. They fence in brethren and fence out brothers. They tempt human insects to swarm upon them, and scatter them with the breath of the tempest. They sit enthroned in regal majesty, and e'en while we look they skip like young rams. There is always another side to a mountain, as there is to every question.

By taking the train we saw the other side of the Rigi. From Lake Lucerne the slope is gradual enough so that the cogged railway can pick its way through much twisting and turning to the top; but when we looked from the window of our carriage at the other side, we saw cliffs

rising sheer into the blue sky and leaning towards us until our spirits shrank, if our eyes were bold to face their brutal strength. But how little we seemed, and what an absurd thing was that foolish little train, with its snorting engine scampering with all its might from the foot of the mountain, for all the world like a scared rat from the foot of a man; and to make the likeness still more real, it presently plunged head first into a tiny hole in the rocks and came out of the other side, to race through the trees and grass along the shore of the Lake of Zug.

The people who name things in Switzerland must have a large sense of humor; there is no other way to account for some of the cognomens. "Immensee" is the name of the town at which connection is made with the St. Gothard railway, but we look in vain for the huge place the name suggests, if it does not mean, only to discover the coziest and most charming little sort of a toy village. From here the road follows the shore of the lake to the southern end, then cuts 'cross country to the Lake of the Four Cantons, and follows that shore, affording the most wonderful views of mountains, to Altdorf, which was the scene of William Tell's heroism and is the beginning of the mountain division of this road which

gives it fame as one of the scenic wonders of the world.

Already we had been through more than a dozen short tunnels, at each one being obliged to close the windows with a jump to avoid being covered with dust, and to open them on emerging, to prevent suffocation, for the heat was becoming almost intolerable. But verily we knew nothing of tunnels before, for presently we were being twisted in and out of the mountains in the most bewildering fashion. To give a notion of what we did, I must quote from an authorized description of the method used in climbing up to the level of the great tunnel which breaks through the range. "The railway enters the mountain side; it makes a bend in the turn-tunnel and comes to the surface again at a level of one hundred and fourteen feet higher. The line then crosses the Maienreuss for the first time and plunges into the hill, issues from it, follows the Reuss, then crosses the river and disappears in the mountain, following the Wattinger loop-tunnel, on leaving which the railway recrosses the Reuss and Maienreuss a second time, enters another turn-tunnel, to emerge and cross the river a third time three hundred and thirty feet above the first bridge." That is, these turn-tunnels are

made not to get through but over the mountains. They enter the earth and by making a long turn a mile or two in length come out again many feet above, so that in one instance we could look almost directly down and see, hundreds of feet below, two tracks we had come over. There was simply a series of spiral tunnels through which within a few hours we had risen more than twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the lake along the shores of which we had been speeding but a little time before. And yet we had not reached the great tunnel.

Nothing more startling can be imagined than these flash-light pictures which were revealed to us as we flashed out into the open and then dived again into the darkness. And such pictures! We were right in the heart of the wildest and grandest of scenery, often poised as a bird in flight far above a rushing torrent of a mountain river, and yet always and always there were the greater heights beyond, capped with the splendor of eternal snows, or streaked with the frozen torrent of the glacier. By the time we had reached Goschenen, the northern entrance to the greatest bore on earth, we were fully convinced that tunnels are justly called bores, for with the opening and shutting of windows, and the disappointment at the

cutting off so abruptly of such splendors of scenery, we were so far exhausted that we rather welcomed the nine and a quarter miles and twenty minutes of darkness of the great tunnel itself.

There is something thrilling in being actually in the heart of a great mountain as we were. We were over three thousand feet above sea level, and yet a thousand feet above us was the village of Andermatt, not simply higher, but right over our head, and at another point the Lake of Sella was three thousand feet above us. We were over half a mile high and yet over a half mile underground. We thought we should suffocate, but we did not. The reality was not half so bad as thinking about it. It was like most of the experiences of life.

And when we came out into the open again, having passed from German Switzerland to Italian Switzerland, there was an exhilaration in the thought that the mountain fastness was conquered; of course to others had been the fighting, to us the victory. Far below us lay the enticing beauties of the Italian lakes, and villas and vineyards and olive orchards, and history and poetry and art, and poverty and ignorance and sin, and churches and palaces, of course miles and miles beyond our sight;

and yet we saw them all in anticipation as we began to loop the loop down from the heights we had scaled. For it took nearly as many tunnels to get us down as it had taken to get us up, but after the longest tunnel in the world had been passed the others were but passing irritations.

It is curious how humanity, being anywhere on the face of this fair earth, immediately wants to get somewhere else, and the greater the difficulty in its way the more is its desire to get there. The Swiss seem to have a perfect passion for boring holes in these mountains. Money and human lives do not seem to count for much if they can only get a hole in the fence with which their country is surrounded, really not so much that they may get out as that others may get in. The Swiss are a home-loving people; they do not scatter over the whole earth as do other nationalities, but they have found that the tourist is about the best crop they can raise, and they know that every time they bore a hole in one of their big hills lots of people will come to crawl through it. We crawled through, and I am sure it was worth the perspiration and the dust.

It was pretty good coasting all the way down to the Italian lakes, and there is no flat

monotony after we get there. Though the mountains are not so high and so fierce and rugged as those about Lucerne, they were still with us when we reached the Lake of Como and made a fitting setting for one of the most exquisite bits of water scenery I have ever looked upon. It is not quite like anything else, it is just "Como," and any one who has ever looked upon it agrees that it has a charm all its own. I believe the waters are a little bluer, the hills a little more snugly placed; the shores are carpeted with orchards and vineyards reaching well up the heights, and among the clumps of trees there are the most artistic villas and castles, with whole villages which seem to have been placed just right by some great artist, and over the whole scene hung low the Italian sky, of which we had read and dreamed but did not before believe was real.

Hardly had we entered Italian territory before we became conscious of an ever-increasing number of churches, which seemed to have been sown broadcast over the country, for they were set here and there and everywhere with absolutely no relation to the homes of the people. Wherever there was a particularly inaccessible piece of rock big enough to hold a church and conspicuous enough to be seen,

there would one be found, though there was not a human habitation in sight for miles. Sometimes connected with the churches would be little groups of buildings, possibly the homes of those who ministered, and the number and location of these places of worship revealed, on the very threshold of Italy, that we were in a new religious world, or a world of religion different from any we had known, for it was at once evident that the religious motive of these people was entirely apart from the needs of man; it was one gigantic and pathetic cry unto God. Whoever had enough of goods to build and endow a church so that masses might be said for his soul, built it as great as he could, and so endowed it that coming generations should spend their time in keeping him from torments which no doubt he richly deserved. Here was something that in essence violated all our conceptions of the religion which Christ brought to the earth for human service. Here was the religion whose purpose was to inspire to self-sacrifice, commandeered into the service of self-seeking. For while these innumerable churches represented uncounted millions of dollars which had been sacrificed in their building, the motive of their building was not altruistic in any sense; it was to pay some vow

to some saint as a penance or a bid, so it did not matter whether or not it ever came in touch with human life. So we find in Italy to-day more churches, more services of religion, and less religion than in any other place on the face of the earth. That is, from our standpoint. Modern life has come to see the irreconcilable antagonism between a million-dollar cathedral and the poverty and sin and suffering and ignorance which sit upon its marble steps.

Yet among other things we have come to see these great cathedrals, and in the twilight of a long and weary day, and yet a day of rare experiences, we made our first goal on Italian soil, — the city of Milan.



CHAPTER XX

MILANESE

ONE LONE ANGEL WISHES HE HAD STUDIED
ESPERANTO, BUT ALL FIND MUCH TO
INTEREST IN MILAN



HE record of what we did and saw in the various Italian cities would make a large volume and yet it must be condensed into what is but a postscript to this already too long series of chapters. Milan is a treasure-chamber and Milanesian life is a mine full of pay-dirt. There is no doubt about the dirt, but it is something of an achievement to transmute it into gold.

My first experience was in trying to do a bit of shopping in Italian. During our rapid journeying I had somewhere missed connection with my laundry and found myself on my introduction to Italy shy of a "slumber robe." But it seemed such a trifling matter to run out to one of the big stores and supply myself that I did not give an anxious thought to possible difficulties. The clerk at the hotel, who spoke good English, told me where to find the "shop-

ping district," and with my phrase-book I started on my quest. Stores from the outside look pretty much the same the world over, and it was easy to find a furnishing place. At the door I lingered to locate what I wanted in the phrase-book, but was surprised to find that in all that work there was no word in Italian corresponding to "nightshirt." Now I have no doubt that this great and generally civilized nation makes use of this important piece of wearing apparel, but the maker of my book had thoughtlessly omitted it, and I saw at once that I must resort to the sign language. I entered the store and was greeted by a "tall, dark man" with much outward courtesy, but he looked so much like the pictures of the banditti that it nearly took my nerve, and I wandered back and forth, he following in close pursuit, hoping I could locate the object of my search. 'Twas all in vain. I could see everything else in the way of human raiment but nothing that even approximated a night-shirt. Then I resorted to signs. First I thought I would impress him with the idea of sleep, and after making a few passes in the air to fix his attention, I slowly closed my eyes and emitted a very gentle and musical snore. Before I could get my eyes fully open he was

speeding to another part of the store and presently returned with joy beaming from every pore and opened before me a cute little box containing half a dozen tiny hemstitched handkerchiefs. They were nice handkerchiefs, and useful enough in their own place, but rather inadequate for a nightshirt. So I shook my head and came away, leaving him sorrowful.

I next found a big department store and thought I might locate something there, but there was nothing in sight, and so, selecting the least dangerous looking of the "sales-ladies," I tried to make my wants known. Here I did not want to employ the same sign and so I bent my head over gracefully sideways upon my two hands and closed my eyes. She was an intelligent young person; intelligence fairly radiated from her features as she flew to another counter and came back with a beautifully embroidered and beribboned sofa pillow. I should have liked to buy it, for she was so very charming, but one cannot wear a sofa pillow. And so I shook my head and tried to indicate that my sleep involved the whole body and not simply the head. Again she was intelligent and brought me, with a most charming smile, a long woven couch-cover with much fringe about the edges and

of as many colors as Joseph's coat. Then I gave it up and returned to the hotel, and, finding our very gentlemanly guide, who was an English-speaking Italian, I explained what I wanted and asked him to go out and secure it regardless of expense. On his return the package was sent to my room and I was free of care. But when, late at night, I undid the bundle, there was revealed a garment which was undoubtedly intended as a sleeping robe, but it was different from what I expected. It was décolleté to a most shocking extent; all around the neck there was the daintiest of lace; the absurd little sleeves only came to the elbow, and they too were finished with lace. The upper part of the thing had a sort of frieze of embroidery which was mostly holes, through which there was run a bit of blue ribbon, and to end it all, around the bottom was a dado of flounces, which, designedly or not, served as an effective hobble. In addition the whole thing was what is called, I believe, so "sheer" that it was more like a dream than a reality. I examined it with care and painful interest, but I did not wear it; I hung it as far back as possible in the closet of the room, and so far as I know, it is there yet, and I had better luck shopping in Venice.

We found one most sensible man in Milan; he has the quality of adaptability developed to the highest degree. The weather in the city was intensely hot and we resorted to every possible device to be comfortable, but there is only one man there who has achieved a real success in meeting the climatic demands, and that is one Saint Bartholomew. He is standing away up near the altar in the big cathedral and has been standing there for several hundreds of years. He is rather shocking at first sight, for we found him with a pleased expression on his face and carrying his skin over his shoulder. Most people had taken off about everything the law allowed, but Brother Bartholomew, with the help of an ancient sculptor, had really had his skin removed and was carrying it about thrown carelessly across his shoulders. He was not pretty to look at, but that day he certainly looked comfortable, and we honestly envied him.

The great wonder in Milan is what men have done with marble, and this statue is but an exaggerated specimen. For more than a thousand years these people have been making the most wonderful lace with stubborn marble for its thread. One needs but to get far enough away from the cathedral to find this thought

realized; from the opposite extreme of the Plaza, all thought of weight and solidity disappears, and its lines seem to be traced in the most delicate filament; it rises from the earth not as a stable pile of stone, but as an effervescent foam, from the crest of which it would



THE CATHEDRAL.

not surprise one to see a passing wind catch a globe of it and roll it across the pavements as from the crest of an ocean wave the tempest clips a bit to whirl along the sands. And yet how secure it is! Quite as much if not more

than any other European cathedral this one in Milan is well set. Others try to outdo each other in piercing the clouds, but so wide is this foundation that, though the building is really glorious in its height, it does not impress the onlooker in that way so much as in the marvel of its detail. Two thousand statues are here enlisted for ornamentation and support and the plan calls for fifteen hundred more before it is complete. There is hardly a line in the great building which is not created with the lines of the human form. Here men have toiled for a lifetime to complete one or two figures in marble of some one more or less distinguished in the religious life of the place and perhaps witnessed their placement and died happy in the thought of achievement, when as a matter of fact their work was immediately lost in the vast multitude of other figures which are but congested here. I can conceive of no place in which a statue, however great it be, might be so thoroughly lost as in this multitude. A far better chance of reaching distinction have those that were buried at Pompeii and Herculaneum than those buried in the vast hosts which make and adorn this splendid pile.

Yet there is a suggestion here which clings.

As these men work to build their product into the great whole, where the individual achievement is lost, so do we all build our part in this greater life, and it too is lost to sight of men and yet in the completed creation but serves to make the infinite plan more nearly perfect in its symmetry and beauty. Nothing is lost which hath the vitality of truth, though to our weak human eyes it may never appear apart from the great whole. And we do not know what an important place our little creation may have in the whole, until we fail, and then appears the blot upon the whole. There is a statue in this wonderful cathedral, made by an obscure artist, whose name even has long since been forgotten and his work is passed by without a thought by the procession of hundreds of thousands whose feet are wearing away the marble floors, but if some night a thief were to select and carry away that figure, instantly all eyes would be turned upon the place where it was. So perfectly has it blended in the perfect whole, it could not be seen until it was taken away. And so it shall be with our poor little handiwork when in the fullness of time its importance shall be revealed. In this great temple of God's creation we are all statues filling some little niche, supporting some great

arch at which the world wonders, or capping some splendid corner, it matters not what or where, in the infinite plan, more nearly perfect than the one being evolved in the Milan Cathedral; there are no mistakes; there are none so little as not to be vital, none so great as to take unto themselves the glory.

We spent hours in this marvelous building and under the direction of a voluble guide gathered far more information than we shall ever be able to digest. We brought away only impressions which are far more gratifying than figures for home consumption. It is not easy to think of the place as old when it is so far from completion, and when, after toiling up the long stairs to the roof, we find a colony of people and animals actually living there, working out their little lives in making this great thing live. And it seemed that one must spend a lifetime there before he could begin to understand even the alphabet of the great story being wrought into marble. This particular building was begun nearly six hundred years ago, and though the plans have been modified in the passing centuries, as different artists tried to place their own personal impressions upon it, it has developed along consistent lines of gothic architecture and is to-day the largest:

gothic church in the world, and if one could get through the mass of ornamentation, it would be one of the most impressive interiors. But really it requires a distinct act of the will to see it in any of its detail, there is so much of it; but when one can concentrate his attention on any one feature, be it statue or sweep arch, he will be rewarded; this however is a work of months or years, while to get aside and take it as a composite, something of the harmony of a great piece of music is felt. Just let yourself go, forget the surroundings, forget the wretchedness of its history, shut out the sounds of a rushing traffic and screen off the religion with whose forms you can have no sympathy, curb the demands of your reason, and then

'Tis only in the land of fairy dreams
Such marble temples rise, bright in the gleams
Of golden sunshine. Truth here repeats
What fancy oft has pictured forth in sleep.

There are eighty churches in Milan, many of them worth seeing, but we saw only a few. Instinctively we turned to Santa Maria Della Grazie, not to see the church, or the pictures within, of which there are some of value, but to see in the Refectory what is probably the best-known picture in the world, "The Last

Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. It is but a wreck of a picture, painted directly upon the wall of the building, nearly five hundred years ago, and the wall was not equal to the responsibility, and so, through dampness and lack of care, there is left but a faint trace of its former glory. And yet this trace is sufficient to thrill one with a new sense of the reality of the Gospel story. Every one has seen some of the many reproductions of this work, so it is only necessary to say that the incident selected to be thus perpetuated is when Jesus says to his disciples, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." It is a marvelous study in expression, and though the picture has so often been copied, it seems that no one has been able to catch its spirit; as in trying to picture life the chief element is always left out, so this picture seems to have that marvelous quality which none may take away.

I was greatly impressed with the almost miraculous preservation of the painting through all these centuries. Placed on a wall that itself was subject to decay, and then, still more dangerous to its welfare, being in the care oftentimes of the wholly unappreciative, and with the waves of conquering armies sweeping over the city, seeking destruction and loot, and

especially the moment of greatest crisis, when Napoleon's soldiers stabled their horses in this room and in order to make easy egress cut a great opening through the wall, the top of which cut away the lower portion of the table, it is marvelous that it has been preserved, and all may count themselves fortunate who have the privilege of standing in reverence before the original, or even what there is left of it. There is a great statue of Leonardo da Vinci in Milan; it too is a fine work of art, and it would be surprising if the city did not honor itself in such an attempt to honor its greatest man. But the name and fame of this painter do not need statues, for he made his own monument when he conceived and executed this picture which connected him with the life of the Eternal. How many kings have risen and fallen, how many great church officials have ruled from their chair of state! But they are gone into the land of forgetfulness, while all over the world childhood and age pause before the picture and, with the Master, eat the bread of remembrance.

The time was altogether too short in the galleries, for we found some of the best of the Old Masters to claim our attention, but we found too, as we had in other places, that we

were confused by the abundance of greatness, so that we could bring away little in the way of appreciation of specific things. To see galleries which are worth while, one needs leisure, the leisure of weeks where we had days, and yet I fancy that having spent weeks, we should have come away quite as unsatisfied as we did with days, for pictures which have stood the test of centuries because they were living things, are so like people, whom we have to know in all lights and shadows, and in all moods of our own, before we really know them.

We drove about the whole city, to the Royal Palace, the Library and other public buildings, but particularly to see the people. I confess that we forgot it was Sunday as we were sight-seeing, for there was nothing in the attitude or manner of the people to indicate a day of rest and worship. Within the churches there were elaborate services going on before a handful of worshipers, mostly women, while all about strayed the curiosity seekers, not to disturb, for in these great buildings and where the service is not directed towards the people, it matters little who come and go.

A strange land to us, but no more strange than ours to them. We pity them not more

than they pity us. We would save them and make them happy; they are sorry that we know not happiness. From our modern civilization we come to dig up a few roots of the civilization which was before our world began.



CHAPTER XXI

ON THE RIALTO

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES WHICH BEFELL AN
ANGEL UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF
LAUNCELOT GOBBO



COMING from Milan to Venice we found one of the most delightful stages of our journey through Lombardy, where, much to our surprise, we discovered the Lombardy poplar really is at home, lifting its verdant spire here and there as from a cathedral of emerald. So many things in this life carry deception in their names, as for instance the Irish potato, which having its origin in America, had to bring the whole Irish nation over to justify its name. But more novel to us were the miles and miles of mulberry orchards through which we passed, the leaves thereof being for the feeding of the silkworm, which, in turn, makes the great Italian silk industry, which, next to the tourist, is probably the greatest national financial resource. We came through Padua, but did not stop long enough to find the office of that

"learned Doctor of the Law, Bellario," who connived with Portia for the downfall of Shylock at the court in Venice; he has probably moved before this time.

But after passing Padua the grip of Venice was upon us, and as we struck out over the long salt meadows and across "the longest



VENICE.

bridge in the world," and there on the horizon, low down, showed the irregular sky line of the city, I was reminded of the approach to Atlantic City, N. J., when, just at sunset, we near that famous modern resort. But it was only a suggestion and was impressed upon my mind because after that moment we literally departed from this base world and entered into

the realm of fairyland and dreams, where nothing is like anything ever seen or done before, where all our straight-line standards become wobbly, realities are dissolved in mist and the unexpected becomes the expected. Venice is a stupendous grab bag of surprises; we thrust our hands in without the slightest notion of what we shall get, being sure of only one thing, — that there is a prize in every package.

We came out from the station, following the porters with our luggage, to find ourselves right on the shore of the Grand Canal. When you arrive in Venice you are there; you do not have to take some other sort of a conveyance to reach what you have come to see, for standing there in the doorway of the railroad station, real Venice is at your feet; the canal bordered with its palaces and churches and its surface literally covered with an immense fleet of gondolas, and poised upright on the stern of each, the graceful gondolier, scarce moving his hands, but making his long boat glide here and there, dodging in and out among the hundreds of others, with a skill that seems almost diabolical in its keenness.

But we could not stand on the outside and look at this city of dreams; we must plunge

into the midst of it, for our guide was calling us to take our places in a gondola. Already our luggage was on board another, and was speeding away down the canal, and in a moment we too were apportioned four to each boat, and to an accompaniment of more or less musical cries, were extricated from the mass of wriggling black boats which seemed almost serpentine in the sinuosity of their movements, and were off to our hotel. This gondola was our omnibus, or our carriage, our baggage wagon, our furniture van, and had we been fortunate enough to have died there, would have been our hearse. There are no horses, no automobiles, no other means of conveyance than these gondolas, save that now some sacrilegious dogs have started a line of little steamboats to ply upon the Grand Canal, but thank fortune, they cannot go through the little narrow canals which wind and wind into the deeper mysteries and delights of old Venice.

We followed the Grand Canal perhaps a third of its length and then turned suddenly to the left, through a little opening scarcely wide enough for two boats to pass, and from this into another, and so on and on, until our minds were as bewildered as in a crystal maze, for three-quarters of an hour, then suddenly

we burst forth into the Grand Lagoon, almost in front of the Doge's Palace, and were placed alongside of the steps of the Hotel Danieli, once the famous old palace of Nani Mocenigo, which was to be our home during our stay.

We could barely wait to finish our dinner, good as it was and hungry as we were, before getting out of doors into the midst of what seemed to us a veritable carnival of pleasure, and yet as we learned was but the ordinary life of the city in the off season. The hotel adjoins the Doge's Palace and the old prison, between which hangs the famous Bridge of Sighs. Along the Rivi degli Schiavoni — the wide footway following the water to the Piazza San Marco — we joined the slowly moving procession, picking our way among the little tables and chairs which push out from the cafés to the very edge of the water. Music was everywhere and drinking and eating seemed to be the only object of life. Excepting for a few gondolas loaded with produce, moving along the canal, there was no sign of anything having a serious import in life. Around the great Piazza of San Marco the stores were all aglow with light and seemed in the flush of business, and yet among them all there was nothing more serious to sell and buy than

pictures and laces, and watches and jewelry, and more things to eat and more things to drink, and through it all moved the multitude, to feed the lust of the eye and ear, but so far as could be seen, not to buy. We saw and wondered, and wondered at what we saw. How did they live? What did they live for? How were they to keep it up? Who would pay the bill? And yet never, excepting among the old slaves of our own South, have I seen such universal happiness and freedom from care, — a race untouched with responsibility.

Yet what has this race done? It was late at night, nearly twenty-three o'clock as they measure time in Venice, when we started for bed. I say started, for I know not how many got there. As for myself, I sat at my window looking out over the waters of the Grand Canal and thinking of the palaces and towers and massive structures these people who seem so free from care had set up here on these bits of sand, which they must first fence in from the sea. Greater and greater grew my wonder as I thought how, more than a thousand years before, away back in the ages which were dark, the light of genius was burning here in the hearts and minds of these careless folk, and they were creating an art and literature and

a city towards which the feet of a new world should turn.

I was roused from my musing by the open window by a strange call which made its way to my ears through the singing and the laughter in the café below. It came again, seemingly from off the Grand Canal, and was probably a call from one of the gondoliers, but it seemed familiar, and I listened to catch it more clearly, and it came:

"Sola, sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola!"

And then I remembered having heard it on the stage in Philadelphia, long ago, when Henry Irving and Miss Terry were playing the "Merchant of Venice," and I knew that out there in the night Launcelot Gobbo was calling me. I caught my hat and hurried out to the bank of the canal, just in time to hear again the call and to locate it with the gondolier of a shadowy boat moving slowly by. I whistled and caught his attention and he drew up to the steps. He was a trim-looking youngster, with rather a flashy costume, and no end of assurance as he accosted me in good English: "I pray you, sir, what wouldst thou?"

I was not greatly astonished, because I had already recognized him, and so I said as I took a seat in the gondola, "Launcelot Gobbo, I

would to the Rialto go, and see your old master, Shylock."

Without an instant's hesitation he pushed off and sent his gondola spinning along the Grand Canal, past the gardens of the palace, the Palazzo Guistiniani, where Wagner wrote his "Tristan and Isolde," past palaces innumerable, the names of which he told but which I have forgotten, for I was interested in getting him to talk of himself, and finally he told me that he was a direct descendant of the original Launcelot, and that through all these centuries his people had been gondoliers and had kept their own peculiar cry, and that once a year, when the moon was right, they could take a passenger to the Rialto, where old Shylock would appear, and I was the fortunate one. And then he would speak no more of himself, but became the commonplace guide, telling me of palaces and their history and the works of art they contained, until we reached the bridge of the Rialto, where he set me ashore, saying he would return for me at exactly half past twenty-four o'clock, and he slipped away in the darkness.

I knew not where I was excepting that there, swung across the canal, was the familiar Rialto bridge, which marks the center of that part

of the old city which was known as the Rialto, or "Exchange," as we should call it. I knew not where to go or what to do, so sat down upon the steps leading to the landing and glanced about, and as I did so it seemed that there were people moving about the piazzetta, and presently



THE RIALTO BRIDGE.

they took clearer form, and I could easily recognize, having seen them on the stage in Philadelphia and Boston, Antonio and Bassanio and Gratiano and Salanio and Salarino and Lorenzo and a lot of others who had no names. And then I began to feel that I was being deluded, and so pinched myself and stood

up and turned around, and when I looked again they were all gone. But looking across the steps at the capstone on the other side, there sat a withered-up, gray-haired and bearded old man, whose knotted hands were clenched together with a grasp like that of death. I nearly started from my seat, and then I recognized the old Jew, Shylock. I remember at the time that I did not wonder how he got there; it seemed self-evident that he must have come up from the water, and so I sat and looked at him until I found my nerve, and then I asked, "Art thou Shylock, the Jew, who was condemned in the court of Venice?" In a voice weak and yet distinct he answered, "I am." And then I said, "How came you here so many long centuries after you should have finished your career on earth?" And then he told me the story, running something like this, translated into modern speech.

"You will recall the disaster which came upon me and my house, as told fairly well by that Englishman, Shakespeare, when the great injustice was done me by the court of Venice and I was robbed of both my goods and my opportunity. Why, had justice been done me I should have had ownership of every part of this great city long before this time. Already

I had my eye on universal possession, when, owning everything, I should administer it for the general good, but there was a man named Antonio, also a rich man, who stood in my way, and he must be removed, and that was why I wanted to kill him, not, as every one said, because he was a Christian; what care I for that? not because he called me dog and spit upon me; what do I care for that? but because he stood in my way of universal possession. You will recall what I say in Act III, scene 1, "I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will." And so I sought to kill him under the law. Then came that woman — since Adam it has ever been a woman — disguised as a learned Doctor of the Law and tricked us all with her words, and made me a pauper, and there was naught for me to do save throw myself into the sea and die. But because of my great benevolent thought of the good of man when I possessed all things, it is the pleasure of the gods to allow me to come up once a year and sit here and tell my story to whomsoever will listen, till I see coming over the bridge yonder that treacherous Portia, when I must go back for another year to sleep beneath the dark waters."

He paused, and with eagerness I asked as to what he meant by his great benevolent purpose of owning everything and then administering all; what would the people say to that? He looked at me with pity, and then he said: "Yes, I should have owned everything, houses, lands, boats and jewels and food and clothing, and having everything, I could apportion it so that all would have enough and none would have too much. But alas, as you say, the people would object. They killed me, an angel of benevolence, and then allowed a new and greater Shylock, one hard, cold and unfeeling one which hath no personality and no heart, to do exactly what they denied me. He has a new name, I believe, in these days, and is called "Trust" or "Corporation," but his purpose is like mine, just to own everything in all this world, and to administer it, not as I would have done, for the good of man, but for his own selfish ends. And behold, he destroys everything which gets in his way; human hearts are but to make the pavements over which he stalks, and he has taken your cities and your streets, he lights your houses, he brings you every drop of water you drink, he clothes and feeds you, and carries you all over the world

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in what you call railroads, and all for what you pay him. He builds great theaters in which great actors enact my life, that the world may point the finger of hate and scorn at me, and forget the new Shylock who grips them all in a hand of steel. Alas, poor deluded race, to howl at the puppet Shylock, while the new and real Shylock takes pound of flesh and blood and all!"

"But," I cried, "Shylock, you are not fair; you do not know the new conditions; you —"

Shylock gave a cry of horror, and grasping his long white beard with one hand, with the other he pointed towards the bridge and shrieked, "See, she comes, Portia!"

I followed the direction of his finger and saw no one, and turned back to him; but he was gone, and there were but a few bubbles on the surface of the Grand Canal where he had probably gone down—or it may be they were made by the oar of Launcelot Gobbo as he brought his gondola up to the steps and invited me to a seat in the bow.

Launcelot did not take me home by the Grand Canal, but through about every dark and dismal passage in the whole city, and all the way he would speak no further word. I sat patiently for what seemed hours, knowing

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I was in his control, but at last he brought me near to the landing of the hotel and demanded three thousand ducats before he would let me land. It was a beastly outrage, but it was so late, and rather than to have a scene I paid him and went quickly to my room and to bed.

At the breakfast table the next morning I told my adventures in some detail, and there was one minister there and he a Liberal, with a supposedly open mind, who said quite frankly he did not believe it. But I said to him, "You just wait till we get out in our gondolas to-day; I will show you the canal, and the bridge, and the stone steps, and even a long black gondola, with a tall dark young man wielding the oar, and furthermore, when we get back to America, I will show you in Act V, scene 1, of the 'Merchant of Venice,' the call of Launcelot Gobbo, 'Sola, sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola!'"

What more could I do?



CHAPTER XXII

ROUND ABOUT VENICE

DEMOCRATIC ANGELS IN THE PALACES OF PRINCES



LIVING in a palace was a novelty to most of us, and brought into sharp contrast with the commonplace wooden house of New England, its peculiar features were deeply impressed upon our minds. Even in sleep our dreams had something of a royal purple tint, and if we did forget for a time, when in the morning, as we arose and missing the rug, we landed our bare feet on the cold stone floor, we were instantly recalled to our exalted station, and felt some of the exhilaration of royalty. For actual home comforts commend me, I pray you, to the good old-fashioned, Yankee farmhouse, where if we froze to death it was no more than we expected, and this was sure not to happen in the middle of August.

There are things about these old palaces which are of more than passing interest,—the rooms with their lofty ceilings, the walls of

pure white or of fading tint and fresco, often adorned with pictures of more or less value, and the great halls, none of which are so poor as not to have some statues by way of decoration and about which are set curious pieces of furniture dating back anywhere in the centuries. A hundred years, more or less, seems to stand for so little here. In our country anything one hundred years old immediately claims our respect as an antique of real worth, but here in Venice anything less than four hundred years old is deemed almost frivolous.

If we could only know! I wandered about an antique shop and handled bronze and iron door fixtures, bells, lamps and candlesticks, and the dealer never hesitated an instant in pronouncing this thing thirteen hundred years old, and that eight hundred, and something else five hundred. One could load a trunk with these sacred relics, if he had the price, but when you are charged seven francs for an old bronze door-knocker with nothing but the word of the dealer that it was not made last week in the back shop, the appeal to credulity is more than Yankee blood can stand. Every one is warned, before going to Venice, not to pay the price asked for anything, for the dealers expect

to come down; they are disappointed if there is not a bit of "bargaining." It really seems that dealing is a game rather than a business, and that they are all in it for the fun rather than for the money. It does not take long for the tourist to "get into the game," and to like it. I dropped my good American watch on the stone floor of our palace and broke it, — the watch, not the floor, — and rather than have it "doctored" before I got home, I bought a new one. I bought a "Swiss watch" for a dollar and sixty cents, which I afterwards found sells in America for nine dollars, but instead of being puffed up with my achievement, I was filled with shame that I did not get it for a dollar and a half.

Venice seems to be made up very largely of palaces and churches. Along the Grand Canal there are very few buildings which sometime have not been palaces. A good many have been "converted," and are now serving as hotels, or warehouses, or art galleries, or markets or stores, or pensions. The last is the foreign name for the "boarding house"; it sounds well, and is cheaper than a hotel, and if one is to make a long stay in any place, far more desirable, as it affords an opportunity to get close to the people, in fact quite as close

as one dares to in many instances. But in spite of their "conversion" the palaces are really very attractive, more so on the outside than inside. For in those days when men were building palaces and had the time, the temperament, the artistic sense and the money, whether it was their own or not, they created some worthy and enduring "fronts" which are well worth days and weeks of study. There is much beauty of design, marvelous delicacy of treatment, and particularly a command of stubborn marble which gives it the ductility of life. The ivy which clambers over one of our old churches shows hardly more flexibility and versatility than a piece of marble in the hands of one of those old Venetians.

There is nothing in the world, so far as I know, more thoroughly ideal in the way of æsthetic enjoyment than to drift slowly along the Grand Canal and just study the fronts of these palaces so rich in art and history. It would take a book of considerable size merely to catalogue them, and with the exception of a few which were especially fixed by some historic connection, there remains only a confusion of color and form, and yet a confusion that in itself is artistic and rich in most exquisite memories.

I recall, however, the Palace of Guistiniani, which that wretch Launcelot Gobbo pointed out to me on my midnight visit, which dates back to the fourteenth century and where Wagner is said to have dwelt, but we found near the other end of the canal the Palace Vendramin Calergi, a marvelous creation of the fifteenth century, where Wagner died, and to which all Venice points as a sort of Wagnerian memorial. In spite of the beauty and peculiar architectural charm of these fronts, most of us require the personal touch in some way to hold them in memory. In Venice, as everywhere in the world, only the abnormal absorbs itself in material things apart from the personal. The fact that our own W. D. Howells lived for a time in the Palace Falier fixes that fifteenth-century gothic building in our mind's eye far more distinctly than either the truth or beauty of its architectural lines. We turn away from this, to find diagonally across the canal the Palace Rezzonico, warmed into an enduring place in our hearts by the fact that Robert Browning died there in 1889, and a little farther on, on the same side, is the Palace Balbi, from the windows of which Napoleon and Josephine used to watch the panorama of aquatic life. But now it is occupied

by one "Guggenheim, dealer in pictures and antiquities." And we secretly wonder if there is any connection between him and one "Guggenheim, Senator from Colorado, and owner of almost everything under the surface of the earth." There is the palace where Byron lived, the palace where Dante lived; even the home of Desdemona is pointed out; you have but to stay long enough to discover that nearly if not quite every one who ever amounted to much is associated with some palace in Venice. And we do not wonder, for the witchery of the place is almost sufficient to call the dead to life.

And yet we turn from the many palaces to the one which, more than all others, by picture and story has been woven into the life of the world. Just over the bridge, crossing a tiny canal, from our hotel, and we were beneath its balconies, and from this point of view it was wholly unattractive, for it seemed more like a prison than a palace of residence, and all along in its shadow, at almost any time of day or night, there were men and women sitting on the pavement, or lying in grotesque form and sound asleep. And they were not of the courtier class, such as we had seen on the stage, and when in our boyish dreams we had visited palaces. They wore no silken or any other

kind of hose, their garments were not of satin or of velvet, their locks were not perfumed with anything more fragrant than sea water, they bore no slender sword. They were just dirty, wretched-looking, everyday men and women who knew little and cared less for the secrets of the centuries which were hidden



HOTEL DANIELI AND DOGE'S PALACE.

within the walls against which they slept. But they were content and, perhaps, slept as sweetly outside as ever princes had slumbered within.

To see the Doge's Palace one must get a long way off, it may be out on the Lagoon, and see it as a part of the picture; then the simple beauty of its lines is revealed, and the delicacy of its coloring, due to time quite as much as

to art, appeals to all that is fine in one's nature. In certain lights, the revel of color which we connect with all Venetian pictures is not an exaggeration, for sky and sea bend their charms to meet the upreach of man's art-yearning, and every blot is veiled, and all is beautiful. There can be nowhere in the world a more completely entrancing picture than the view from the Lagoon through between the two great palaces to the Piazza San Marco, with the center of the picture filled with the graceful lines of the new Campanile.

But don't get too close, or you will see through the veil. If we could but come from the Lagoon into the Doge's Palace with our eyes shut, there would be no break in the charm. But probably we need to have it broken. Too much beauty is like too much sweet or too much of anything. It is good to feel the drawing of the baser as well as of the best, though we may respond but to the best, for the best will be a little better because of the contrast. And so with open eyes we crossed the Piazza to enter the palace, passing from sunshine into shadow, but also passing from human shadows into human sunlight.

Something over one thousand years ago a palace was first built on this site, which was

destroyed during wars or insurrections, as were four others which followed it. The present building is four or five hundred years old, and has the virtue, or the fault, of looking about the same age as everything else in the city, including some of the people. There is a grand entrance, called the "Porta della Carta," because the official bulletin board was hung there in the olden times, before the advent of the newspaper. Through this gate we come into the court, from which entrance is had to the various rooms. Two staircases, the "Giant's" and the "Golden Stairs," lead up to the several balconies, the latter being reserved for the feet of royalty alone. The Hall of the Grand Council is the chief interest, for here sat the representatives of the noblest families, to whom the government of the republic was committed. No assembly has been held since 1849, and now but heroic memories fill the great area of the hall, aided by a wonderful series of historic pictures, many of them by the Masters.

The Republic of Venice is no more. It was never a republic according to our understanding of the term, but in its day it was a long reach ahead towards the ideals even we have not yet realized. The Doge was not a Presi-

dent — simply an executive officer; he was a ruler, and to a considerable extent his will was absolute. But there were some things about that old government which foreshadowed the true principles of democratic rule. And Venice takes its proper place in history as one of the rungs in the ladder on which the world is climbing to better things. There was one feature of the Venetian government which deserves particular mention, and that is preserved in the "Hall of Scrutiny," in which the Senators cast their votes. There might have been secret caucuses in those days as now, but when it came to the actual voting the ballots must be cast in the open, and any one in the republic, and even strangers, might look on and see how each man voted. No doubt great progress has been made in every form of government of nations, large and small, but when we look back over the centuries along the course of the struggles of men, how pitiful appears the pride of the man himself! Behold, a people calls one of its number to serve, and he struts his brief time before the multitude and feeds his ears with the applause, and if he is able, has his form reproduced in marble, and then he dies, and before another century is gone he is forgotten, and his statue, if it have

the merit of true art, takes its place in its niche, to help a coming student or stir the curiosity of the passing tourist, but if it be simply a reproduction of the man, it chinks a hole in the wall of a new administration. Well, even the pitiful clinging to life, which leads us to transmute ourselves into something more enduring than flesh and blood, makes its contribution to human welfare and happiness. But it may be that we are all building better than we know, and those who fall into the ground and die bring forth more fruit than those who stay on top of the earth and calcify.

The Piazza of St. Mark is the center of Venetian interests. You can see every person in Venice if you remain long enough in the Square. It really seems that all are bound to come there sometime during the twenty-four hours of the day. I do not blame them; I should have liked to continue coming for days and days, for never have I seen a more varied and brilliant panorama of human life than is unrolled there. So common are the pictures of the place, with the feeding of the doves, the front of St. Mark's Church, the marvelous old clock, the flagstaffs, the Campanile, and more than all else, the kaleidoscopic shops, that even the newly arrived

American does not feel strange; it is just what we expected, only perhaps a little more so.

St. Mark's Church for some reason does not appeal to me as some of the other great cathedrals; perhaps it is so shut in that it does not have a fair show architecturally. If it were set out by itself, on some great height, it would be more impressive. And the inside too is disappointing, possibly because there is so much of it, and it is such a conglomerate of good things that none of them can receive their full value. For instance, there are over two acres of mosaics, and therefore not to be enjoyed any more than one can really enjoy two acres of violets or roses. To this great building have been brought the offerings of the faithful from every clime; the good, religious old Venetian pirates looted the temples and mosques of the East and brought the spoil to lay on the altar of their devotion, and among these pious thieves were a couple who stole the body of St. Mark the Evangelist from the temple he himself had founded in Alexandria and brought it to Venice, and it was buried beneath the altar, and St. Mark became the patron saint of the city. Just what would be St. Mark's honest opinion of the process of his exaltation is not given prominence in the

annals of the Church, but he has this consolation, that if one must remain for several thousand years upon this earth, there is perhaps no better place in which to spend them than in the palace of the Queen of the Adriatic.

It should always be moonlight in Venice, for only when the full moon sheds her mystic light does the real magic of the place tangle up and make captive the senses, and we surrender the last restraint and give ourselves willing subjects in a fairyland. On one of those rare nights, when every condition was right, we "Angels," in our gondolas, joined what seemed an endless procession of these graceful black crafts, and made our way to the head of the Grand Canal, and became a part of such a musical carnival as can exist nowhere else on the face of the earth. A large platform was anchored in the stream, and this was laced all over with thousands of little lights, until everything material about it was hidden. Upon this platform were a fine orchestra and a number of the best singers obtainable, and the resources of the city were drawn upon to provide this entertainment.

As early as we were in getting to the center of interest, already there were hundreds of gondolas crowding upon the platform, and

from every direction hundreds more were coming. Many of them were beautifully decorated with lights and bunting, and from all came the sound of laughter and voices of pleasure. It was but a few moments before the whole canal was literally packed from shore to shore with gondolas lying side by side and end to end, so close that presently men with sweets to sell ran from side to side as if the way were bridged. Then at a signal there was silence, and the music, like the moonlight, seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere. After a few selections, the singers' platform was loosed, and the whole living raft of gondolas moved slowly down the canal for perhaps a quarter of a mile, where a stop was made and another concert given; then on again for another quarter of a mile, and so on through the whole length of the canal and the length of the night, up to midnight, until we were drunk with music and novelty, and cared not whether it ever came to an end.

This musical festival is provided by the city several times a week, and the whole population enters into its pleasure and splendor; many of the palaces along the way are brilliantly illuminated, and colored fires glorify the shores. It is not the least of the marvels where so many


gondolas come from; really, there are thousands of them, and how they can all come together in such close proximity and hold their formation through the whole course of the musical procession is beyond our understanding. The only explanation of the wonder is that greater wonder, the gondolier himself, who has the most perfect control of his craft under all circumstances. He guides it with the accuracy of a bullet from a well-aimed rifle; he stops it when going at a rapid speed with a suddenness that is bewildering; he turns corners so close it makes you catch your breath; and all with never a sign of any special strain upon mind or muscle. He does get excited at other gondoliers, and their verbal battles are fierce to listen to, but after a little become but a part of a great harmony, where, so far as can be observed, life is free from care and just becomes one long, sweet song.



CHAPTER XXIII

THE UNFOLDING OF ITALY

IN WHICH FOUR ANGELS ADVENTURE INTO FLORENCE AND SOUTHERN ITALY

T Venice we parted from the last large group of "Angels," and four of us took our solitary way, without a guide, into the new and strange fields of southern Italy. That we might save time and money, and get an early morning view of the Apennine mountains, we took a night train for Florence. We secured all we sought, — and some other things. There was no sleeper on the train, but as we must leave Venice very late, and be on the lookout very early, the few hours in the compartment seemed but a trifle to those who had imbibed the habit of the Berliners, of turning night into day. Experience has taught me, however, that there are two ends to a night, and that that period of time has different aspects, determined by the end from which the observation is made. The "perfectly glorious time," which extends to four o'clock in the morning, is apt to reveal some shadows to the backward look.

We had a novel time if not a glorious time on an Italian night train, but we were sure the next morning that we had had enough. We had thought to secure a compartment to ourselves and so be very independent, but the lure of Venetian life made us late in getting to the station, and so when the train pulled out we found ourselves facing the biggest Italian in Italy and his family. We glared at each other fiercely for a few minutes, and then realizing that it did not matter, began chatting with each other in our best American. The Italians were perfectly still for some time, and then the man, making the discovery in some way that we were Americans, suddenly straightened up and began whistling our national hymn, "America." He whistled a verse, and then he sang a verse, and then we applauded; then he smiled, and we smiled; he invited us to take a drink — of water, and then we were good friends, though we had no means of communication save by the sign language, of which I had become suspicious. But so far as companionship without speech is possible, we have only pleasant memories of the big Italian and his family. We may not say so much of the last hours of the ride, for, in spite of ourselves, we did get deadly sleepy, and there is no twist possible to the

human form which will make it conform with comfort to the angles and motions of the European railway compartment for any considerable length of time. And it was suggested to me, in that novel, if foolish, experience, that one can get a pretty fair notion of the boundless reach of eternity between the hours of two and four o'clock in the morning.

But this "eternity" came to an end, and with the coming of the dawn in the midst of the Apennines came a reward which compensated in no small measure for the expenditure of energy in what proved to be a long and weary vigil. I have to confess, however, that even the most glorious scenery loses not a little of its charm when seen through sleepy eyes. An overdraft on body, brain or bank is pretty sure to make trouble of some kind.

The Apennines are usually compared with the Alps, because travelers are either coming from or going to the Alps when they see them; but they should not be compared. There are points of likeness to be sure, as between all mountains, but the Apennines have sufficient individuality and character to stand alone. While there are crags and peaks, cliffs and chasms, these mountains of Italy touch one gently and appeal to the sentiment. Of course

a history of the heroic has been written on their slopes and in their recesses, but we forgot the battles in the contemplation of the beauties. They do not aspire so high as to thrill the ambitions; their mood is to appeal to the emotions. The feelings they awaken do not thrill so much as impress. Their lines are not sharp and clear-cut, incisive; they are soft in outline; they do not command, they woo.

The railroad after quitting Bologna follows quite closely the general course up the river Reno until it is lost among the fountains on the heights, and then through many tunnels —



THE ARNO, FLORENCE.

between the two cities some forty or fifty — the train is carried out upon the other side of the range and we look down into the great valley of the Arno, the heart of Tuscany, in which throbs the life of "Florence, the fairest city in the world."

We all know how the cities of Italy are entitled: Rome, the eternal; Genoa, *la superba*; Naples, *la bella*; Venice, the queen; Florence, *la gentile*, — the city of fair flowers, or the fair flower of cities. We came with eyes eager, heart and mind receptive; and disappointment awaited us. Had we spent but one day in Florence, we should have brought away no trace of enthusiasm; but fortunately we were spared that fate. That first day had its place, but it was like learning the alphabet as the way into literature. We were like bees in the bottom of a great bowl, in which had settled the dregs containing sweets enough to sustain life, but affording no vision of the majesty and beauty beyond the rim.

The cathedral is the center of every Italian city; it matters not whether the city began there, to reach out in all directions, or beginning elsewhere, groped its way back to attach itself to the heart of its interests. And it seems so unfortunate, from an æsthetic standpoint, that the cathedral in these cities has seemed to be as fateful in some instances as the railroad station is with us, in calling into its shadow, not the best and noblest in life and its achievements, but almost the worst. Whatever can do so, provided it has not the spirit of life within itself,

seeks to engraft itself upon something living. And so to get near to these wondrous creations the path led through the common and not infrequently through the wretched.

Naturally we wanted to get at the "heart of things" first, and therefore went at once to the cathedral. There is a rivalry through all Europe in securing the earliest beginnings of the religious life, and Florence puts up a claim which, if sustained, must give her the victory, in insisting that "the site of its cathedral has always been sacred ground." This position is pretty safe, for while the Florentines may not be able to prove their contention, no one else can prove to the contrary. But they have history to show that as early as 315 A.D. there was a recognized Bishop, Felice by name, and presumably he had a place of worship, and not unlikely it was on this spot. The present building dates back for its beginning not much over six hundred years, and has been in process of erection practically ever since, or up to twenty-three years ago, when it was officially finished. Of course during that time many architects have had a hand in it, but the original artist set his seal upon it by having a purpose to build "a temple which was to exceed in magnificence anything the world had ever seen," and the

soul of his vision was a dome of such magnificent proportions and exquisite lines that it could never be surpassed. And he was successful, for even Michelangelo admitted that while he might make a sister dome, he could not make one more beautiful, and the dome of St. Peter's at Rome falls short of this in some measurements. It is a misfortune, however, for the cathedral at Florence, that there is but one place from which the real grandeur and beauty of this dome is manifest, while the dome of St. Peter's dominates all Rome.

Approaching the cathedral from the front but a faint suggestion of its glory is manifest, and even when inside it takes a long time and observations from many points before one can grasp its dignity and feel its sublimity. Probably there has been more discussion about this interior than about almost any other in Europe, all because the thing is so big we have to grow up to it before we can know and appreciate it. And in the end we come back to "the dome, the dome," always "the dome," and we realize how wise and farseeing was that old architect who long ago sounded a note to which the centuries have been keyed.

Within and without are works of art, mostly lost in the confusion of numbers. Beside the

cathedral, but entirely detached, stands the Campanile, the "Bell Tower," which, aside from the coloring, is one of the most beautiful towers



THE CAMPANILE.

in Europe. It is the work of Giotto, who, in 1334, received instructions to surpass in magnificence everything in the world, and in the grace of its lines and the intricate beauty of its decorations there can be little question of his

success. To my thinking, there are two towers in the one: one the glorious shaft which we see from a distance, so full of grace that it seems to have lost the quality of weight, and it would hardly surprise one to find it suspended in mid-air like the prophet's casket; the other that which we find in the closer view, when the stories told in decoration are read with the eyes held close, as when we read a book. And these two towers in one really fulfill the poet's fancy, "The city of Florence blossoming into stone."

And yet in the very midst of this glory, right upon the steps of the cathedral to which the centuries had been given, for which lives had been sacrificed, and to which millions in money had been devoted, the appalling poverty and dirt and distress of wretched Italy awaited us, personified in a ragged and unkempt and thoroughly miserable woman, with a still more wretched, diseased and seemingly dying baby in her arms, to beg for centesimi. Alas, poor Italy! — rich in art and religious symbolry, while the heart of humanity perishes with hunger at thy gates.

The oldest building in Florence is connected with the cathedral in its office, though separated from it in fact. It is the Baptistry, dating back some twelve or thirteen hundred years,

and is, if one can think it without being irreverent, like a small "roundhouse," from which it would not surprise one to see locomotives issuing, until near enough to see the great bronze doors, when there will be revealed the miracle of what man can do with metal, weaving it into a tapestry of delicate beauty, until the remark of Michelangelo is appreciated, when he said, "Such doors are worthy to be the gates of Paradise."

All about the Piazza and reaching far up the streets which ray out from it, are the shops, and in little niches between them places for the sale of wines, quite as common and occupying the same place in the life of the community as the soda fountain does in America. None of this section is attractive to the eye, though there are some fine shops, where jewelry and books may be secured. But it was in this section that we lost our hold upon "beautiful Florence," and we thought it was redeemed only by the historic associations. For right here in the midst of the busy and sordid life of the common every day, we were continually running across some marker upon the life of the great in the great past which had belonged to the city. This was the city of Dante. They have a stone in the street marking the place where he

used to come to sit and look upon the cathedral, which appealed to his imagination. Here in the midst of the rush of modern living is the house in which he lived and wrote after he had dreamed out the nightmare of his *Inferno*. Never has there been an instance so pronounced of a mind being obsessed with a theology until it really took material form in the imagination and accompanying the imagination, an ability to picture with words so that all the world should see all it saw, and sometimes a little more. And it is extraordinary how impressionable is the mind of the world, in that it has been shaped and directed in its theological thinking not more by the Bible than by the weird and extravagant imaginings of a Dante and a Milton.

Here, too, Michelangelo, the master of masters in nearly every department of art, dwelt, and his house is marked; but even more is he remembered in the Piazza named in his honor, from which it was our privilege later to discover the real and the beautiful Florence for which we searched in vain where the crowd most did congregate.

There is a deal of curiosity connected with four historic names to which Florence gives honors in these days. Remembering the re-

ligious history of the city, the religious temperament of the people, how she stands next to Rome in the devotion and sacrifice made to sustain and exploit the Romish Church, it is almost startling to note the changes which the years have brought about, and see the pride with which the citizens associate their city with the names of Galileo, Amerigo Vespucci, the Brownings, and Theodore Parker. It was in this city that the works of Galileo were burned and he was compelled under fearful suffering to recant his scientific conclusions in public speech, but reasserting them in whisper in the same breath. To-day Florence cares for the house in which he lived, for a temple, tomb, tower and villa through which to preserve his memory. The really great navigator, though not the discoverer of our country, but from whom we receive our name America, was born in Florence and is remembered to honor. And then those wonderful leaders of the new literature of the nineteenth century, the Brownings, and that heroic American leader of the new religious thought and life and of the larger Christian Church, Parker. Strange anomaly! We went out to the Protestant cemetery where the bodies of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker are buried, that we might pay the tribute of

our American gratitude and devotion to these who have contributed so much to the deeper and truer life of our country.

There is a significance in the presence of the body of Theodore Parker in Florence greater than many realize, for though that body may never pass the walls which surround the cemetery, the spirit of Theodore Parker is abroad all through Italy. Strange as it may appear, it is a fact that that priest-ridden country is to-day the home of the greatest religious revolt of the present century; a revolt against all that is bad in the Romish Church, and a spirit of splendid adventure after that which is rationally and ethically Christian.

It was after our return from the commercial and historic Florence that we felt our disappointment, and felt that "the fairest city of the world" was but a figment of the imagination of the poet. But there came a new day, after a good night's rest, and a new Florence, when, under wise guidance, we saw the real city to which the yearning feet of the best life of the whole world have turned. We found galleries the equal of anything the world over and, competent critics say, better than any others. So far as one may judge by the names of the artists, there is no more complete collection, and for

the lover of art here is the companionship of the best the world has known.

But we found the Florence of which we had read and dreamed, not associated with the galleries and their treasures; we found it only when we got away from the center, up along the hills which hold the city in their arms. When we crossed by the Ponte Vecchio over the



PONTE VECCHIO.

river, we tried hard to see the poet's "Sunny charms within the Arno's breast," but found only rather painful suggestions of the yellow Schuylkill which flows through our own city of Brotherly Love. But beyond, among the gardens and the palaces, through the broad streets, which lift one gently through marvelous winding ways, up and up, to reveal, as through vine-framed windows, ever more and more charming

scenes, until at last we came to the Piazza Michelangelo, and looking over the walls, we knew why Florence was called the fairest city in the world. From that point none of the soil and dinginess was visible, there came to us no sense of the shadows which gathered in the alleys and drear places of the town, and even the mud which on closer view discolored the river Arno, from this point only changed it into a little golden river, which most fittingly flowed through a fairyland.

It takes us long to learn the lesson that we must not get too close to that which we would love, and some never learn, at least while on the earth. We press our flowers so hard against our heart that they are crushed, and we cast them from us with a shudder, wondering why we ever loved such misshapen things. Perhaps we shall know more sometime, when some wise guide takes us over the river and up on the heights, and we look out over this world we have been criticizing, and up into the heaven we have been questioning. It may be just as we found a new Florence and the real Florence when we got the right point of view. Perhaps there will be a new heaven and a new earth when the former things shall have passed away.

CHAPTER XXIV

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME

AND EVEN THE ANGELS GET THERE AT LAST

IN going from Florence to Rome we followed the Arno up towards its source in the mountains which amphitheater Tuscany, and then, plunging through many tunneled gates, we found the headwaters of the historic Tiber, which we followed down to the Eternal City. It is a most interesting journey. Historically, it follows the route of Hannibal, the road at one place running close along the shore of Lake Trasimeno, which was the scene of one of his great battles, in which the records show that fifteen thousand Romans were killed in three hours, and the brook, since called Sanguinetto, which flows into the lake, ran red with blood. All this happened twenty-one hundred years ago, and I am deeply impressed by the comparison between ancient and modern warfare as disclosed in the reports of the present conflict going on in our neighboring country of Mexico, in which an engagement between the government troops and the

rebels extended over a period of two days and there were "no casualties on either side." Thus do we see what strides civilization has taken, how war has been robbed of its terrors and made ladylike and enjoyable. But what would Hannibal think? What would he think of some of the battles of the more ambitious nations, in which the destruction of half a dozen mules and the wounding of one man is spoken of as a scene of carnage? What would Hannibal think of our new methods of warfare in which, in the hands of a truly great civilization, bacteria are more powerful than bullets, and the spore mightier than the spear?

Nothing could be more archaic than the cities and towns along this delightful way. The passenger needs to pinch himself occasionally to be sure he is awake and not dreaming the Arabian Nights scenes which are unfolding before him. Walled cities belong so entirely to the past and to romance, that it requires a conscious effort on the part of the live Yankee to believe that he is not the victim of an illusion as he sees perched far up on the side or the extreme top of a mountain a most picturesque pile, from which it would not surprise him to see emerging a company of armored knights going forth to battle with an enemy approach-

ing from another mountain fastness. It is an anomaly we realize, that behind those old walls, some of them dating back into the centuries before Christ, modern people are living, modern interests are being pursued, and in some things the people are quite as progressive as we are. In the field of art they are, of course, far ahead of us. Here is the town of Assisi with a population of only five thousand, yet in the churches are some examples of the work of the Old Masters. There are other things besides. But place over against this town an American community of equal numbers, and where can we find one in which there is a suggestion of establishing anything which can hold a permanent place in art? And then, on the other hand, where can you find in America a community of like size showing such wretchedness in poverty and degeneration? We have come at life from opposite standpoints. Those old Italians built churches to glorify God, and they sacrificed themselves in doing what they believed would be glorious in the sight of God; they sought for beauty and grandeur, and with a transcendent purpose they attained a transcendent result. We of America and to-day seek to glorify God through service to man, and verily we have our reward; we would put a perfected humanity

as our offering against the perfection of design and coloring of the old Italian. As in most things, both are wrong and both are right. They need the perfecting of humanity, we need the perfecting of the sense of design and color, of beauty. And so it takes all the ages and all the peoples to make a man, and all the peoples and all the ages to glorify God.

Assisi is distinguished as being the city of St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order of friars. Here is the original monastery, which, aside from its historical associations and some moderate art treasures, typifies the change which has taken place in Italy, for it is now a school. It was early in the thirteenth century that the order was founded, but before the beginning of the nineteenth century there were nine thousand monasteries and one hundred and forty-five thousand monks. St. Francis is said to have died seventeen years after he established this mighty society, and the years following to the number of five hundred were filled with controversy as to what had become of his body, and then it was settled by the discovery of a stone coffin containing some remains, and these were pronounced genuine by a vote of the cardinals, announced by the Pope, and "all skeptics in the matter being henceforth

declared liable to excommunication," none have presumed to question.

This place I have used not because it is remarkable in any way, but because it is not; it is simply typical of hundreds of towns of Italy, differing but in the name and fame of their saint, or of some peculiar product, and is a miniature of the larger cities, even that of Rome itself which we were approaching. Here is a whole nation giving itself to the expression of a religious idea. It does not matter how that religious idea may appeal to us; it may involve the wildest absurdities, or violate our every conception of truth, yet there is no understanding of Italy without the recognition of this fact, that back of all its achievements in art, in music, in literature, in war, in peace, in industry, in commerce, in virtue and in sin, there has been a religious motive; remove that and what is there left of Italy, that is, of old Italy?

Within the last few years a new Italy has been born, which is writing a new story. The old and the new are living here side by side, not altogether in amity, and nothing strikes one more forcibly than the incongruities to be met at every turn. The Protestant world comes to study the achievements of Rome, and the

Roman robber invokes the aid of his saint that he may be prospered in his nefarious schemes. Wealth and poverty walk hand in hand, and if they do not sleep in the same bed, there is only a very thin wall separating them! Such beauty and bounty as few places in the earth can afford, coddling as a mother does her children, dirt, disease and death. Less than half a century ago nearly all the landed property and many of the industries and commercial enterprises of the nation were in the hands of the Church, and naturally it would be supposed that their management would be nearly ideal, but instead, every possible abuse was fostered. Neglect and corruption sapped the life of property and people to the point of famine, while the churches and religious orders flourished in luxury. Then came the revolt of the people; there grew up an attitude of defiance towards not only the church but also towards religion, and as a result, Italy to-day, supposedly the home of religion, is really the nursery of free thought, or perhaps no thought, for very largely the people are in an attitude of indifference to the church, practically telling the religionists to attend to their own affairs of the soul, and the state will look after the material welfare. Fifty years of this has resulted in the new Italy,

and the whole country has been transformed. Cities are modern in their equipment; they have all the comforts and conveniences of life; travel has generally become safe and pleasant; and the health conditions have been so improved that, with an occasional lapse, there is nothing to fear in visiting Italy even during the heated term.

But let no one imagine that ideal conditions are already established. Improvements have been made through the separation of Church and State, but other evils have arisen to take the places of those eradicated or modified. It is true that the cities have been transformed, and there is a new face to the land, but these transformations have cost such vast sums of money to secure and are costing such vast sums to maintain, that the taxes have become almost prohibitive of enterprise. It is estimated that the State takes thirty per cent of the income of the people, and that it must do this to provide the improvements demanded and to maintain the great standing army and the vast navy which are deemed necessary. And with these heavy taxes have come public abuses of the most extravagant type. In one commune where the tax levy was four thousand four hundred dollars it cost thirty-six hundred dollars to collect it. The methods of the assessors are open to the

most severe criticism, and furnish the opportunity for the most rank corruption. And in spite of the great sums of money which reach the government, and of the great works which have already been performed, the uplift of the people is yet far in the future; generations and not years merely are to measure the time of Italy's redemption.

These things I read and these thoughts I thought during our long rides in Italy, which brought me to the conclusion that the problem of the relation between Church and State had not been settled by Italy, and to the further conclusion that to separate Church and State is a blessing, while to separate religion and government is a curse. When the Church uses the State for its own selfish ends, it is quite as much a looter and a grafter as an individual who despoils his country; while the government which tries to get along without religion as the elemental motive and the guiding principle is doomed to failure.

In figuring the creative forces in the world's development we cannot omit the power of the Romish Church. It does not matter what may be our own attitude, or how violently we may protest against her motive and her method, she is a factor in human history not to be left out.

To-day we are witnessing the curious fact that she is declining in her strongholds and gaining in new territory. Italy, France, Spain and Portugal have laid the hand of power upon her and commanded her to keep within her own realm; they have had the experience of her unrestrained control; they have watched while other nations passed them in the race for prosperity and advancement, and realizing at last the blight that was upon them have risen to cast it off. And just as it always has been, and perhaps always will be, they are sure to cast off with the organic Church those great moral restraints and religious inspirations, which are as essential to governmental as to individual life.

They are casting off the sources of their own wealth that they may open up the sources other nations enjoy, and they will accomplish what they seek. But when they have secured material prosperity they will use it to try to buy back the wealth which to-day they are sacrificing, just as our people of great wealth are eager to spend it in securing even little fragments of the glory of the Old World. That is, with all its faults, we cannot fail to recognize that the Romish Church, perhaps through its own selfishness, through its own violation of the spirit of the Divine Master, in compelling

men to serve it, instead of itself serving man, has created an art, a literature, a music, and has set the ages awondering at the temples it has erected for its dwelling place. And we can say, all these things it should have done and not left the other undone. For when it built its temples out of human hearts and paid for its art with food from its children's mouths, it courted matricide.

It takes the nations of the world long to learn to strike a balance and rightly apportion values. The great lessons of life are not easily or quickly learned. We have been studying Christianity for nineteen hundred years, and barely know the alphabet. But there is progress. The rise and decline of Romanism are steps along the way. To climb upwards Italy steps down to the commercial ideals of other countries; to go forward other peoples go back to study Rome. The great trouble with the world is that it tries to walk on one leg. It needs two. In the old days, religion was incidental to the Church, and the Church was glorified in structure and adornment; in the new day, the Church is to be incidental to religion and, serving religion through all kinds of establishments, shall aid the bringing of the kingdom of heaven into individuals and governments, until they are full rounded

creatures, neither sacerdotal nor socialistic, but both; neither material nor spiritual, but both. It takes both body and soul to make a man or



ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

a government. The old Romish Church had soul, but tried to embody it in things instead of embodying it in man, and it could not live, any more than the material body of Italy will live without soul.

After all, what are we struggling for when we build our walls and palaces and tombs? For hours we have been traveling through the old cities and towns of Etruria, or what is left of them,—a bit of the wall, a fragment of the art-yearning of souls which lived centuries before the Christian era. We touch a relic with our hand and our hand touches another human hand away across the ages, the hand of one who was thinking in an elemental way the same thought we are thinking to-day. He was saying that he wanted to be different from others, a little better perhaps as he defined "better"; he was saying that he would not be like his brethren and live for a little and then pass away; he would do something or make something which should live through all the years to come, and men through all time should call him blessed. And so he made this bit of pottery which we are holding in our hands, and we are asking, Who was he? What was he? Here is the work of his hands, but he is gone, and left no trace, save as he made his contribution to that great indefinite thing we call life, which we, like all those who have gone before, are hunting for, and working for, and praying for. Who knows whether we are any nearer to it than was the Etruscan potter who

two thousand years ago swung into this world out of somewhere and then swung out again into another somewhere, just as we are doing? He made his jug of clay and burned it in the sun, and we are looking at it to-day. We make ours of sand, — and to-morrow's rain will dissolve it. Have we made life any bigger and better?

It is most fitting to approach Rome through Etruria, for Rome was the next link in history. And so we followed down the banks of the yellow Tiber at the tail end of that great procession of vandals, and warriors and chiefs, and conquerors, and kings and emperors which for more than two thousand years has been moving upon the city, and all the while the yellow Tiber has been running beside the procession. It was running there ages and ages before the procession started, and it will still be running when the procession has passed. Sometimes men have tried to harness and drive it, but it is so patient, and waits a little, only the fraction of an instant out of the eternity of its life, and the hand upon the reins slackens, and the yellow water runs laughing away to the sea, bearing upon its current perhaps the body of the would-be driver.

Away back in the third century one of this

procession of Masters got into the city, and then to keep others out he built about it a great wall which was so strong it withstood the assaults of generations; even time but smoothed off its corners and made more firm its foundation, and in these later years it was a marvel of antiquity, and men came to look upon it from the world over, saying that here is something that is real and enduring. But in the later procession there was a new engine of a new war, before which it was humbled, and it bowed itself to the earth, and a modern locomotive drew a train of modern cars through the breach in the Wall of Aurelian, and we, being passengers on the train, thus entered Rome.



CHAPTER XXV

BEING IN ROME

THE ANGELS DO AS THE ROMANS DID NOT

INSTEAD of being carried to a palace in a garland-decked and rose-scented litter on the shoulders of eight slaves, while the populace howled an enthusiastic welcome to Rome, the "Angels" walked across the Viale Principessa Margherita to a very good modern hotel. Times have changed since Nero returned from Greece with the prizes won at the Olympian games. And the American "sovereign" is different too. There had lingered a faint hope that there might remain some traces of the old Rome we had read about, and with books we nursed this hope as we approached the city; and it was with a distinct disappointment that we were shown to rooms, via an electric elevator, which, save for their stone floors, bare walls and high ceilings, did not differ greatly from those to be found in any well-appointed inn the world over. There seemed a bare chance that at dinner we might conform and be conformed to the old customs.

We had pictured to ourselves the luxurious dining hall, at the door of which we were to put off our shoes, — and I believe one "Angel" did secretly unfasten the lacing, — and within we should see a group of people wearing tunic and toga, and reclining on inlaid couches, while slaves kept them cool with great fans, and rapturous music stole away their senses. And then we were to be served with pelorious oysters, turbot drowned in oil, Sicilian lampreys, boar's head, flamingos, turtles, dormouse and the peacock, washed down with spiced wines cooled with snow brought from the Apennines. We read about all those things in very well written books by authors of good repute. But we kept our shoes on. Conventional waiters in conventional dress served us to what might have been bread from Minneapolis flour, butter from the cotton fields of Dixie, pickles from Pittsburg, soup from Camden, fish from Gloucester, beef from Chicago, potatoes from Maine, corn from Michigan, marmalade from Florida and peaches from California. The macaroni and olives were Italian.

When we started for St. Peter's, as good tourists do as soon as possible after arrival, we again departed from the old Roman customs, and instead of doing as the notorious Nero did

when he went to his circus, — riding in a two-wheeled chariot, driving three or more semi-wild horses, with armed soldiers to guard the way, he himself being dressed in a white sheet with a golden girdle and a wreath of laurel for a hat, — we plunged into the mob, and got standing room on the front platform of a trolley car, which gave us a joyous sense of being at home during the rush hours in the subway.

And really I think the trolley much more comfortable than the chariot, and quite as dignified. The chariots I have seen were marked by a conspicuous lack of those modern conveniences, such as springs, which make driving a delight; and while there may have been excitement for the driver and entertainment for the spectators in the bouncing about over the rough pavement from curb to curb, as for me and my house, put us down among the heretical modernists on the question of transportation. And yet those wretched old chariots accomplished one of the marvels of human achievement in the matter of road building. Because the wagons were so bad the roads must of necessity be good, and so the Roman roads which were built two thousand years ago are in good condition to-day, while those we build

to-day, — the next administration will tear up and build worse ones.

We have grown some during the last twenty centuries; even if we cannot build as good roads, we do not destroy so many men in the building. We have our troubles. Our country is shaken from center to circumference because we are paying our road builders only eighteen cents an hour when humanity demands that they get twenty. We work them, some of them, nine hours a day, when common justice insists that they shall not work more than eight. In some way they get three meals a day of fairly good food, and they have something to say as to how they shall be governed. But in those old days there was one man, sometimes there were two or three men, at the head, and he or they got results regardless of the cost in human life and happiness. The lives of men were not as valuable to them as are the lives of beasts to us. The slaughter of a few thousand was but a passing incident, and often that slaughter was made to contribute to the amusement of those in power. Of course old history pictures only those who were on the surface; the great mass which made the strong current of life have no place, and all we know is that a thousand, or ten thousand, or fifty thousand of the great

unknown were sacrificed that one might sit upon a throne or that another might be thrown down. Once good roads were built of human lives that a brute might ride in ease to greater power; to-day, in spite of our selfishness and sin, we are building good roads as the way for humanity to come to its own. We have not the roads, and the temples which adorn them, such as we journey over the ocean to see, but there are few of us who have not more of comfort in daily life than the most extravagant of Roman rulers enjoyed; there are few who have not nobler aspirations and loftier ideals than even the poets of the olden days dreamed. And yet we spend years in filling the minds of our children with the names and deeds of those squabblers for power, who rode through slaughter to a throne which they disgraced. We teach our children to catalogue this bloody crew among humanity's great. And I wonder if it is right and best. Have we nothing better with which to fill the hungry minds of our boys and girls than the stories of these "greatest men in history," whose claim to glory rests on the fact that they were a little more demonic and debauched than those whom they displaced; who violated every principle of humanity and saturated the years with the blood of

their fellow creatures. A very little old Roman history will go a long way in satisfying real needs in the development of the young life of to-day.

But we are in modern Rome, with its new streets and new life and new interests; we are riding on the front platform of a modern electric car, and the ground we are going over and the buildings between which we are passing do not seem historic, save as we catch a glimpse of some old church or palace out of tune with the present. The crowd of people upon the platform are not so unlike our own crowds at home similarly situated; they are a little darker of skin and eyes, a little more intense in manner and speech, but it is easy to fancy they are talking about the same things and thinking much the same thoughts as our own people do; the world is not so very big any more. But it was all strange and we felt a bit lost until we suddenly swung out on a bridge over the Tiber, and then all at once we were at home; we had caught sight of a something familiar; we knew where we were. It was like seeing a familiar face in a crowd of strangers.

Such is the power of a picture upon the mind. None of us had ever been there before; we had not yet acquired any sense of location and of

distance, and yet all at once we knew, just because at the other end of the bridge we saw the splendid old Castle of St. Angelo, just as we had seen it in pictures since childhood. We found some things older, and some bigger and some more glorious in every way, but somehow this old castle has always caught and held my fancy as the embodiment of Rome.

Built originally as a mausoleum for the members of the nobility, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, it has served as a fortress round which have swirled the battles of the centuries, and as a prison, harboring prisoners of international renown, and as a most picturesque ruin it now commands the attention of the world. It was not a disappointment. So often the pictures of childhood magnify out of all reason, but though I had dreamed this castle into one of the biggest things on earth, as it loomed before us from the bridge it measured quite up to my dream. Of course it is not as big as the Colosseum, but it is big enough to be splendid in its dignity. The Emperor Hadrian, who built it for his tomb and memorial, was a good deal more successful than most of those old fellows who gambled with the future for the chance to live. His name is still connected with his monument, though Pope Gregory, four

hundred years later, with the help of a vision, transformed the mausoleum into a castle, thinking probably that Hadrian had received all he deserved of honor, and should get a bit of punishment for his insult to the Christ who he thought "might be given a niche in the temple with the other gods." That is more than a good many who ought to know him better, give him.

The Castle of St. Angelo may now be looked upon as a sort of outwork to St. Peter's; in



CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

fact, there was once a protected way from the Vatican, through which the rulers of the Church might flee to the castle for safety. And following along this old wall, we approach as nearly as we may in the car the center of all the great interests of the Roman Catholic world, the Piazza of St. Peter, with its splendid colonnades, and before us in the center rises the

largest church building in the world, and on the right that palace of power and mystery, the Vatican.

It matters little what may be one's religious opinions, I am confident that no man of thought can stand in that place indifferent to the sensations which the place awakens. It was another instance of the revival of a picture established in the mind by long association. Complaint is often made that from this point the majesty of the building, particularly of the great dome, into which Michelangelo put his inspiration, is lost, because the next architect so modified his plans, by carrying forward the façade, as to dwarf the greater thought. But I am not so sure, for now the dome, its foundations being hidden, seems to be suspended in the air, and yet so perfect are its proportions, so thoroughly well balanced, there is nothing unnatural in its position, but it blends as harmoniously with the sky as the drift of a cloud.

We crossed the Piazza, approaching the steps, up which the great as well as the small have crept on bended knees, with no small degree of wonder if not of reverence. The thing is so great, to have been made by man, — the ant and the ant hill are outdone. For nearly two thousand years these little insect men have

been building and tearing down, and building again, all the time trying to fix a thought with the solidity and endurance of stone, each generation bringing its contribution of a grain of sand, which the next generation weighed in the balance, and if found wanting it was cast away, and thus with the patience of centuries this pile was builded. To me it is not beautiful, excepting in some details, but it is big, it is grand, it is majestic, it is glorious, it is thrilling. It is not a bit of music frozen into stone as is the cathedral at Cologne; it is the solidified cry of the multitudes of the teeming millions of earth.

We climbed the steps, not on our knees, to the vestibule, which itself is larger than some of the greatest churches, being two hundred and thirty-five feet long, sixty feet high and forty-two feet wide. Here we were held up by a custodian who made us understand that we must leave our cameras before entering the building, and that he would take care of them for twenty centesimi, and thus unarmed, we passed through the doors of St. Peter's. I am not presumptuous enough to attempt a description even of my own impressions. One needs to stand still at the entrance for several hours and let his eyes adjust themselves to

new measurements, else he will misjudge everything. And after he feels that he has thus adjusted himself, and moves to a new and better point of view, he will realize that he must begin all over again. The extended nave has eclipsed the splendor of the dome from that point, but really it is better so, for such majesty needs to be approached gradually, and as one passes up the long nave the dome seems to open, spread out and soar into such vast proportions as to be unreal. And the mind must be forced by some specific figures and commonplace analogies before it can sense the scale on which everything is built. Just where the curve of the dome begins there is a latin inscription done in mosaic, and the letters appear the normal size, but we look at our book and discover that each letter is but a fraction less than five feet high. And then there are some medallions showing the Apostles, and they do not appear at all out of proportion, and yet we read that the pen in the hand of St. Luke is seven feet long, and we can figure out that if we were near enough we should discover that the figure of the man himself must be nearly forty feet in height. We have come up out of the world of ordinary people and are dealing with giants. We must fix new standards on

which to base our judgment. We must see through new eyes. And this is the reason why there are so many opinions about St. Peter's; we cannot all make new eyes alike in the brief time we have for the making. It is like a half dozen people guessing at the apparent diameter of the moon and no two agreeing, and yet the moon itself is not changeable.

We lingered about the high altar gazing down into the alleged tomb of St. Peter, and up into the real inspiration of Angelo, studying so far as we could the marvelous monuments and mosaics which the ages have deposited here, and wondered more and more at the strange contradictions in the development of Christianity.

More than fifty millions of dollars was here expended in housing and adorning the religion of Him who had not where to lay his head; much the larger part of it used in exploiting and perpetuating the greed and selfishness and vain-glory of those whose pretense was the service of the humble Nazarene. All for Christ, and yet is the Christ so hedged about and masked by those who should reveal him that none may find him in this wondrous place. This gateway to him is blocked and choked with art, and music, and gold, and silver, and precious stones,

till not one may enter to touch the hem of his garment. This gateway through which he should go out to bear the words of life to starving souls is but the locked and barred door of his prison, shutting him from those to whom he came to minister. He came to give, in the three short years of his ministry, out of the nothing he possessed, a world-full of benevolence and hope and cheer and happiness to the children of his Father. This his church through the centuries has lived but to grasp and get for its own aggrandizement from these same children, the blood of their body, the thought of their brain and the inspiration and hope of their immortal souls, and strew a land with pitiful wrecks of humanity.

We stopped for a few moments at the Choir Chapel, in which the daily service was going on, to find a group of priests alone participating, and it was our experience in other churches in other cities of Italy that the indifference to church attendance in Protestant America but faintly reflects the conditions which obtain in Roman Catholic Italy. There the Church has yet an appeal, but has lost its command, save over those whose minds it has shadowed. And still they are religious people; the yearning they do not understand, of a soul they do not

know, they would respond to, and the habits of forms of devotion ingrained through generations are not to be broken.

We watched a father with his little child approach the great bronze statue of St. Peter, and, curious anomaly of the influence of modern training, we saw him carefully wipe the bronze toe of the statue, which has been nearly worn off by the kisses of the faithful, with the dirty sleeve of his jacket, and then lift the child that she might bestow her worshipful salute.

It almost seemed we were alone, the place is so vast, and yet within its walls and the more closely guarded walls of the adjoining palace of the Vatican, there was a whole world living by itself, apart from our world. They knew not our world; perhaps we did not know theirs. Who can tell? We all wall ourselves in more or less, we all wall others out. Perhaps some day the walls of separation will all be broken down, and we shall know each other and shall know the truth.



CHAPTER XXVI

ROUND ABOUT ROME

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FAMOUS



IT was with a keen appreciation of the persecutions the early Christians had endured within the arena of the Colosseum that the "Angels" entered that historic place. The rush of the wild beasts upon their victims, which for the Christians served as an initiation into the noble order of martyrs and as a popular entertainment to the multitudes upon the "bleachers," was hardly more fierce than the rush of the guides and post-card venders upon our little group of timid sight-seers. And we had no thunders of applause to inspirit us. If one must be a martyr there is surely some compensation in such a fine dramatic setting. Mostly we spend our lives trying to get into the spot light on the center of the stage; there is a disposition on the part of some to be willing to sacrifice friends, reputation and even life itself — if it does not hurt too much — to command attention. Certainly there is a buoyant quality to

the spectacular which is to be reckoned in the account. And so it has occurred to me that the real martyrs of humanity's history are not those whose story we can read, but the great army of unseen and unknown who have fought out their battles alone and in the dark, going down through suffering to death in solitude and silence. Almost any of us, though craven by nature, would put up something of a fight against a bloodthirsty tiger if there were sixty thousand people looking at us. I fancy there will be some revelations sometime in the great hereafter, when things are seen as they are, and we shall discover that heroism was no more in the heart of the man leading an army on the field of battle than in the heart of the woman at home waiting for the return of "the hero"; that she whose heart was being eaten out by some great grief and she who had been exiled into obscurity by her convictions of the truth were no less martyrs than those who were torn in pieces by lions in the Colosseum. And yet, after our experience with guides and post-card venders, I am disposed to give those early Christians high rank among the heroic of earth.

It was the off season when we were there, tourists were not plentiful, and these modern

"wild beasts" were very hungry and very fierce. But we met their attacks with Yankee shrewdness, bought their cards at fifty per cent discount, and marched around the arena at the head of a procession of petitioners for our



THE COLOSSEUM.

bounty. And when we sat in the seats of the mighty, to witness the pageant which memory invoked, they formed a restless frame for the picture.

We did not visit the Colosseum by moonlight, as all other tourists seem to have done, chiefly because there was no moon in Rome on

our dates. It was sunlight, and sun heat too away up in the upper registers, which made us yearn for the shadow of a rock as in a thirsty land, and wonder at the endurance of those who participated in the strenuous games of the long ago. Though the place did appeal to us as, in a way, ideal for a baseball or football contest, having a capacity equal even to the demands of a Harvard-Yale battle, we doubted the staying power of even the most hardened American "fan" under that burning sun. Perhaps the intensity of the heat had something to do with the intensity of the game, for there has been considerable of a change in the course of the centuries. Now on great occasions, as the opening of the season, the Mayor of the city, or the Governor of the State, or even the President of the Union, tosses a ball to the players, in faint imitation of the time when the Roman Emperor, in merry mood, figuratively speaking, tossed a human victim to the tiger.

We Americans who are more or less apprehensive that the tide in our own country which is setting so strongly towards sport as the chief end of man, have but to read a prophecy in the story of Rome to find reason for the apprehension. The thought which controlled Rome

at the time of the building of the Colosseum was, "Keep the people amused and you can do anything with them." And this wonderful place was opened something over eighteen hundred years ago with an entertainment lasting one hundred days, during which ten thousand animals were slain, and Titus thus "made himself good" with his constituency. The counterpart of this with us is the ward boss, who may not slay ten thousand animals, but once a year he opens as many kegs of beer as are necessary to accomplish proportionately the same result. We are building larger and larger arenas for pleasure, under the delusion that recreation is better than creation, and that as long as people laugh they are happy. But Rome laughed her way to her decline and fall.

The Colosseum is a distinct satisfaction to the eye; few of the creations of man exceed it in size, and its perfect proportions make it majestic. It is over a third of a mile around it, and though it is but the ruin of its former splendor, enough of it remains most clearly to suggest the glory that was. Through fine arches and arcades we possess the place; we can enter the arena where the titanic sports took place, or climb to the seats of the spectators. And we are led to marvel at the skill

of the builders, for the centuries have but solidified their work until it seems like one great gray stone hewn into shape. And all this was done at the command of a robber ruler, one who sent his armies out to waste other lands and bring home their riches to build a monument for himself. At his command thousands sprang to fight, to die, and all for what? The fighters of those olden days did not know, and we have not yet solved the riddle why men fight each other at the command of another. It does not matter whether it is in the arena of the Colosseum or on the field of battle; it does not matter whether it was in ancient Rome or in modern Europe. As we sat there looking down into that old arena there seemed to come forth two accoutered for battle; they bowed to the royal balcony, and then fell to destroying each other. For what? And when one was dead the other bowed again to his master, and awaited his turn to become the next victim. It is not so very different in the whole scheme of war. Some one commands, it may be a king, or a president, or the newspapers, it does not matter; the foolish men shout and begin to kill each other, and perhaps some one gets a laurel wreath; but the ruler gets the crown, the women and the children

the tears, and ultimately the country gets the penalty.

I suppose that when Titus opened this great place of amusement in the year 72, and realized that it was the supreme achievement of man up to that time, he felt that he had fixed his fame



IN THE ARENA.

for all time, and yet, though the name had been written all over the place and carved deep in every stone, it would have little more significance to-day than any other five letters of the alphabet, for the personality back of the letters would have disappeared under the accumulations of the years, even as the arena of his

amphitheater has been turned into a cellar by the waste of the centuries.

On Palatine Hill one stands on the foundation of Rome and looks around and down upon more history than from any other point in the whole world. Here it was that Romulus, having killed his brother Remus, established the city 753 B.C. Here was the Temple of Jupiter, here the palace of the Cæsars; tradition says that here St. Paul was brought before Nero. From here we can look down on one side upon the Colosseum from which we have just come, upon the great Arch of Constantine honoring the man who made Christianity the religion of the State, and away through the valley between Mount Aventino and Mount Celio, to the Appian Way. On the other side, at our feet, is the Arch of Titus, and from this stretch away the wonders of the Roman Forum, at the other extreme of which rises the Arch of Septimius Severus and, intervening, such a group of historic ruins as no place on earth of equal area can ever dream of possessing. It is an experience to be coveted to be thus in touch with the past, and for the mind that is open and the imagination that is unfettered there are treasures nowhere else to be disclosed. One thousand, two thousand, twenty-five hundred years

make little difference in that which is elemental in human nature. Men loved and hated then as now; they gambled with fame and fortune even as they do to-day. And after all, they got what food they wanted to eat, what clothes they cared to wear, and such houses as they desired to live in, and then fought over the extras. And that is about what we do.

We were in the Forum. Two "Angels" were resting amid the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux. Two more "Angels" were standing in the ruined Basilica Julia, and one of them, an "Angel" of the ministerial persuasion, was in deep discussion with an Italian of the baser sort, who evidently had some complaint to make about the presence of foreigners in that sacred place. Now, when one is tired, I do not know of anything more restful than witnessing a discussion between an American and an Italian neither of whom can understand a word the other says, and I recall this scene as one of the peculiarly bright spots in a summer which was one continued story of good times. When the Italian came upon the unsuspecting "Angels," he delivered an address which, so far as the American mind could grasp it, appeared to be one of Cicero's philippics against Mark Antony; anyway, from the gestures, it appeared

that it was desirable that the Americans were to get out. To this the ministerial "Angel" replied in a few well-chosen words, indicating his determination to stay there just as long as he chose to do so, having paid the necessary fee. The Italian then delivered another oration, accompanied by a pantomime which might mean anything or nothing, but giving the general impression that he was getting mad and that something was about to happen. At this point the "Angel" resting in the temple of Castor and Pollux offered the suggestion that the other "Angel" try one of his old sermons on the enemy as a fit weapon to pit against his classic eloquence. As a desperate man resorting to desperate means, the harassed but doughty ministerial "Angel" passed his hand across his massive brow to revive his memory and clarify his thought, and then with his best pulpit manner and preaching voice he began a sermon which was good for at least thirty-five minutes, and I took off my hat to be ready to take the collection as soon as he had finished, but before he had got half through the introduction the Italian was on the run up the slope towards the entrance and, so far as we know, is running yet. And I don't blame him.

After this encounter we wandered over towards the Temple of Concord, thinking to soothe our minds by the suggestions of the place, only to run up against a very curious, not to say distracting, memory. When coming through London I had been made the victim of one of the raids in the interests of "Votes for Women," and had hardly recovered my poise of mind on this most modern question when my attention was called to the fact that in this same Forum, in the year 160 B.C., or somewhere in that vicinity of years, one Cato, an emperor or dictator, arose to make a speech in opposition to a petition of the women, in which he said that the men ought to assert their authority over their wives, whose behavior was so shocking that he felt an emotion of shame when he was coming through the throng of women in the Forum. It was a deplorable fact, he said, that they were no longer willing to sit attentively and listen to the eloquence of their husbands and brothers, but were so degenerate as actually to solicit votes of the consuls and magistrates in favor of themselves. Perhaps Brother Cato thought he had settled that question once and for all time, two thousand and sixty years ago, but after all this time we have come to know that

no question is ever settled until it is settled right.

Between the Temple of Antoninus Pius and the Temple of Romulus there are excavations being made, and away down below the foundations of the oldest they have found some tombs,



TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS.

which probably belonged to the ancient Latins, antedating Romulus. From these they have brought out a good many skulls in a very fair state of preservation, and they are set up on a ledge of the old temple wall, just as the modern housewife places her pet dishes around the wall of her dining-room. The skulls interested me

tremendously, for in all probability they once carried the brains of the rulers and leaders of those days. And as I paused before a row of them I seemed to see a marked resemblance to some of the leaders of to-day, and I am positive that in some of the features I recognized a Roosevelt, a Bryan, a Champ Clark and an Uncle Joe.

We spent a good deal of time in the Forum, and yet not nearly enough to satisfy. Every step revealed new wonders, and it was easy with the remnants of our Roman history, and an agile imagination, to rebuild the ruins into something of their former splendor. Seated on a fragment of the Temple of Saturn, in the shadow of one of the Ionic columns still remaining after its twenty-four hundred years of existence, it is possible to witness in the mind's eye a most remarkable procession of historic characters passing back and forth through this market place of ancient Rome, and to hear with the ear of fancy those orations which have fixed the standards of classic literature.

There are other things in the Forum besides heroic memories. Every few steps there are holes of varying size, but slightly protected, in some instances, by fragile wooden fences. These are the excavations being made in search

for more knowledge, and while we commend the object, it is well to have a care lest, by a misstep, we are plunged into the Pool of Juturna where the gods are said to have watered their horses. I was impressed with the lack of life in the old place; though it is in the midst of a great city, a silence broods here unbroken. And so it was that I was intensely surprised, while sitting on a bit of antiquity, to hear the chirp of an unknown bird, and I looked eagerly about to locate the fair visitor. I saw no bird, but presently discovered that the shrill chirp came from a wretched lizard which was sunning itself and watching me. The instant it saw that I saw it, it flashed from sight, with a rapidity which would make a streak of lightning seem to be walking backward, right under the stone on which I sat. I did not care about that stone particularly; there were plenty of others equally good, and so I went right away. Of course the lizard was harmless, but he was the most dangerous-looking harmless creature I ever encountered, and really, it was time for us all to go back to the hotel for dinner.

We started out one afternoon to see the Pantheon. We could not get an English-speaking driver, and so we had the clerk arrange carefully with the driver that we were to be

taken directly there; that was all we wanted to see. We had a vague notion of its location upon the map, but paid no heed to where we were going until we brought up at the Colosseum, and the driver, with an expression of rapture on his face, waved his hand towards the great theater and shouted, "Ze Colosseum!" I shook my head and explained slowly and distinctly that we wanted to go to the Pantheon, and he drove on. Presently we found ourselves in familiar surroundings near the entrance of the Forum, and our driver, again in rapture, waving his hand and proclaiming, "Foro Romano!" Again I shook my head and explained that our one desire was to see the Pantheon. He next landed us at the National Gallery, when I nearly dislocated my head in indicating that he had made a mistake, and once more pronounced with great care the word "Pantheon." Each time the fellow seemed to comprehend, but he took us to churches, and fountains, and statues, and would have carried us again to St. Peter's had I not threatened him fiercely, and then finally, just a few moments before it closed, he brought us to the Pantheon, and pointed it out as if it were a new discovery and it was just a happy thought of his by which we happened there. We had an argu-

ment over the fare, but as I had all the money I had the best of the argument. I paid him, and left him saying some things which sounded much better in Italian than in American.

We wanted to get into the Pantheon because it is the oldest building along the whole course of our tour. It was founded away back before the beginning of the Christian era, and is supposed to have been designed for baths, but later it became a temple of Jupiter, afterwards was dedicated to the Virgin, and now is the resting place for a few of the most distinguished of Italy's dead. It is of vast size, being nearly two hundred feet in diameter, and is lighted entirely through a great hole in the center of the dome. There is nothing beautiful about it, but it is interesting as a connection with the past, and with that peculiar past when the Romans seemed to take more interest in baths than they do at present. There are the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, larger even than the Colosseum, and the Baths of Diocletian, but their glory has departed, and in observing some of the people it appears that the practice of bathing has departed with the glory of the baths.

CHAPTER XXVII

NAPLES THE BEAUTIFUL

WHERE WEEDS AND FLOWERS GROW FROM THE
SAME DIRT



THE journey from Rome to Naples is not unlike that from Florence to Rome in point of scenery, but seems to lack the distinctive historic points. Probably there was just as much history made south of the Eternal City as north, but history which grips you is biographic. The individual and not the mass, the single tree which rises above the forest rather than the forest, is what we see and remember. The altogether charming walled towns are all along the way, clinging to the side, or perched upon the top of the mountains, and are so luring that I have pledged myself, if ever I go to Italy again, to know thoroughly the life within those walls. I do not believe we ever really know a country until we get away from the artificiality of the big cities and get close to the rural life. Italy is rich in art, but what are all her galleries compared to the living pictures, when real

models pose in real settings, both by nature and by inheritance artistic, and having the added charm of the capricious? Italy's art hides Italy's nature; Italy's glory masks Italy's beauty. Sometime we may get away from the achievements to those who achieved. Some day we shall find the real Italy and the real Italian, off the beaten track, up the little canyons among the Alban hills, or within the walls of unexplored cities. To one not addicted to wine, what can be more picturesque than the mad revel of the wine making, when boys and girls and men and women with clothes of many colors and much dirt, dance and sing about the vat, in which others tread out the juice with their bare feet? I remember the making of cigars down on the west coast of Central America, where the Indians sat around in a circle on the dirt floor of their huts and rolled the cigars on their bare legs. And I brought home a box, and though that was many years ago, and I have offered them to many friends while telling the story of their making, not one has ever been smoked. I am wondering now if I should not have brought home a bottle of Italian wine — in the interest of temperance.

Naples is Italy to the average American. That is, as most of our immigrants are from

the south of Italy, and from the lower strata of society, we judge the country by them, and over here we find literally the nest and breeding place of these people in the city of Naples. And yet what could be more unjust than to judge the city by them? They do occupy several sections, and they are very large sections, but Naples is a very large city, larger than Boston, and we might as well judge Boston by her slums as Naples by her "old town," down near the Porta del Carmine. And yet the two cities are not comparable. In Boston the division line is sharply drawn between the geographical sections in which different grades of life are located, while in Naples, a garden spot for humanity, the weeds and the flowers grow in the same dirt.

We spent some time driving through what would be called the slum district, and it was about as wretched as anything I ever saw. Here were whole blocks of buildings in various stages of decay, which were simply hives swarming with human beings spreading out into the street until it was with difficulty one could pass; all sorts of trading were going on and every form of petty industry. The confusion and commotion of voices were almost beyond endurance; the fronts of the buildings were as

dirty as the street itself; the heat and the odors were almost sickening; and yet right in the center of one of these slum tenement houses, as we should call them, would be a great arched doorway, sometimes with the huge doors closed, but more often with them open, and through the opening would be revealed the most exquisite grounds and a magnificent palace, the residence of the owner of the awful hive of filth and depravity which formed the front wall of his estate.

This condition of things is not confined to Naples; other cities of Italy have something the same custom, just adapted to their own peculiar conditions. In Venice the family which owns a palace and has met with financial reverses simply reserves to itself one floor, and turns the rest over to whosoever will pay the price, and within the walls of one building there may be represented every grade of society from the pauper to the prince. And here is the curious thing, that under these circumstances class distinctions are maintained, while in our country, where, nominally, we have no class distinctions, the city is hardly big enough to satisfy our exclusive spirit.

We found the real Neapolitan life in any one of many streets, for life is mostly on the street.

We saw the old age which an artist might like to picture because of its horror, when every grace of face and figure and mind had departed, yet struggling to continue life. Not two blocks from our hotel — and we were in the “better section” — was the dried-up fragment of an old woman who had set a little stand in the street, while she sat on the curb; on the stand were twelve stubs of half-smoked cigars, which she had picked up in the gutters, and she was trying to make a living by selling them. The artist who could reproduce that face on canvas would be counted a master, and some rich American would give thousands of dollars for the painting. But the original!

Sometimes there swung out across the pavement a group of laughing, shouting dancers, young people and children, and they seemed the very embodiment of southern Italy, thoughtless, care-free, a part of the sunshine in which they danced, and it was beautiful, in the same way a butterfly which flashes across your path is beautiful, but you do not care to touch it. I had always read of the rare beauty and grace of the Italian girl, and sometimes she is beautiful in her way; we can pick out features which are exquisite, and I doubt not she will average up pretty well with her sisters the world

over, but I was disappointed in her walk. It is said that because she has been brought up from childhood to carry burdens on her head, she is straight and carries herself with wonderful poise, whereas it seemed to me that her "poise," which very naturally came from the burden bearing, was almost a deformity. Her walk is not natural because it does not involve the whole body; it is as if two legs were carrying about a body which was being balanced on top of them and with which they had no vital connection. But then we cannot say much about women walking any more; what with shoes and skirts to hamper, our women are fast degenerating to the condition from which their Chinese sisters are seeking redemption.

But the children are pretty. The dirty little rascals and witches will get you every time with their big black eyes if you don't watch out. I stepped into a store to buy some trifle, and there on the counter was a baby boy not more than two years old. His hair was in a glorious tangle and half obscured his face, but his eyes were shining through and they were just snapping with jolly good fellowship. He was sitting on the counter with his legs spread wide apart; between them stood a big tumbler of red wine, and he had some sticks of bread,

such as we used to dip into sirup, and he was sopping them in the wine and, as he thought, having the best dinner ever. I think I could have bought him for five lira, but was afraid I could not get him through the customs when I got home.

It seems to be a part of the nature of the Latin races to gamble, and never have I seen a people so infatuated with the lottery since, a good many years ago, before the United States had laid her hand upon the Isthmus, I watched little children selling lottery tickets in the streets of Panama. Our new country outgrew this form of evil long ago, while Italy, with her older "civilization," not only permits but encourages the crime. The government is conscientious in its support, claiming that it is but a form of tax which is more agreeable to the people than making a direct levy, and that as the people will gamble anyway, it is better for the government to take their money and make good use of it than to lose it to others. They have something of a "case" against us in America, where the government, itself too good to gamble, allows the stock broker and the mining promoter to "do" the easy victim.

There are more than three hundred and fifty churches in Naples, some of them beautiful,

some interesting, and more which are neither. We in America get a wrong notion of church architecture in Europe. We see the pictures of a few of the many, and because of their peculiar grace of design or historic association they appeal to us tremendously, and we jump to the conclusion that all churches abroad are beautiful and interesting, when the fact is that those we see in pictures are selected out of a great mass because they are beautiful, because they are different from the rest. There are proportionately quite as many unattractive and uninteresting churches in any country of Europe as there are in America. There are church buildings right here in the great city of Naples which, if they were located in America and were used as stables, would be torn down by order of the Board of Health. And if an artist were to go through our own country and select certain conspicuous church buildings and reproduce them in pictures, employing every artistic accessory, and display them in a foreign country as representative of America, we should command a reasonable respect, at least until some of our own people who have never seen their own country, discredit it in the eyes of others.

In the matter of decoration we must acknowledge that the European church is differ-

ent from ours. Those people came at religion from a different point of view and so they call out a different form of expression, and when able to secure it, have invoked the aid of the greatest artists, so that it is possible to find even in indifferent buildings works of the greatest perfection; and people visit churches, not always to worship, but to see the pictures, just as they go to the National Gallery.

The National Museum at Naples, besides its treasures of art, which place it in the rank of some of the best of the land, has a peculiar interest in being the depository of many of the relics recovered from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and for those who cannot visit the ruins of these ancient cities the museum furnishes a very satisfactory substitute. Besides the museum there are collections of art in some of the many palaces open to the public, and in the University, the Botanic Gardens, the Aquarium, and many institutions of charity we find the higher and better side of Neapolitan life. And here we fall to wondering, as we have wondered all through Italy, at the wide contrasts which are constantly being forced upon our attention. The thing we associate only with the highest culture, and particularly with literary culture, comes to consummate perfection in a land with-

out culture according to our definition. And I am wondering if with our artificial culture which we are carrying to extremes all the way up from our primary schools through society and the church, we have not destroyed in no small measure that natural culture which is the product of the unhampered human soul.

We found driving an exhilarating pastime in Naples. There is not a moment of monotony along the way. The horse is always almost on the run, and as we were whisked around a corner it was like a transformation scene on the stage, for we passed from poverty to prosperity and back again to poverty in the length of a block, or pausing anywhere, the democracy of the street and the exclusiveness of rank were sure to come within the range of vision.

But, after all, Naples the Beautiful retains her name not so much because of what is inside the city as of what is without. As a whole, the city itself is not beautiful, but nowhere in the whole world can there be found such a setting for a municipal jewel. The Bay of Naples is all that artists have painted and poets have sung, and back of the city rises that inexhaustible marvel, Vesuvius, ever dear to the Neapolitan, because with it there is ever the chance he loves, to gamble, and the stakes are life and death.

CHAPTER XXVIII

UP VESUVIUS

THE ANGELS AGAIN SEEK THE HEIGHTS TO LOOK INTO THE DEPTHS



THE temptation of the child to pat the sleeping lion is almost irresistible. Because we are all children we like to climb Vesuvius. As long as the lion is asleep there is no danger, but the trouble is, he does not always wait for the breakfast bell before he wakens; he is apt to be sudden and spasmodic, to be governed by no time schedule, and so there is introduced a certain element of chance which appeals to the gambling as well as the gamboling instinct. Something over eighteen hundred years ago this great lion of a mountain on the shore of the Bay of Naples was sleeping sweetly, as he had been from all time, so far as any records show. He was very cozy and attractive and a lot of little child-cities cuddled up close and were very happy. They stayed there so long that some of them grew very big, and they never thought of any danger; nothing had happened,

therefore nothing would happen, was the way they reasoned, and then all of a sudden something did happen. The great beast woke up, and roared and stretched himself, and reached out two great paws and put them down on the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and it was sixteen hundred years before those cities again saw the light of day. But the old lion turned himself and went to sleep again. It would seem that even children would learn their lesson sometime; but so soon do we forget, and it was only a few generations before other child-cities were creeping up nearer and nearer to the sleeping lion, confident he would never wake again, or taking the chance that it would not be in their time. But the old lion was restless, and all through the centuries he has been waking at intervals, and every time he rouses some one gets hurt. And yet the children of men continue to crowd upon him; they even climb upon his back, and wander all about him, going so far as to venture to look down his throat. That is what the "Angels" did — and they are still living to tell the story.

But we did not rush upon His Majesty with rude haste. There is a railroad from Naples to the foot of the mountain, the "Circumvesuviana," — the line is a little longer than its

name, — and another from Pugliano to the foot of the cone, and another, in process of construction when we were there, to the crater. Being wisely advised, we drove from Naples to Pugliano, and as the morning was charming and the temperature delightful, we enjoyed every foot of the way. We realized something



ON THE ROAD TO VESUVIUS.

of the size of the city of Naples before we got out of it, and were given an opportunity to see certain sections and certain phases of life which would never come in the way of the conventional sight-seeing trip, but rejoiced exceedingly when, outside of the city limits, we began to twist and turn through the serpentine roads, with their lava walls, over which and through the gateways in which we could see and enjoy

the beautiful gardens which foamed over the walls in their luxuriance. We might not sit, but at least we did literally drive under some other man's vine and fig tree.

Before we reached our destination, we felt that our mission was benevolent for whenever we passed a group of houses there were flocks of children who got no end of fun from the curious Americans. Just what there was peculiar about us I have not yet discovered, but we were different in some way, and so gave occasion for the youngsters to run at us and shout "Hi!" Perhaps they wanted centesimi. But I can remember back far enough to see a little group of barefoot American boys who shouted "Hi!" at almost anything which passed along the road, and I fancy it is so the world over, that boys must shout "Hi!" at something, out of the very exuberance of boy nature, and so it was a kindness to give them a chance to shout.

At Pugliano we had reason to thank the enterprise of Thomas Cook & Son for making the ascent of Vesuvius both easy and pleasant, for from this point the firm has built a fine electric and rack railway, so that even the most delicate can enjoy the glories of achieving the heights. A little more than halfway up they

have also built a good hotel, which in its own location and its addition to the comfort of the whole trip, is a decided contribution to the pleasure of tourists. We are not to suppose that Cook & Son have done this purely as a bit of benevolence, but they have put in hundreds of thousands of dollars as a business enterprise, they expect to make money, and deserve to, and yet every visitor will thank them for the great benefit which is incidental to their business success.

The first stage of the trip gives one but little sense of climbing a great mountain, for the grade is not heavy, and we are passing through a continuous vineyard or garden or orchard. This is the section where the grapes are grown for a famous Italian wine; here grow oranges, lemons, figs and olives, and there is a wilderness of roses and other flowering plants to give color to the scene, and it is only once in a while that we catch through the trees a glimpse of the smoking peak which is our goal. And yet we are already on a solid mass of old lava, the deposits of former eruptions. There is a curious quality of the lava which, pouring down the mountain at an eruption, is destructive of everything in its path, and yet after it has cooled for several years it begins to disin-

tegrate, and later forms a most fertile soil, peculiarly adapted to the vine. So that when a man's vineyard is swept away by the flow of lava it is not all loss, if he can relocate his "claim," for as soon as the lava hardens it becomes good building material, and later rejuvenates the land.

Mount Cateroni is a sort of by-peak of Vesuvius, which we have first to climb, and here was where the real ascent began. And as we were lifted up through ravines and carried along precipitous cliffs there began to unfold below a view of the country and the blue waters of the Bay of Naples, which was far more fascinating than the dull and gloomy mountain, from the top of which ever waved a plume of smoke and ashes. There is a pause for a few moments at "The Hermitage," as the hotel is called, and then we are quickly carried over the last stage, past the Royal Observatory, to the foot of the cone. This takes only about ten minutes, and yet in that brief time we have passed into a new world; every particle of vegetation has disappeared, and all about is a bare and desolate desert of lava and ashes. Here are some of the most wonderful formations. In places can still be seen the current of liquid rock which was sweeping along and

then was caught with the chill of the air and solidified into a motionless torrent, to endure until another sweeps over it and hides it, as others have hidden the ancient cities of the plain. Then there are the huge piles of black rubble, no man can tell how many hundreds of feet deep, which reminded me of some of the vast and desolate piles of black basalt rock which cumber the earth in the canyon of the Colorado in Arizona. The whole mountain is a gigantic contradiction. We often see in the kingdom of vegetation a clump of dead matter out of which there is pushing some form of ambitious life; but here is this mountain set in the midst of glowing life and thrusting up a pinnacle of death.

The cone seems to be about all ashes, and yet the ashes are held in place by the jagged teeth of the lava, but there are enough of them on the surface to make walking even more of an effort than plowing through a foot of snow among the New England hills. But from this point it was necessary to do some real climbing, as the funicular railway was not running. There were three ways of ascent, walking, horseback riding, or being borne in a chair upon the back of a man. The latter method did not appeal in the least to the "Angels," so

those who could secured horses, and the others walked, with a man to push them over the steepest places. It is really but a little distance to the crater, not more than a quarter of a mile, could one go direct, but that is quite impossible, and so the path winds and twists through several miles to take advantage of easy lifts. In itself the climb is uninteresting, for



VESUVIUS.

such constant care must be given to the footing, lest there be a slide into some chasm, that there is no possibility of seeing anything until the extreme edge of the crater is reached, and even here the greatest caution must be exercised, lest a false step precipitate one down either the inside or the outside.

But this was the point of achievement, and standing on the narrow path, with an officious guide, required by the government, watching every motion, and turning you quickly away

when a puff of sulphuric smoke is swept from the depths, there is the chance to look down towards the center of the earth, if not actually into it, and the better chance to look off over the surface of the whole round world which seems to lie below you. On the whole the crater is a good deal of a disappointment. Since the last eruption the cone appears to be the very perfection of a cone; it slopes up on the outside in perfect proportions, and it slopes down on the inside with almost equal perfection. It is impossible to measure the depth with the eye, though there was hardly any smoke to obscure the view; but it is a good deal deeper than one would care to fall, and there is sufficient mystery hiding in those depths to give one a sort of creepy feeling and early satisfy him with the conviction that he has had enough.

The real value of the ascent of Vesuvius to-day is in the really magnificent view which is revealed. Right at the foot of the mountain is the city of Resina, which is built on the lava bed which covers Herculaneum more than one hundred feet deep, and beyond, out in the plain, is Pompeii, from which the blanket of lava has been lifted, and all about are the newer cities which are just waiting their turn

to be sacrificed when the mountain shall again rouse from its nap to readjust its position. Beyond the cities and the green of vineyard and orchard lies the glory of this whole country, the Bay of Naples, the most exquisite bit of coloring, and from this distance there is not a shadow to mar its beauty. And then there is "Naples the Beautiful," and from here none may question the beauty, for all the squalor and distress are forgotten in the new city which is revealed, as fair a picture as the sunlight falls upon.

The only blots upon the ascent of Vesuvius are the governmental guide, whom every visitor is obliged to take, and the multitude of unofficial helpers who assail you with their appeals for employment and then with appeals for "a big tip." They beset you from every point; on the very summit they insist you shall buy wine, and all along the way they seek to get you into trying positions, from which they officiously extricate you, with the plea for a "bigger tip." They offer to sell you pieces of the thousands of acres of lava on which you are walking, and to bottle up the ashes for you to bring away, and no matter how much you give they want more. Alas, the only creatures really deserving of a tip were the horses, to which we could not give even a bunch of grass.

The descent is much more rapid than the ascent, but not less difficult and dangerous. The feet plunge deep into the ashes, and there is a constant sense of insecurity. The horses are wonderful in their ability to keep the path, which at times is very narrow, and seem to be most philosophical when a leg slips over the edge, by a sudden twist recovering themselves and moving on as if nothing had happened, and they must often bear the handicap of one or more people clinging to their tails.

We came down to "The Hermitage," where, after a good wash and a most thorough dusting, of which we were in desperate need, we enjoyed the excellent dinner, and then went out under the trees to look our fill of the ravishing scene, forgetting the death and desolation at our back, forgetting the weariness and the dirt, forgetting even the irritation of the guides, in fact, forgetting all of Europe, — for out there in the blue waters of the bay is the great White Star steamer, the *Canopic*, and *to-morrow we are going home.*

CHAPTER XXIX

THE RETURN FLIGHT

ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE ATLANTIC



WHEN the *Canopic* sailed away into the sunset, and up out of the blue waters of the bay slowly rose the city, to sink again a little later and softly blend with the shadowy line of the horizon, "Naples the Beautiful" was revealed. There are charming spots within it; from the heights it seems to nestle cozily in the curve of the shore line, but only from the sea is it to be seen at its best. And fortunate is he who from this point of view sees it as the rays of the declining sun are leveled across it and against the dark slopes of Vesuvius, and can hold the picture in his grasp until distance and darkness conspire to dissolve it. It is so truly a spectacle that it requires a conscious effort to force the mind to accept it as a reality. The color "scheme" is far beyond the power of man to assemble, it is on so vast a scale, and yet there is not a blur upon its harmony. The blue of the sea and the blue of the sky are laced

together with old golds and bronzed reds and held with tassels of olive greens, all shading into each other until none can tell where one ends and another begins. There is the level of the sea, then the zigzag line of buildings, next the billowing hills of vegetation, from which sweep up the splendid slopes of Vesuvius, from the cone of which waves the ever shifting banner of the unconquerable forces within the earth.

We clung to the rail until the last line of this glorious picture was lost in the gathering darkness, and then turned with a sigh of regret, which was quickly transformed to a thrill of joyous anticipations as we realized that after all our journeyings our faces were set towards home. We had been at the rail for hours, having thrown our luggage into the stateroom as soon as we came aboard. We picked as good a place as could be found, to watch the brilliant moving panorama of Neapolitan life as it centered about a departing ship. Besides the cabin passengers, the *Canopic* was to carry eight or nine hundred in the steerage, until we reached the Azores, when we were to add five or six hundred more. Some of these emigrants had come aboard at Genoa, but the most of them climbed up the gang-plank while we were

watching at Naples, and they were accompanied, as far as the law would allow, by the rest of the population. There was much weeping and wailing at the partings, but no indication of mourning in the raiment worn, for the dock was a veritable wild garden of color. Great care was being exercised that no one violating the health laws should get away; the medical officer of the ship and another representing the Italian government examined every passenger, and repeated the examination at least three times before the voyage was completed. Though we seldom saw these people, save when they were marshaled for counting, when we landed at Boston, we turned through the gates into future citizenship fifteen hundred men, women and children who, with nothing but their hands and a great faith in the land of freedom and opportunity, would work out their own salvation. Before many years some of them would come sailing back in the first cabin to live lives of ease and luxury in their own sunny Italy, but of the great majority only the grandchildren would return, and yet it was worth the effort and the sacrifice and the risk.

There was one group not sailing with us, the members of which held our close attention and

captured all our remaining Italian money. These were the boys who swim about the ship while she is lying at the dock and dive for coins which are thrown into the water. They are all good swimmers and the slickest divers I ever saw. A coin will strike the water fifteen feet from the head that is bobbing about; instantly there is a rush, then a curving of the body, and the boy disappears beneath the surface without a splash, to reappear after an agonizingly long time holding in his hand the coin, which he immediately transfers to his mouth. This is continued until his cheeks bulge like those of a chipmunk when the nuts are ripe. There seems no such thing as tiring these amphibious urchins, and nothing can discourage them. While the blue water of the Bay of Naples is worthy of the songs it has inspired, the term does not refer to that portion in the immediate vicinity of the dock. There the refuse of the city seems to accumulate, a good deal of it being on the surface, and through this these boys must often dive for their coins. But I did not see a diver fail to get what he went after, unless another boy got there first. All this was fun for the passengers and not less for the boys, though it was strenuous work with the spice of sharp competition and just a little

dash of danger. And yet these boys are of the people who will not work along steady, legitimate lines where the same energy would command large returns, but will spend two or three hours in the water on the chance of winning less than ten cents of our money. If we could get at elemental motives, I fancy we should find that very few things, whether they be big or little, are done for money only.

The morning after leaving Naples we were off the island of Sardinia. The name was familiar; in my schoolboy days I could have located it upon the map, but it had no significance, it was simply an island, and in my mind, and on the map, it was a very small affair. But for hours we were sailing along under its bold shores, and the day was waning when it sank below the horizon. I looked up Sardinia and discovered that this little, insignificant island out in the Mediterranean was almost as big as the state of Massachusetts and that a million of people inhabit it; that it was no different from the rest of the world; that there were industries, railroads, schools and all things that go to make up what we call modern civilization. And yet it is not at all improbable that there are those on the island, and among the more enlightened too, who never heard of the

state of Massachusetts, excepting possibly as a suburb of Boston. Just across a narrow strait from Sardinia is another island, not half as big, and yet when you want to locate Sardinia you say it is south of Corsica, just because out of Corsica came a man who changed the map of Europe and shook the thrones of the world. All of which leads to the observation that on this earth no place is big and none is small, and the dream of redeeming a world by environment reverses the verdict of history.

We never fully realize how tired we are until we begin to get rested. It was only when lying in a steamer chair through the long, lazy hours when we were sailing over the sunlit Mediterranean, that I sensed the struggle through which we had passed in trying to "do" Europe in two months. We had accomplished a good deal and were going home with bodies reinvigorated, minds recharged and souls inspired, and yet how much we had missed! And perhaps it was the weariness which turned my thought in that direction, and made me almost afraid to go home, because I knew that as soon as I stepped my foot on my native land I should meet that self-appointed regulator of human affairs who would hold me up for what

I did not see. And my weary fancy conceived something like this:

"So you have been to Europe; I suppose you saw Berlin?"

"Yes."

"And of course you saw Cologne?"

"Yes."

"You certainly spent some time in Amsterdam?"

"Yes."

"And you were at The Hague?"

"Yes."

"And Munich, you saw Munich, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"But didn't you find Prague most interesting?"

"I did not visit Prague."

"What! did not visit Prague? Why, no one should go to Europe without visiting Prague. That is too bad; you missed the best of all; it seems such a shame that you should have wasted your time in those other places and not seen Prague! Now, let me tell you, when I was in Prague I—" etc.

But presently the lazy hours got in their work and with rested body and refreshed mind I began to be glad that there were a few things we had not seen. It hardly seems fair to ex-

haust poor old Europe in one trip; we want to leave something to see next time. There was that eminent old general, Alexander, who was brought to tears because there were no other worlds to conquer, and he brought his sorrow on himself; he should have economized on worlds and then they would have lasted longer. But we are all in a class with him; we exhaust the sources of our pleasure, our hope, our ambition or our love, and there is nothing left but tears. There is nothing more pitiful in the world than the young man returning from his trip abroad entirely surfeited, having seen everything; with no possibility of a new and fresh sensation, his own conceit denies him even the consolation of tears. So far as the delight of a surprise can contribute to life he is dead, and there stretches away before him a weary desert of years which hold for him nothing but burial.

Of course there were a good many wonderful and beautiful things which we did not see, but we are generous enough to allow privileges to others, and we hope sometime to visit Europe again, if not during the period of this life, then when we are real angels, freed from the restraints of the flesh, and time and distance cease to be factors we must consider; we shall then

want to find there something new. I am tired of worshipping the god of discontent who answers my prayers only with further dissatisfaction. Perhaps we have only skimmed Europe in this flight through a summer, but though it be so, what we did get was the cream. And in the story I am telling I might have stopped anywhere along the way and written my fill of the serious and weightier matters of life. But this was a flight and not a plodding, and in passing I have tried to catch some of the beautiful and significant things and bring them back for those who did not go. Would that I had brought more. But at least I am assured that I have made no pretense of bringing anything else than what I have brought, — a bit of sunshine out of our summer.

Our ship was a new world to us; our own special party of American "Angels" was scattered. While we were sailing from Naples a large number were out on the North Sea, on the Red Star liner, bound for Boston, and another large party was just coming out of Hungary. On the *Canopic* my lot was cast in a stateroom with a Disciple minister and a Roman Catholic priest, both returning from Palestine to their homes in the central West, and we found the companionship most agreeable.

There were a large party of student tourists who had been "doing" Greece, a group of opera singers, and another of actors. There was "Pepete," the Spanish bullfighter, on his way to Mexico to pursue his profession in which he proudly boasted he was making sixty thousand dollars a year, — which is rather better than a minister gets for preaching the Gospel. Then there was the Italian "Duc," who was coming to our country to marry his third American wife. Besides these of somewhat peculiar interest, there were many charming people who were inconspicuously just living out their lives along the lines of simplicity and truth, who like ourselves had just taken a flight abroad for rest and inspiration and now returning, counted these Mediterranean hours palaces of memory through whose courts and galleries they strayed at will.

After leaving Sardinia the first land we picked up was the coast of Spain south from Cartagena, and this we followed, just far enough away to be tantalizing, until we came in sight of Gibraltar, which was still more tantalizing. For though we watched the mighty fortress rise like a shadow from the water, as it was transformed from shadow to substance and then sink away again below a new horizon which

we were leaving, we could not stop, and all intimacies with the curiosities and beauties which cluster about the big British rock were denied us.

And yet we had seen Gibraltar, and over on the other side of the strait were the mountains of northern Africa. We were passing through



GIBRALTAR.

the gates of what was in ancient times looked upon as the "western boundary of the world," but to us the threshold of greater worlds than were ever dreamed of in those olden days. But seeing only a passing glimpse, the glimpse worked a magic in opening doors in the solid rock through which we entered to stroll at will through the mysteries which are denied to those who really knock at the door. It really takes

very little to connect us with great places, events or men, if we know how to make the most of our opportunities. I know a man whose wife has a cousin who is the valet of a millionaire man who has a wife who goes to the opera in a décolleté gown, and the man I know poses as an authority on social questions. I have seen Gibraltar, and henceforth no one need be surprised to see me sitting in the seat of the wise whenever arise international complications which by any chance may involve this key to the Mediterranean. And I claim to have some right to a seat among the wise, for the fact that I saw the "Big Rock" for a few rich hours led me to post up on its whole history, from the time, hundreds of years before the Christian era, when it belonged to the Arabs and was known as Mount of Tarik, — Mr. Tarik being the boss of his ward at that time, — down through the reign of Moors, Spanish, English, Spanish again, English and Dutch, and finally English, who have it fixed, so far as we can see, for all time. But I am not going to burden this final chapter with history which any one can read, though few will read, for I have my eye on another island out in the Atlantic, where the ship is scheduled to stop to allow us to pick oranges.

It is my sincere prayer that when this particular group of "Angels" enters the harbor which indents the eternal shores better luck may await us than was ours at the Azores. We knew there were reports of cholera in Italy when we were there, but it all seemed to be over on the eastern coast; it appears, however, that the day after we sailed it was officially recognized in Naples, and Naples was quarantined. The news was sent by cable, which travels faster than our ship, and so when we sailed into the harbor at the Azores in the early morning and were preparing to land we discovered that the yellow flag had been hoisted on the *Canopic* and round about us were a number of boats in each of which there was a very small army officer, with a very large sword and a very fierce cigar, and we were quarantined. Now just suppose something of that kind should happen when the "Angels" enter the harbor of heavenly rest! Suppose some wretch knowing something which may or may not be true about us should cable ahead, and instead of the cordial welcome we expect, even if we do not deserve, we get the yellow flag. And it may be we shall have to lie off there in the sight of the promised land for several hundred years, more or less, until the quarantine is

lifted. Perhaps that will be worse than it was with us through the long day when we idly rocked on the light swell from the ocean, and looked longingly out at the green fields and cozy-looking gardens, and saw in our mind's eye the curious life which was throbbing in the heart of the little town, which lay so sleepily under the sun, — but it did not seem so to us then.

We had made a good many plans other than that of eating oranges. A native of the islands had told us about a very charming drive which we could take, and we had looked forward with happy anticipation, until he told us that it would probably cost us fifteen hundred reis per hour for the carriage carrying four and that we should need it about three hours. This rather staggered us, for we were coming home from Europe and cash was at a premium; but he relieved our minds by translating the fifteen hundred reis into one dollar and a half, and we were ready to plunge, but alas, there was that yellow flag! We had to content ourselves with a distant sight of the land, an eager and satisfying taste of the fresh oranges which came on board, and with watching the hundreds of coming American citizens who were poured into the steerage from boats loaded to the rail. And

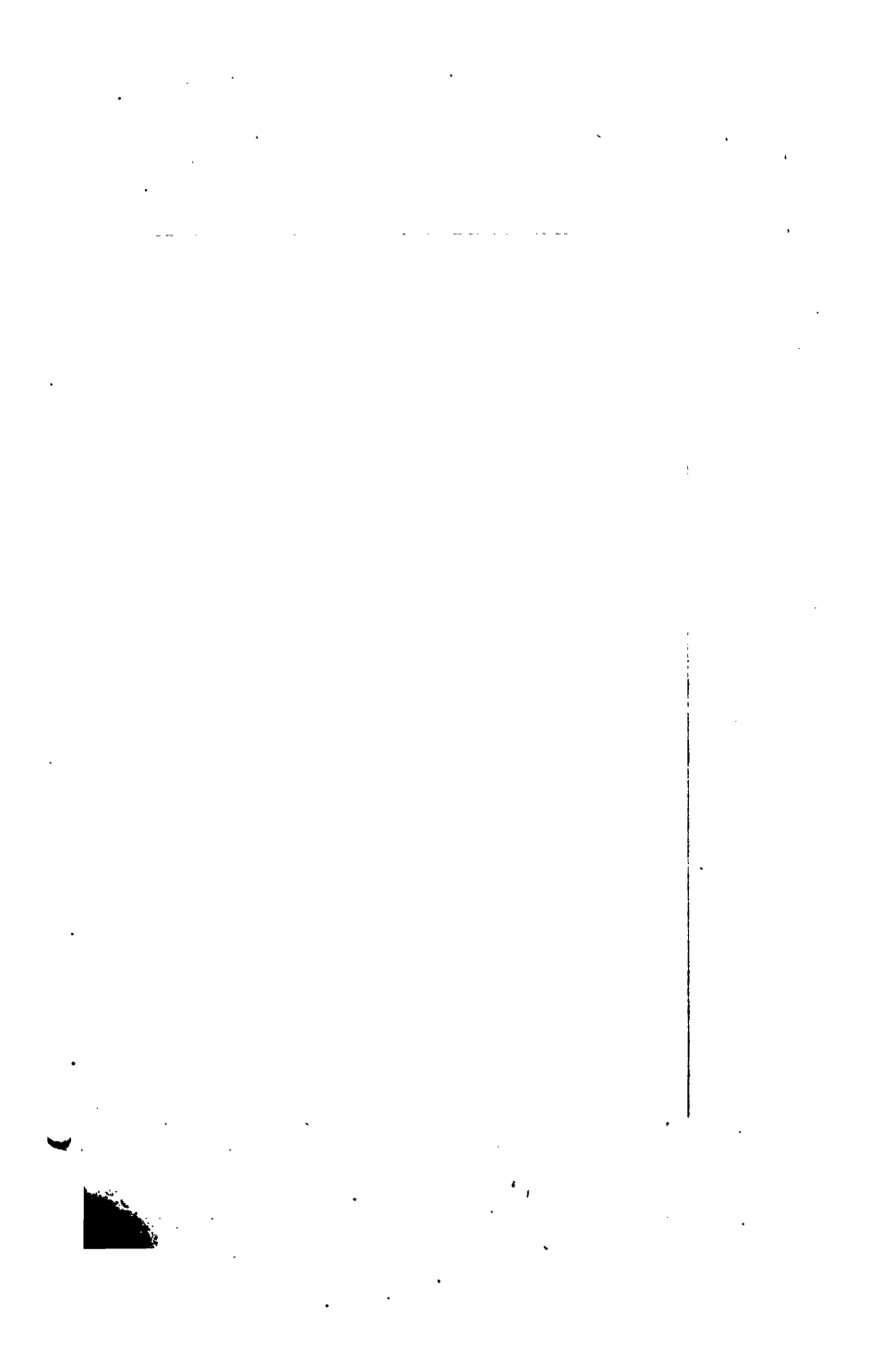
then just before the time of sailing, a Portuguese warship came into the harbor, and right alongside of us fired a salute of a whole lot of guns to the governor, and then swept on up to the dock where we could not go. The whole thing was like a bit of opera bouffe, for the sound of the guns was so very big and the warship was so very small. But we were good-natured and did not run her down with the big *Canopic*, but took her salute as a kindly farewell, and sailed away on the last lap towards home.

It was a commonplace voyage across the Atlantic, but the most restful thing in the world. And so after sunlit days of quiet pleasure and moonlit nights of peace, in the early morning hours of a September day, two months after we had sailed away, we moved slowly up through Boston harbor, and there on the extreme end of the dock we saw friends, and "Angels" who had preceded us, and between them they were holding the Stars and Stripes, with which they waved a welcome home.

The returning traveler views with eager interest the first sight of his native land, and yet a chemical analysis will not reveal that the land of America differs markedly from the earth of Germany or the soil of Timbuctoo. But

when that shadow on the horizon begins to define itself as real earth, and stone, and trees, and houses, and people, our chests swell out and our eyes flash and we think eloquently, if we do not speak, "This is mine own, my native land," and we feel a thrill of the heart for which no muscular contraction can adequately account. This feeling may be nothing but sentiment, nothing but foolishness, nothing which can be converted into gold, but, after all, it is what empires are made of. And it is worth a trip abroad just for the sake of sensing it once. The best of going away is the coming back. We get a great deal more out of our trip after we return than while we are working at it. One piece of dirt differeth from another piece of dirt in glory. And a bit of red and white bunting with a few stars upon it is far more beautiful, under some conditions, than the most costly tapestry which adorns the walls of a foreign temple.





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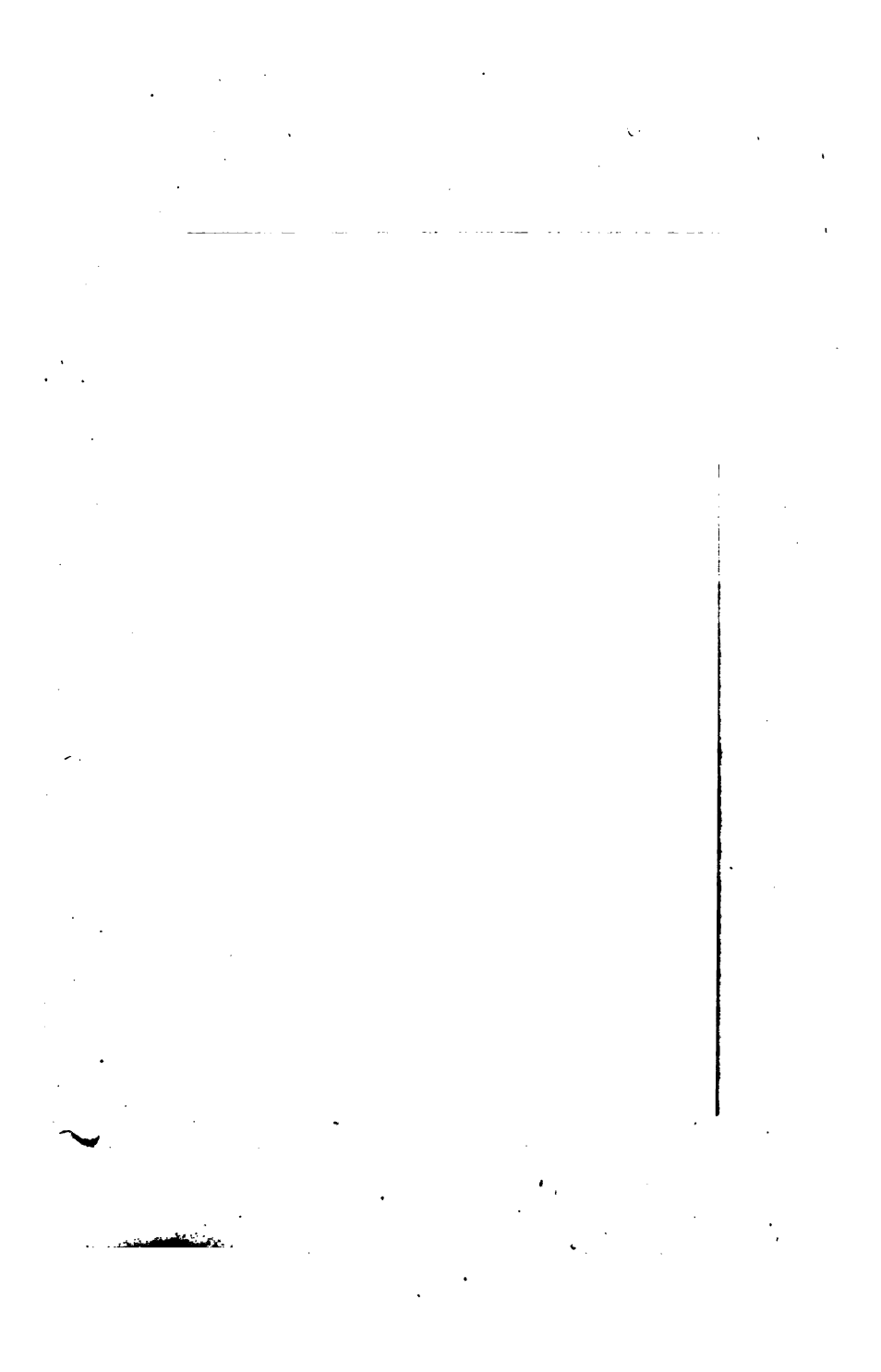
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